THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

DECEMBER, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Martin Remembers

WE confess to finding nothing astonishing in Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin's *Things I Remember*. Most of the anecdotes are comparatively tame, and the author, after preparing us for a tale with the remark that it used to convulse people with laughter at some former time, will proceed to a narrative that is in most cases quite witless and without point. Summing it all up we should say that Mr. Martin has had very little to tell and has succeeded in telling it ponderously. There is little anecdote about the late F. Marion Crawford which is not without some slight interest.

> One of my pleasant memories of Rome is my meeting with the late Marion Crawford. His wife was a most charming woman, and I remember she asked me which of her husband's books I liked best. *"A Cigarette Maker's Romance,"* I replied.
>
> "Well," said Mrs. Crawford, "that was written for me when I was ill. My husband used to write a chapter at a time and read it aloud to amuse me; the 'Romance' continued in this way until I was well, and by that time it had grown into a novel."

That is one of the very best of Mr. Martin's stories. The reader can judge of the nature of the poorer ones.

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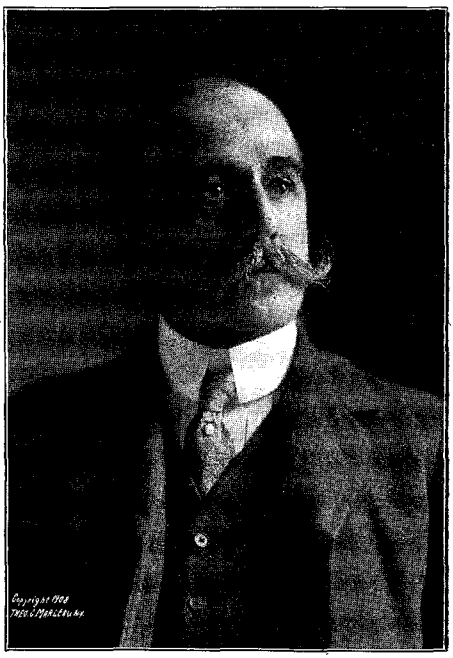
Robert S. Yard

Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, the new editor of *The Century*, is the fourth in the line of succession in a magazine which has always been justly esteemed as upholding the best and most dignified of American magazine traditions. His predecessors were Dr. J. G. Holland, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson. Mr. Yard brought to *The Century* a splendid equipment



FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN

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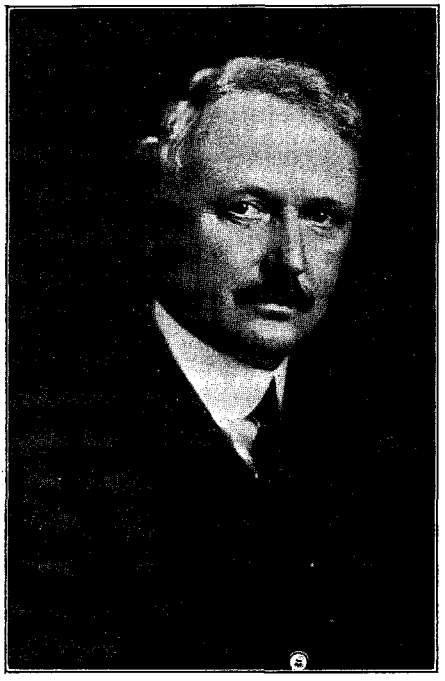

ROBERT STERLING YARD

and a ripe experience. After his graduation from Princeton with the class of 1883, he entered active journalism. Then for a number of years he was associated with the literary enterprises of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, being at one time the editor of the *Book Buyer.* About nine years ago, he and Mr. William D. Moffat launched the publishing firm of Moffat, Yard and Company. Mr. Yard is the author of *The Publisher,* parts of which appeared in the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the BOOKMAN a year or so ago. The work has recently been issued in book form from the press of the Houghton Mifflin Company.

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E. W. Hornung

Times have changed greatly since the days when, as we recorded in our October issue, the stories that made up Mr. E. W. Hornung's *The Amateur Cracksman* was sold for twenty-five dollars apiece. In fact it was a very short time before Raffles and his adventures came to be appraised at a high monetary value. There was even a moment when Mr. Hornung's creation threatened to rival Sherlock Holmes in popularity. In connection with this rivalry there is a story. Dr. Doyle and Mr. Hornung are brothers-in-law. An ingenious publisher went to the two with the suggestion of a series of new tales in which the cunning of Raffles as a criminal was to be pitted against the skill of Sherlock Holmes in the detection of unusual crime. The two authors were to collaborate in this series of tales.

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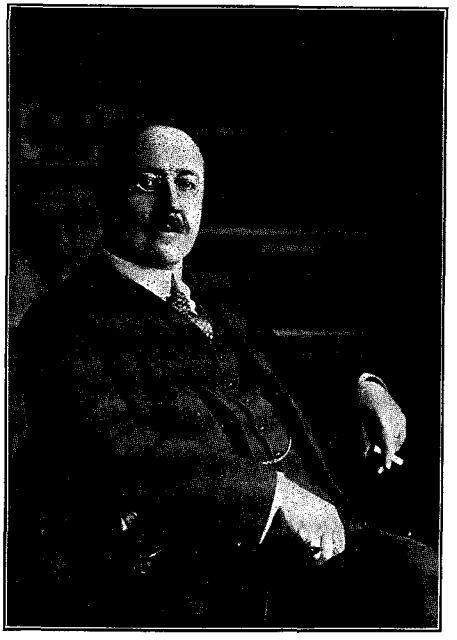
Pierre de Coulevain

In *L'Illustration,* of Paris, for October 11th, there was a touching paper by Albéric Cahuet about the woman who was so widely known under the pseudonym of Pierre de Coulevain, and who died the latter part of the summer. M. Cahuet called her L'Errante (the wanderer), a wanderer who had "finished her wander-



E. W. HORNUNG. MR. HORNUNG'S LATEST STORY IS "THE THOUSANDTH WOMAN"

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CHARLES ELIOT NORTON IN HIS LIBRARY AT SHADY HILL

ing, and who for the first time has a corner of earth that is all her own." "The news of her death," he wrote, "came to us in short newspaper paragraphs 'Madame Pierre de Coulevain, the author of *American Nobility,* of *Eve Victorious,* of *On the Branch,* of *The Unknown Island,* of *The Heart of Life* died yesterday at Lausanne.' That was all. Nothing more was added because very little more was known about her. With her work they were familiar. Of course. It was impossible, in the world of letters, to ignore books that had had more than a million readers, novels which had been the most popular of this epoch. *The Unknown Island* had reached its one hundred and fortieth edition; *On the Branch* its hundred and eightieth edition. But of her they knew nothing except that she was the most inaccessible of women, and that she refused to the newspapers of France and the magazines of all countries the secret of her own personality. 'I am an old woman,' she said, in her books, 'I am a wanderer. I have never been anything but an anonymity. I wish to remain an anonymity.' And before this wish, manifested with so much firm sweetness, so much clear, wise intelligence, the most inquisitive were disarmed.

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Pierre de Coulevain's name was Mlle. Fabre. She was a little white-haired old woman with dry and angular features who gave the impression of never having been young. But her eyes were soft and kind. All her inner life, which was so intense, was expressed in the intelligent curious and charitable look of these eyes. She was born a long time ago, in the fine years of the reign of Louis Philippe, in 1842 they say. Thus she was probably, at the time of her death, seventy-one years old. But it was not more than fifteen years ago that she published her first book and knew her first great success. Before that the greater part of her existence had been given to travelling about the world. Even if we had not heard so as a fact, we could gather from her books that she was for a long time a humble governess in great families, English and American, Russian and Italian. There she taught the hearts and the minds of many of those attractive and ardent young girls whose

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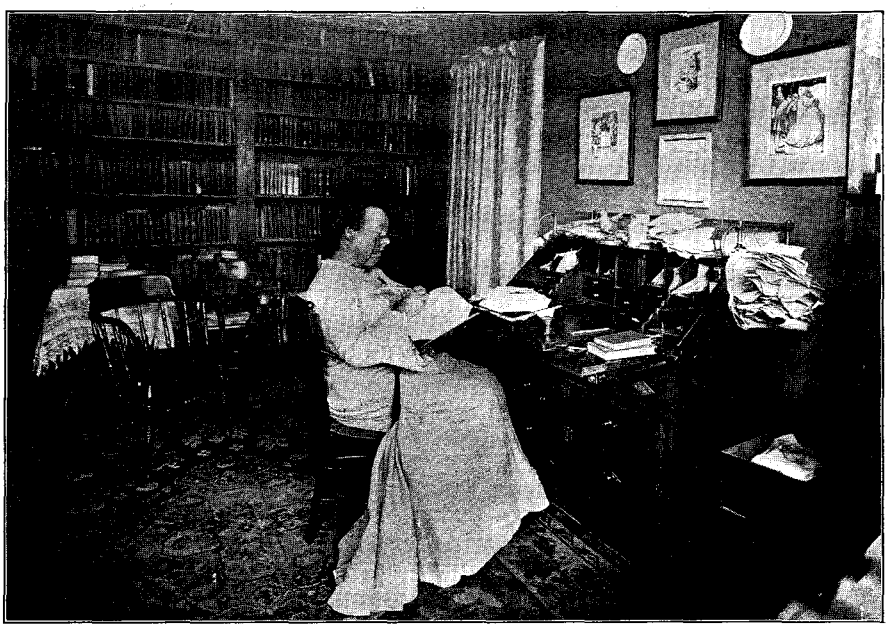

KATHERINE TYNAN, AUTHOR OF "ROSE OF THE GARDEN"

portraits she was afterward to draw with such remarkable tenderness in her books. That, in a great measure, was her life until she reached the age of fifty-seven. It was then that she wrote her first novel, *American Nobility*. And after having discovered America, she turned to the discovery of England in *The Unknown Island*.

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"But without doubt," writes M. Cahuet, *"On the Branch* will remain the book the most universally loved. By the smiling courage of its philosophy it has restored serenity to many souls. From all quarters of the world it brought letters to its author. But nothing could persuade her to emerge from her quiet obscurity. This obscurity also had another result. There were many who came forward with the claim that they had written the books signed Pierre de Coulevain. One of them, a young woman of high social position, for a long time played that comedy. Warned, Mlle. Fabre replied smiling, 'What? She is young, she is pretty, she says she is Pierre de Coulevain. Why should I protest?' The unknown old lady is dead at Lausanne in the Hotel Beau-Séjour, where she had been staying from time to time for the past seven years. She was devoted to the landscape which spread out before her window, the Lake of Geneva, the mountains of Savoy, and the necropolis of Territet. 'I hope,' she wrote in her last book, 'to be able to sleep in that sweet cemetery among exiles, wanderers, and forgotten ones. There I shall never be entirely dead.' This wish, one of the few that she deigned to tell to the world, was granted. She died in the silence. They dressed her in the burial shroud that she always carried in one of the shelves of her trunk and even after her death they respected her lifelong desire to live invisible.

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Maria Thompson Daviess

Tennessee is the subject of the paper in this month's BOOKMAN in the "American Backgrounds for Fiction" series, and its opportunities are presented by Maria Thompson Daviess, author of *Miss Selina Lue, The Road to Provi-*

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MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS, WHO WRITES FOR TENNESSEE IN THE "AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION" SERIES

dence, The Melting of Molly, Andrew the Glad, and *The Tinder Box.* Although Miss Daviess is now widely known throughout the country, four years ago she was an absolute stranger. Then appeared *Miss Selina Lue,* a first book which became a "best seller." Miss Daviess has been doing more than writing books. She has found time to study art abroad, exhibit miniatures in the Paris Salon, design and make arts and crafts jewelry for herself and friends, conduct a studio, supervise a Tennessee farm, which produced prize-winning cattle and chickens, organise woman suffrage societies, and campaign vigourously for the "cause."

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Maria Thompson Daviess was born in Kentucky with a heritage that was both Kentuckian and literary. A great-great-uncle helped draft the Constitution of the State, and conducted the prosecution of Aaron Burr. Her grandfather, Major William Daviess, was the most celebrated *raconteur* of his time. Her grandmother, whose name also was Maria Thompson Daviess, edited the first "woman's page" in this country, a page in the *Home and Farm,* which was published in Springfield, Massachusetts. After leaving Wellesley Miss Daviess went to Nashville and enrolled herself in an art class at Peabody Institute. There she won a scholarship to study abroad for three years and, overruling the prejudices of her family and friends, sailed for Paris, where she found a studio in the Latin Quarter. Then followed days of roaming about Europe with congenial sketching parties, among the peasantry of Holland, up and down

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the Rhine, in the Chateau country of Touraine, in Brittany, in Italy, and in England. Coming home to Nashville, she opened a studio and painted miniatures. One day, in a little club of writers and painters she read a short story. That was the beginning of her changed career. Not long after *Miss Selina Lue* succeeded, and the author was crowded with requests for more work. In order to find time for writing she left the city and went, with an uncle and two aunts, to a farm in the Harpeth Valley, a short distance out of Nashville. *Miss Selina Lue* had been just the writing out of what came in her day's work. *The Road to Providence* was the same. From her window in the Harpeth Valley she could see the very road—though of course "Providence" was not the real name; but the conditions and people were all true.

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF HAPPINESS"

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A decided contribution to literary anecdote is the chapter "Thackeray at the *Punch* Table" to be found in Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Loiterer's Harvest,* which comes from the press of the Macmillan Company. The gossip upon which Mr. Lucas has based his paper is selected from a record of the *Punch* dinners attended by one of the editors, Henry Silver, who joined the staff in 1858, taking the place made vacant by the death of Douglas Jerrold. The history of Thackeray's connection with *Punch* is comparatively well known. He began to contribute in 1842, a year after the paper was established, and joined the staff at the end of 1843. For eight years he was a *Punch* man in the full sense of the term. He left the inner staff in 1851, but continued to contribute occasionally until 1854. Even after ceasing to write for the paper he kept up his social connection, frequently joining his old friends at the Table at the weekly dinner, and often either suggesting the cartoon or materially assisting it.

At the "Punch" Table

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In 1858, when Henry Silver joined the *Punch* staff, Thackeray was forty-seven years of age, and had written *Vanity Fair, Pendennis, Esmond,* and *The Newcomes,* while *The Virginians* was in the course of its serial publication. He had still to become the first *Cornhill* editor, and to write *The Adventures of Philip.* The unfortunate squabble with Edmund Yates, involving Dickens and the Garrick Club, was in progress. The quarrel complicated the situation at the *Punch* Table, for Mark Lemon, the editor, and Dickens had been close friends, and Evans, one of the proprietors of the paper, was the father-in-law of Charles Dickens, Jr. That was the situation when, to quote Mr. Lucas, "we meet Thackeray at the Table first on October 21, 1858, the dinner being at the 'Bedford' in Covent Garden; and he is at once kind to Silver and takes champagne with him. To have been at Charterhouse was a main road to the heart both of Thackeray and Leech." At

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this dinner there was talk of Charles Mackay, the song writer, whose verse Thackeray likened to Kitawba wine, sparkling, but not so creamy as Moore's champagne or so sound as Scott's claret. There were references on the part of Shirley Brooks to *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*. "Thackeray says that Leech has the best beer and claret in London. Wishes for a cottage, like Macready's, the walls hung with caricatures and cuts from *Punch;* there would he end his days." Of the dinner of December 15, 1858, it is recorded that Thackeray described the literary style of George Augustus Sala as "Dickens and water." *A propos* of the dinner of January 19, 1859, Mr. Lucas notes that Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold seem not to be on the best of terms. "One reason given by Henry Silver is that the sight of Jerrold eating peas with a knife got on Thackeray's nerves. Thackeray came to the Table again the following week. He received and corrected a *Virginians* proof, and told Silver that it would inform him of the name of the head master at Charter House a hundred years before.

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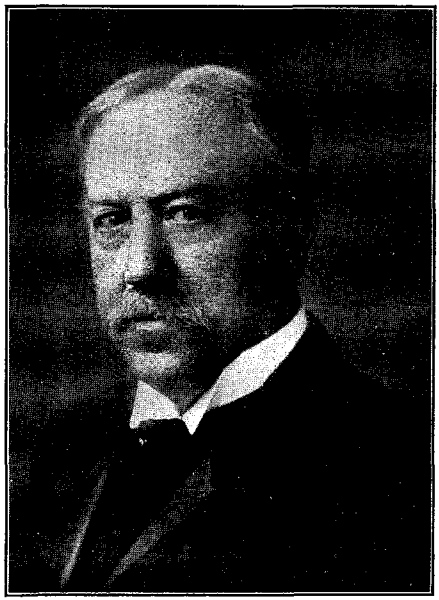
That the bitterness caused by the Edmund Yates quarrel did not die out quickly is shown by an incident of the *Punch* dinner of November 20, 1862. Then Thackeray spoke of being troubled by a coolness of attitude on the part of one of Dickens's children. "Let fathers treat each other like hell, but why need their children quarrel?" He denied that it was natural for rival writers to be enemies. He called Tennyson "the greatest man of the age: has thrown the quoit farthest." Brooks thereupon remarked that *Vanity Fair* ranked higher than anything of Tennyson's, and asked, "Would you change your reputation for his?" "Yes," said Thackeray. But he was not believed. Scott as a poet then cropped up and was praised for stirring the blood. "But," said Thackeray, "I don't want to have my blood stirred."

On December 4th Thackeray tells of his mother-in-law giving him claret à six sous, and now drinking wine of his at seven shillings a bottle. His daughters, too, are "terribly matured in their taste."

On December 11th he remarks to Leech, "How happy we were this day forty years ago, breaking up at Charterhouse!" Remembers Leech at six-and-a-half in his form. Master Bush just like him. Leech tells how he has been "coaling the waits" from his bedroom window, and says he would like £1,000 and a country life. "Couldn't do it," says Thackeray. Dickens, some one says, made £10,000 by his readings in 1860. Thackeray says he made only half that altogether, and it is suggested that Leech should read publicly the lines under his drawings.



DAVID STARR JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY AND AUTHOR OF "WAR AND WASTE"

The following week, December 18, 1861, the prevailing topic is the death of Prince Albert. Some one says that Sala has received £100 from Smith and Elder for a trip to Genoa to make a *Cornhill* article, and Thackeray adds that it is for the "Genoa-wary number," which is a fair sample of many outrageous puns of his that I have omitted.

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On January 8, 1862, Shirley Brooks tells how he once danced with Grisi: "like waltzing with a whirlwind." Thackeray and Leech recall old Charterhouse songs.

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It was to the dinner of March 12, 1862, Thackeray brought the news of his resignation as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He spoke of George Smith as a noble, generous fellow, but said that he wished to have a co-editor and not a sub. The fact was that Thackeray did not do editor's work, nor was he fit for it. Notes on the dinner record that Thackeray had built his house, costing five thousand pounds, out of his two years' savings. In a discourse on editorship Mark Lemon suggested that it was Thackeray's name that made the *Cornhill,* but Thackeray insisted that it was made by Anthony Trollope's serial, *Framley Parsonage*.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG STRAKOSCH, WHOSE "MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA" IS DISCUSSED IN FOLLOWING PAGES

Later Thackeray says that John Forster cuts him, but "he can't be savage, because it was Forster who brought Dr. Eliotson to him and saved his life." Envying Brooks his ready pen, Thackeray says it takes him "two days to think of a *Roundabout* and one day to write it. Writes best out of his house: anywhere except at home." Elsewhere Silver says that Thackeray writes *currente calamo* and hardly makes a correction. Dickens, on the contrary, almost rewrites with interlineations.

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In the new house at Palace Green Thackeray had the *Punch* staff to dine with him on July 9, 1862. Later *Punch* dinners at which Thackeray was present were those of July 15th, September 18th, September 4th, and October 8th. At the last mentioned feast the novelist imparted the information that Mrs. Yates (*née* Elizabeth Brunton, the actress, and the mother of his enemy in the Garrick) was his boyish love. Almost a year later, at the dinner of August 12, 1863, there was further allusion to the old Yates row. Thackeray, in somewhat of a temper, turned to Horace Mayhew, and said: "Damn it, you fellows seem to think that it was because of his attack on my nose that I fell foul of him. I don't care a damn for my nose. He imputed dishonourable conduct to me, and for *that* I got him kicked out of the Garrick." "With your strength you might have been more generous," said Mayhew, and Thackeray blazed up and finally bolted. Late in the evening of December 24, 1865, Mayhew brought to the *Punch* Table the news of Thackeray's death, and all joined in singing "The Mahogany Tree." "Thank God we shan't have to go around with the hat; his daughters will have a thousand pounds a year between them," said Leech two weeks later. But Leech himself was to survive his old chum and school-fellow but a few months. He died on October 29, 1864, and ten days later his successor, George du Maurier, took his seat at the Table.

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So George du Maurier came to the Table. Of how he conducted himself there much is told in another book of the hour, *George du Maurier, the Satirist of the Victorians,* written by T. Mar-

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tin Wood, and published by McBride, Nast and Company. According to Mr. Wood it was the convivial side of the *Punch* dinner that appealed to du Maurier. He abstained from these meetings, or came in late, when a tendency prevailed to make them too much, as he thought, the pretext of business. He was regarded as singular in ordering an immense cup of tea to be put before him immediately after dinner. Over this cup he sat with a bent back, always with a cigarette, fuming whilst the business part of the proceeding went forward. When that was over, when decision had been reached as to the nature of the weekly cartoon, he entered into his own, regaling his comrades with droll stories, creating a witty atmosphere at his own corner by his taste for repartee. Never at any stage of his life did he lose the rollicking boyish spirit. It was always in his conversation and in his letters. For example, after one of the dinners, he wrote the head of the *Punch* firm:

> Would you allow one of your retainers to look under the table and see if I left a golosh there—and if so, tell him to leave it at Swain's, to be returned by his messenger on Monday? I must have been tight, and the golosh not tight enough, and I appeared at the Duchess's with one golosh and my trousers tucked up. H.R.H. was much concerned about it, and said, "It's all that ——— *Punch* dinner!"

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The place that du Maurier won as a satirist of Victorian manners by his pictures in *Punch* is secure. For all that we are inclined to think that to an American audience the mention of his name conjures up first of all not the artist, but the author who, turning to fiction for the first time in the later years of his life, produced, in quick succession, *Peter Ibbetson, Trilby,* and *The Martian*. There have been subsequent books which have far outstripped *Trilby* in the matter of sales. Yet when regarded from all points the story introducing Miss O'Ferrell, the Three Musketeers of the Brush, and the sinister Svengali, is the most conspicuous literary success of any book written in the English language in the last quarter of a century. Mr. Wood has much to say of the conception and the writing of that book, nothing astonishingly new, but all exceedingly entertaining. Du Maurier had always been conscious that a store of plots for novels was undeveloped in his mind. It was the offer of a plot to Mr. Henry James one evening when they were walking up and down High Street, Bayswater, that resulted in du Maurier's becoming a novelist. "But you ought to write that story," said James, after he had listened to the outline of *Trilby*. "I can't write, I have never written. If you like the plot so much you may take it," was the reply. But Henry James said that the present was far too valuable, and that du Maurier must write the story himself. So on reaching home that night du Maurier set to work. By the next morning he had written the first two numbers not of *Trilby* but of *Peter Ibbetson*.

> "It seemed all to flow from my pen, without effort, in a full stream," he said, "but I thought it must be poor stuff, and I determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend this new departure. So I walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that I saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted me and reassured me, for, as you will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of *Peter Ibbetson.*"

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Peter Ibbetson was sold outright by du Maurier for the sum of one thousand pounds. In view of our feelings over the attitude assumed by many Americans a year or two ago when the Dickens Stamp Fund was being exploited, the story of du Maurier's financial relations with the American publishing house that brought out his work is one that we like to retell. Believing in *Trilby* from the very first they began by offering double the *Peter Ibbetson* terms, while generously urging the author to retain his rights in the book by accepting a little

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less in a lump sum and receiving a royalty. But so little faith did du Maurier have in *Trilby* that he said "No!" Within a few weeks the "boom" began. And when the publishers saw what proportions it was likely to assume, they voluntarily destroyed the agreement, and arranged to allow him a royalty on every copy sold. Also they handed over to him the dramatic rights with which he had parted for a small sum like fifty pounds, and thus he became a partner in the dramatic property called *Trilby* as a play. When in matters concerning English scribes and American publishers we feel the inclination to confess ourselves abject and miserable offenders, this is a little light on the subject which should not be entirely overlooked.

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Trilby was a name that had long lain *perdu* "somewhere at the back of du Maurier's head." He traced it to a story by Charles Nodier, in which Trilby was a man. The name Trilby also appears in a poem by Alfred de Musset. And to this name, and to the story of a woman which was once told to him, Trilby owed her birth. "From the moment the name occurred to him," he said, "I was struck with its value. I at once realised that it was a name of great importance. I think I must have felt as happy as Thackeray did when the title of *Vanity Fair* suggested itself to him." With this beginning all he had to do was to tell the story of the brightest period of his Bohemian youth, just as in *Peter Ibbetson* he had told the story of his childhood, and as he was later, in *The Martian,* to record the nature of the shock he received from threatened blindness, and the depression of days before his genius had discovered itself and revealed the prospect of a great career to him.

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Like Thackeray, his literary idol (indeed the boom of *Trilby* surprised and rather distressed him because he reflected that Thackeray never had a boom), du Maurier was a member of the Athenæum Club of London. Unlike Thackeray, he went into the club the first time he was put up for membership. The author of *Vanity Fair,* it will be remembered, was blackballed when he first presented himself on the ground that he might yield to the temptation to portray some of his fellow-members in his novels, and was finally admitted by a rule that called for the addition to the club rolls every year of a number of men distinguished in letters and art. In view of the Athenæum's attitude toward writers in the past it is interesting to note what men of letters of the present day are on the club's lists. Such men are Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Maurice Hewlett, and J. M. Barrie. On the other hand, Sir Gilbert Parker, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Hall Caine, and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero are, so far as we are able to gather from their biographies in the English *Who's Who,* still outside of the Athenæum's portals.

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Clara Kellogg's Reminiscences

Last month we spoke of Clara Louise Kellogg's *Memoirs of an American Prima Donna* in connection with the author's allusions to Helen Hunt Jackson and Jeannette L. Gilder. There is a chapter in the early part of the book in which the singer describes literary Boston as she saw it on the eve of the War of Secession. At that day literary Boston revolved around Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, at whose house assembled such distinguished men and women as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Anthony Trollope, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe. She found Longfellow cold and shy, but in time the two became good friends. She often went to his house to sing to him and he greatly enjoyed her singing of his own "Beware." Nathaniel Hawthorne was also shy, so shy she never met him at all. More than once he escaped from the house when she went in. "Hawthorne has just gone out

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THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION IS PRESENTED IN MR. WOOD'S BOOK MERELY AS AN "UNPUBLISHED DRAWING FROM SKETCH BOOK." BUT EVEN IN ITS UNFINISHED STATE WE THINK THAT THE READER WHO KNOWS "TRILBY" WELL CAN GUESS SHREWDLY FOR WHAT DU MAURIER DESIGNED IT. THE FIGURE IN THE FOREGROUND IS UNQUESTIONABLY THAT OF LITTLE BILLEE, WHILE THE HUDDLED OBSCURE FIGURE IS VERY LIKELY THAT OF THE TIPSY LAW STUDENT RIBOT, WHOM LITTLE BILLEE FOUND AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE CHRISTMAS EVE SINGING AT THE MADELEINE AND PUT TO BED. THE NEXT NIGHT, IT WILL BE REMEMBERED, IT WAS RIBOT WHO PERFORMED A SIMILAR SERVICE FOR LITTLE BILLEE.

the other way," Mrs. Fields would whisper, smiling. "He's too frightened to meet you." Lowell Miss Kellogg knew only slightly, yet was impressed by his distinguished and distinctive personality. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was then a blond, curly-headed young man. She thinks that his later prosperity greatly interfered with his ability, that he was too successful too young, and that it stultified his gifts.

Miss Kellogg's particular *bête noire* was Anthony Trollope, whom she met at the Fields's home. He had just come from England and was filled with conceit. "English people of that kind were incredibly insular and uninformed about us, and did not seem to want to know anything. Certainly, English people when they are not thoroughbreds can be very common! Trollope was full of himself and wrote only for what he

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could get out of it. I never, before or since, met a literary person who was so frankly 'on the make.' The discussion that afternoon was about the recompense of authors, and Trollope said that he had reduced his literary efforts to a working basis and wrote so many words per page and so many pages to a chapter. He refrained from using the actual word 'money'—the English shrink from the word 'money'—but he managed to convey to his hearers the fact that a considerable consideration was the main incentive to his literary labour, and put the matter more specifically later, to my mother, by telling her that he always chose the words that would fill up the pages quickest." Which confidence of Miss Kellogg calls to mind a play popular a few years ago entitled *The Earl of Pawtucket,* in which the English hero ventures the query "Wasn't he spoofing?" and then, for the benefit of his American hearers, corrects himself and goes on, "I beg pardon, I mean, Wasn't he talking through his hat?" In other words, we harbour the grave suspicion that the author of the Barsetshire Novels may have been "talking through his hat" for the benefit of Miss Kellogg and her mother.

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That winter in which Miss Kellogg first made the acquaintance of literary Boston was stirred by the approaching agitations for war. Those two remarkable women, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe, were using their pens to excite the community into a species of splendid rage. "I first met them both at the Fields's," Miss Kellogg records, "and always admired Julia Ward Howe as a representative type of the highest Boston culture. Harriet Beecher Stowe had just finished *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Many people believed that it and the disturbance it made were partly responsible for the war itself. Mr. Fields told me that her 'copy' was the most remarkable 'stuff' that the publishers had ever encountered. It was written quite roughly and disconnectedly on whatever scraps of paper she had at hand. I suppose she wrote it when the spirit moved her. At any rate, Mr. Fields said it was the most difficult task imaginable to fit it into any form that the printers could understand. Mrs. Stowe was a quiet, elderly woman, and talked very little. I had an odd sort of feeling that she had put so much of herself into her book that she had nothing left to offer socially.

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Trollope's Methods

While, as we have suggested, Anthony Trollope was probably talking for effect when he told Miss Kellogg's mother that he always chose the words that would fill up the pages quickest there is no doubt that Trollope was one of the most methodical of all literary men. He wrote regularly and steadily, and had the utmost contempt for the writer who waited for inspiration. "To me," he said, "it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow chandler for the divine moment of melting. If the man whose business it is to write has eaten too many good things or has drunk too much or has smoked too many cigars—as men who write will sometimes do—then his condition may be unfavourable to work; but so will be the condition of a shoemaker who has been similarly imprudent. I have sometimes thought that the inspiration wanted has been the remedy which time will give to the evil results of such imprudence. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* The author wants that as does every other workman—that's a habit of industry. I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than in the inspiration." Trollope was severe on those whose methods were not his. He could—and did—write three thousand words in three hours before breakfast. Therefore, every author should write three thousand words in three hours before breakfast. To do so was virtue, not to do so vice.

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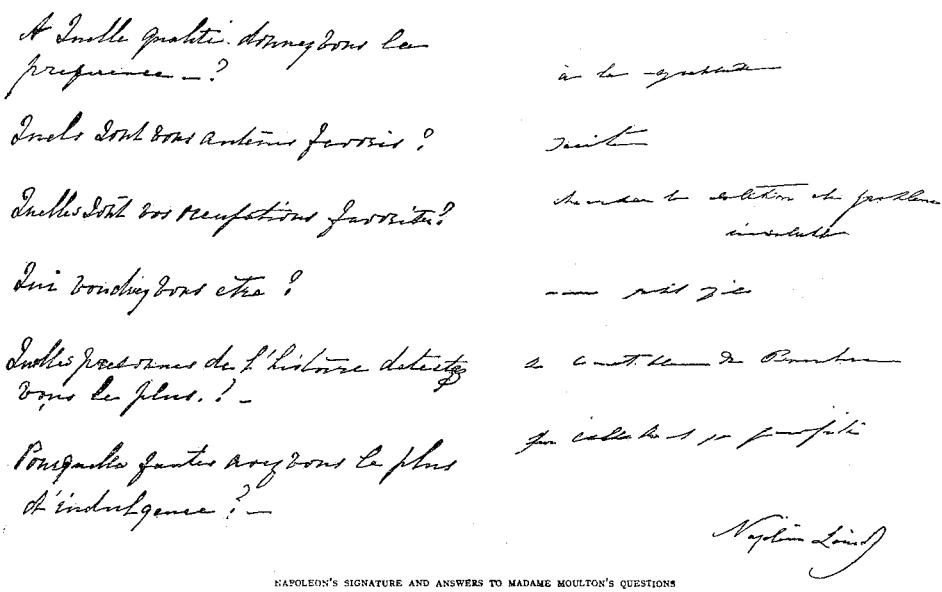
But the Trollope that Miss Kellogg saw for a brief moment in the Boston of 1860 is very different from the man to whom T. H. S. Escott introduces us in *Anthony Trollope, His Work, Associates and Originals*, which has just come from the press of John Lane and Company. Mr. Escott is always loud in praise of his subject, even in the period of that subject's temporary eclipse. In the course of his work Mr. Escott naturally has much to say about the Thackeray-Edmund Yates dispute in the Garrick Club, of which mention has been made in preceding paragraphs, and brings out one or two comparatively new points. For example, he shows how intense the feeling was between Thackeray and Dickens. Quoting Trollope's own words, he pictures the Garrick as divided into two sets as widely separated from each other, and as seldom intermingling as if they had been assembled under two entirely different roofs. Trollope never saw Thackeray and Dickens engaged in any regular conversation. If either of them entered a room where the other and only one or two more, perhaps, were its occupants he seemed to have come in to look for something he had mislaid, and, if he did not make rather an abrupt exit, stayed only to bury himself in a newspaper, in silence, or in forty winks. Once, and once only, Trollope recalled Thackeray making a remark about Dickens's writing. The subject was *Little Dorrit*, then appearing in monthly parts. "I cannot," observed some one, "see the falling off in Dickens complained of by his critics." "At least," rejoined Thackeray, "it must be admitted that a good deal of *Little D.* is d——— rot."



NAPOLEON'S SIGNATURE AND ANSWERS TO MADAME MOULTON'S QUESTIONS

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Confessions

In the Chronicle and Comment of the October number, attention was called to the interest which the early '70's took in writing "Confessions." A specimen "Confession" was quoted, ascribed to the Prince Imperial. Madame L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, who recently wrote in *In the Courts of Memory* her reminiscences of the Court of Napoleon III, claims to

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have introduced that diversion to French Society. During a visit to Compiégne in 1868 she induced the Emperor and Empress to write their answers to a set of questions she had just received from America, and in her book are inserted the facsimiles of their answers, as well as those of Prosper Mérimée.

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In the November *Harper's* Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone had an interesting paper entitled "A Diplomat's Wife in Washington," dealing with her experiences in the capital from 1875 to 1878. Perhaps even more interesting than her own experiences were those of her sister in Boston, outlined in a letter written in 1877. Sarah Bernhardt was playing in Boston and the writer of the letter tells of an interview she had with the actress at the Tremont House.

She said she was surprised to see how many people in America understood French. "Really?" I answered. "It did not strike me so the other evening when I heard you in *La Dame aux Camélias.*" "I don't mean the public," she replied. "It apparently understands very little, and the turning of the leaves of the librettos distracts me so much that I sometimes forget my rôle. At any rate, I wait till the leaves have finished rustling. But in society," she added, "I find that almost every one who is presented to me talks very good French." "Well," I answered, "if Boston didn't speak French I should be ashamed of it." She laughed. "Sometimes," she said, "they do make curious mistakes. I am making note of all I can remember. They will be amusing in the book I am writing. A lady said to me, 'What I admire the most in you, madame, *c'est votre température.*' [She meant 'temperament.']" "What did you answer to that?" I asked. "I said, 'Oui, madame, il fait très-chaud,' which fell unappreciated."

• • •

Madame Bernhardt expressed an admiration for Longfellow and said that she would like to make his bust. But the idea did not appeal to the poet. He spoke of being about to leave for Portland, but suggested that the actress come to his house the next day to take a cup of tea. Then he added: "You must come and chaperon me. It would not do to leave me alone with such a dangerous and captivating visitor." He invited Mr. Howells and Dr. Holmes to meet her. Madame Bernhardt was quite willing to come under these conditions.

The next afternoon I met her at Mr. Longfellow's. When we were drinking our tea she said, "*Cher* M. Longfellow, I would like so much to have made your bust, but I am so occupied that I really have not the time." And he answered her in the most suave manner, "I would have been delighted to sit for you, but unfortunately I am leaving for the country to-morrow." How clever people are!

Mr. Longfellow speaks French like a native. He said: "I saw you the other evening in *Phèdre.* I saw Rachel in it fifty years ago, but you surpass her. You are magnificent, for you are *plus vivante.* I wish I could make my praises vocal—*chanter vos louanges.*"

"I wish that you could make *me* vocal," she said. "How much finer my Phèdre would be if I could sing, and not be obliged to depend upon some horrible soprano behind the scenes!"

"You don't need any extra attraction," Mr. Longfellow said. "I wish I could make you feel what I felt."

"You can," she said, "and you do—by your poetry."

"Can you read my poetry?"

"Yes. I read your *He-a-vatere.*"

"My— Oh, yes—*Hiawatha.* But you surely do not understand that?"

"Yes, yes, indeed I do," she said. "*Chaque mot.*"

"You are wonderful," he said, and hastened to present Dr. Holmes, fearing that she might be tempted to recite "*chaque mot*" of his *Hiawatha.*

Dr. Holmes was all attention, as also was Mr. John Owen. I thought I caught the latter making notes on his already literary shirt-cuff.

At last the tea-party came to an end. We all accompanied her to her carriage, and as she was about to get in she turned with a

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sudden impulse, threw her arms round Mr. Longfellow's neck, and said, *"Vous êtes adorable,"* and kissed him on his cheek. He did not seem displeased, but as she drove away he turned to me and said, "You see I did need a chaperon."

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The King and Stamper

If Thackeray were alive to-day and engaged in writing his *Book of Snobs* he would find admirable material for an additional paper or two in *King Edward As I Knew Him,* by C. W. Stamper. For five years Stamper was in personal attendance upon the late Edward VII in the capacity of the King's motor expert and engineer. The post did not have any of the dignity of the Hereditary Bootjack of feudal days, who had the honour of pulling off one royal boot while being kicked by the other. But Stamper seems to have inherited some of the spirit. "Perhaps you are right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down the stairs?" is the nature of his tune. Of Edward VII he says that he came to know him and his ways, and that he was a great man and that they were great ways. "Good natured and dignified," "scrupulously fair," "never unreasonable," "wide sympathy and a sunny, generous nature," "possessing that quality, rare in kings, of being able to look at things from a point of view other than that which was naturally his own." These are some of the expressions that Stamper uses in his chapter of introduction. But it must be said that the body of the book does not entirely bear out his professed admiration. As a matter of fact there are countless anecdotes which place the King in an exceedingly irritable and peevish light.

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For example, once, at the King's positive direction, and against his own judgment, Stamper took a private road through a park near Edinburgh. The natural result was complication. Coming to a place where the road branched with nothing to indicate which way should be taken, Stamper guessed wrong, and a moment later the car was stalled in a rick-yard.

I slipped off the car to start her up again, and as I took hold of the starting-handle, I heard His Majesty say to the chauffeur,

"What's he doing down there?"

The chauffeur said I was starting the engine, and when I returned to take my seat on the car I found that His Majesty was very angry.

"What do you mean by taking the wrong turning?" he cried. "You are always taking me wrong."

I said I was very sorry, but that I had not been told which way to go.

"Get on, get on," he cried. "We shall be late."

On another occasion the royal party was touring the south of France. Under such conditions it was customary to have the royal car followed by two others, one the car of the Equerry, and the other a car filled with police. It happened that the second car met with a puncture a few miles from Pau. Stamper went to report the fact to the King.

The bad tidings greatly provoked His Majesty. He turned upon me and said that I was to blame. Of me, as his motor expert, he demanded the missing car. I assured him that to my knowledge the car was in perfect order when it started, and that there were a thousand and one things which might have happened, which no amount of forethought could have prevented. But it was no good. He held me responsible and said so, and asked me what I proposed to do. I had nothing to suggest. His Majesty was furious.

• • •

"Taste" and "Manner"

That the old spirit is neither dead nor dying is indicated by two very significant pages of a recent issue of *L'Illustrations,* of Paris. The occasion for these pages was the dedication of the huge monument erected in Leipzic to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Leipzic. So on one page *L'Illustrations*

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prints a picture of the Arc de Triomphe, at the head of Champs Elysées in Paris in all its splendid dignity and simplicity. Then, on the opposite page appears the picture of the Leipzic monument, a structure which one of the most distinguished of our American architects said the other night reminded him of nothing so much as a gigantic cellar door. To have placed the two pictures on opposite pages would have been enough. The malice was evident, sweeping, and triumphant. But *L'Illustrations* went a step farther. Under the picture of the arch was the legend: "Le Gout Français (the French Taste), The Arch of Triumph, erected to commemorate one hundred and seventy-two victories over the Allied Nations of Europe." Under the cut on the opposite page we read: "La Manière Germanique (the German Way), The monument erected at Leipzic in memory of the battle of Leipzic, where three hundred and eighty thousand Allies withstood one hundred and thirty-five thousand French."

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Notes on Conrad

In much the same form and for much the same purpose as Mr. Saxton's monograph on Stewart Edward White, from which we quoted in our September issue, is Mr. Alfred A. Knopf's *Joseph Conrad, the Romance of His Life and of His Books*. Perhaps one reason why these little books have proved so entertaining is that both Mr. Saxton and Mr. Knopf have had unusually interesting personalities to discuss—adventurers by land and sea who incidentally happen to be writing men of decided talent. Mr. Knopf begins by telling of an evening, some twenty years ago, when the captain of the sailing ship *Torrens,* out of London and bound for Australia, was chatting in his cabin with a young Cambridge man named Jacques. They talked for a long time about Gibbon's *History*. On an impulse the captain asked: "Would it bore you very much reading a manuscript in a handwriting like mine?" Jacques read the manuscript, and reported the next day that the tale was very well worth finishing. They never spoke of the manuscript again. Bad weather came and the captain was busy. Jacques caught a fatal cold and died not long after he left the *Torrens*. That captain was Joseph Conrad; the manuscript was *Almayer's Folly,* the first thing he ever wrote, and Jacques was his very first reader.

• • •

But before it found its first reader in the young Cambridge man, *Almayer's Folly* had tasted a variety of adventure. Mr. Conrad had found the hero forty miles up a Bornean river and grew to know him well. Then, some time later, the sailor took a land holiday in England, and, being bored by inactivity, began to jot down on paper his impressions of the intimacy without any thought of the printed page.

In 1891 Mr. Conrad was in the Belgian Congo. The first seven chapters of *Almayer's Folly,* a manuscript of many adventures, were with him—as they always were—so that he could write a little now and then in a purely desultory fashion. He came out of the tropical forest more dead than alive, too ill to care much which, and he came without baggage of far greater immediate importance than his manuscript. A long illness followed and Chapter VIII was completed as he convalesced in the hydropathic establishment of Champel in Geneva.

When the first words of Chapter IX were written Mr. Conrad made a trip to Poland. The manuscript was with him—in his Gladstone bag. One morning early, as he was sleepily changing trains, he left this bag in the refreshment room of the Friedrichstrasse railway station in Berlin. Luckily a porter brought it after him.

Then back to England and between the details of managing a waterside warehouse the events of Chapter IX were set down.

And still no end. *Almayer's Folly* went to sea with its author for the next three years. The tenth chapter was begun aboard the two thousand ton steamer *Adowa* as she lay frozen fast in the river in the midst

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of Rouen, and continued between interruptions by the third officer—a cheerful youth with a banjo—who, as Mr. Conrad once remarked, has remained the only banjoist of his acquaintance.

And so, line by line, *Almayer's Folly* grew, until in 1894, five years after Mr. Conrad had begun it, it was complete. The following year it was published.

• • •

A few months ago we outlined Mr. Conrad's early career in Poland, where he was born in 1857, and the years when his pursuit of the sea took him to every corner of the known earth. So we shall make no allusion to Mr. Knopf's account of that part of Conrad's life. Joseph Conrad, man of letters, came into being with the publication of *Almayer's Folly*. That book was followed, in 1896, by *An Outcast of the Islands*. A month before the publication of the second book Mr. Conrad was married and settled down with his wife in Brittany. The next year appeared the first real success, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*—the American title was *The Children of the Sea*—which first ran serially in *The New Review*, then edited by W. E. Henley. Then in 1898 *Tales of Unrest* appeared and divided with Mr. Hewlett's *The Forest Lovers*, and Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* the London *Academy's* prize of one hundred and fifty pounds for the year's most worthy literary production.

THE CONRAD HOME

The Conrads went to Essex to live. There the eldest child, a son, was born. "Youth,"

MRS. CONRAD AND JOHN

often called the finest short story in English, be began to write that very day "in the evening, downstairs, in a two-penny pocket book in pencil by the light of a solitary candle. Couldn't go to sleep. The first draft was finished next day. The story as printed

ANOTHER VIEW OF "CAPEL HOUSE" OR "THE WIGWAM"

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FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. HIS LATEST NOVEL IS "RING FOR NANCY." MR. HUEFFER WAS ONE OF JOSEPH CONRAD'S EARLIEST FRIENDS

was finished in a week." When the child was nine months old the family moved to Pent Farm in Kent, and there the literary life began in dead earnestness.

One of the first of the great friendships of Mr. Conrad's shore life was with the author, Ford Maddox Hueffer. The two families visited each other very often and Mr. Conrad finished one or two of his shorter stories in Winchelsea in a cottage opposite "The Bungalow," which was the Hueffer home, and indeed, wrote two of his books, *The Inheritors* and *Romance,* in collaboration with Mr. Hueffer.

In these early days Mr. Conrad was deeply attached also to Stephen Crane, the author of *The Red Badge of Courage,* who spent the last years of his short career in Kent.

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Another Critic

Again we are hearing from that figurative and misunderstood line in the June instalment of the "Literary Baedeker" to the effect that "Sherwood Forest is no more." This time our critic is Mr. Bur-

IN SHERWOOD FOREST TO-DAY

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ton Egbert Stevenson, himself an industrious follower of the trail. He sends us the accompanying illustration with the comment, "Here is proof that Sherwood Forest still exists. I took this picture myself, just out of Edminstowe."

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Great Novels

A propos of Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Passionate Friends,* Mr. Clement Shorter said the other day that in his judgment the last great novels in English literature were *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure.* Now we are not inclined to question the power of either of those two books of Thomas Hardy, nor to quarrel with Mr. Shorter about his opinions. But it seems worth while to point out that some very important and permanent works of fiction in the English language have appeared since Mr. Hardy was in his prime. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was issued in 1891 and *Jude the Obscure* in 1895. Without going to the lengths of characterising any of them as great novels, we may call attention to the fact that George du Maurier's *Trilby* was published in 1894 (subsequent to *Tess*), that Mr. Kipling's *Kim* appeared in 1901, Mr. Harold Frederic's *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (no slight achievement, that book) in 1896, Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea and Nay* in 1900, Conrad's *Lord Jim* in 1900, J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* in 1896, Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way* in 1901, and Henry James's *The Golden Bowl* in 1905.

AVIGNON

BY ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM

(The road to Avignon is broad
And sunny all the way!)

And he who goes to Avignon
He need not lonely ride,
For kings too pass along the road
In all their royal pride,
And noble lords with waving plumes,
Wan poets lured by hope,
And footsore pilgrims, telling beads,
Who go to see the Pope.

When evening falls in Avignon
The troubadours come singing
A serenade to Adelais,
When vesper bells are ringing.
Then on that bridge across the Rhone,—
Where all the gay world dances,
Fair youths and maids stroll laughing by
To catch their lovers' glances.

Through quiet streets of Avignon
A solemn cortège moves along,
A slight form borne beneath a pall,—
Now mute with woe is Petrarch's song.
Hushed by a sense of some vague fear
The children cease their play,
Grave Capuchins in cowléd hoods
Go silent down the way.

(The silver chimes of Avignon
Are calling folks to pray.)

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"TANTE"—ACT IV

"Even in the face of her ultimate defeat, Tante is not to be denied a momentary triumph of theatricism. She sits down at a piano; and, revelling in the revelation of her undefeatable art, plays a strain of solemn music as the final curtain falls."

THE UNDRAMATIC DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE are many indications that the time has come for a revision of those traditional definitions of the drama which we have inherited from a long line of critics stretching all the way from Aristotle down to Brunetière. A critical formula can never be fixed and final like a proposition in geometry: it will serve only so long as it continues to be of service. The true critic cannot be a dogmatist: he is required, by the very nature of his work, to maintain that open and elastic mood of mind which has lately been denominated pragmatism. Though his ancestors in the art may, with entire soundness, have reiterated a certain formulation for a thousand years, he is required to reject it, without compunction or regret, so soon as it ceases to apply.

The reason why critical principles must always be pragmatic, and can never be dogmatic, is that criticism, by its very nature, is an inductive art. It must always follow—not precede—creation. The critic derives a principle inductively, from the analysis of many works of art which exhibit a family relation to one another. This principle may subsequently be applied, in a logical process of deduction, to the measurement of other works of art created in imitation, or in emulation, of those from which the formula was originally inferred. But any attempt to impose this principle upon another group of works of art, created in expression of a totally different impulse, would be illogical and, as a consequence, uncritical. Thus, a critic of the tragedies of Shakespeare would properly infer the principle that the chief incidents in a tragic story should be acted on the stage; but a critic of the tragedies of Racine would be required to infer the contrary principle that the chief incidents in a tragic story should be imagined off the stage.

Such fluctuating principles as these have been altered, easily and unreluctantly, from age to age; but there are a few formulas which have been repeated, with apparent soundness, for so many centuries that they appear as obstacles in the path of critics with whom pragmatism is not a native and instinctive mood of mind. One of these is Aristotle's dictum that action is the prime essential of a play. This ancient critic stated that the method of the drama is to exhibit character in action. So far as I recall, no sub-

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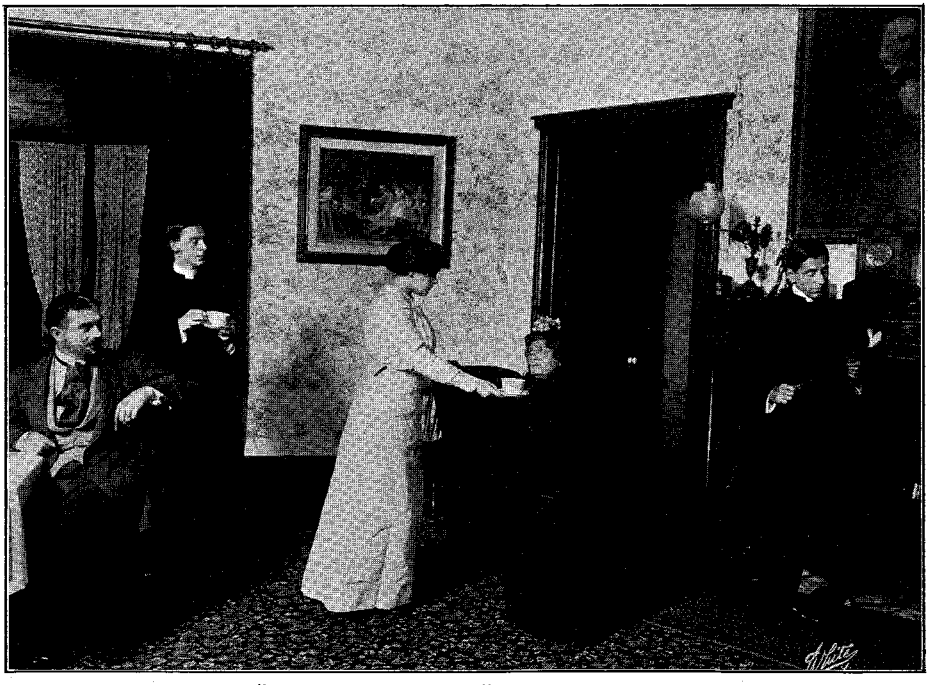
sequent critic has ever ventured to argue against this assertion; and yet, if we accept it as a dogma, what are we to do with such a play as Mr. Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes?* This work is undeniably a masterpiece according to its kind, because it reminds us vividly of life and tells us something that is new and true; yet it is almost utterly devoid of action. Its method is not to exhibit character in action but to reveal character through dialogue. What—to repeat—shall be done with such a play? It would surely be a cowardly recourse to beg this question by labelling this interesting and admirable work with such an adjective as "undramatic."

Another statement of Aristotle's that has always been accepted without argument is that the plot of a play should exhibit a beginning, a middle, and an end. Yet, if we regard this statement as a dogma, what are we to do with such a play as Mr. Granville Barker's *The Madras House?* This piece reveals no definite beginning; and the author has deliberately planned it in such a way that it shall show no end. Structurally, this work is, so to speak, a succession of four middles. The final stage-direction reads, "She doesn't finish, for really there is no end to the subject"; and then the curtain falls, to cut us off from our momentary participation in a dozen lives which are considered as continuous and as undetermined as our own. Shall we dare to dismiss such a fabric as "unstructural," after it has entertained us for two hours with the activity of one of the keenest intellects at present working for the English theatre?

Less than a hundred years ago, the successful German playwright Gustav Freytag wrote a book on *The Technique of the Drama,* in which he asserted that a dramatic plot may be di-



"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"—ACT III—SCENE 2

"The hero pleasantly accepts whatever happens. When a horrifying woman with two grown sons, trained up most horribly as vicars, descends from a clear sky to claim him as her long-lost husband and to accuse him of bigamy, he is no more moved than if some one had remarked that it looked like rain."

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vided into five successive sections,—namely, the Exposition, the Rise, the Climax, the Fall, and the Catastrophe. He induced this principle mainly from a study of the plays of Shakespeare,—a study in which he was hampered by the assumption, which has subsequently been disproved, that Shakespeare planned his plays in five acts instead of in an uncounted series of scenes. This formula of Freytag's has attained a popular currency that is astonishingly wide; and yet, if we should attempt to support it as a dogma, what could we do with such a play as Mr. Galsworthy's *The Pigeon?* This piece, from the outset to the end, is merely an exposition of a problem of society: it reveals no Rise, no Climax, no Fall, and no Catastrophe: yet it is a very interesting play and has been accepted by the most intelligent citizens of London and New York as one of the most moving dramas of recent years.

It was only twenty years ago that the late Ferdinand Brunetière announced his famous principle that the essential element of drama is a struggle between human wills. This statement was at once accepted as an axiom. It has been repeated from mouth to mouth so many million times, especially in such popular phrases as "dramatic conflict," that very few people realise at present that this formula is not at least as old as Aristotle. Until very recently there have been none so bold to do this principle irreverence, and the formula, "no struggle, no drama," has been accepted as a commonplace of dramatic criticism. Yet, if we receive this statement as a dogma, what are we to do with such a play as *Chains,* by Miss Elizabeth Baker? This piece exhibits not an assertion, but a negation, of human wills. It presents, at most, a struggle of wills with a minus sign in front of them. The entire point of the play is that nothing can happen to the characters. Their wills are paralysed by an environment which renders them incapable of self-assertion. Yet few

"PRUNELLA"—ACT I

"Prunella is a modest little maiden who is brought up very strictly by her three aunts, Prim, Privacy, and Prude. She lives immured in a picture-book garden with a great gate that is locked against the world."

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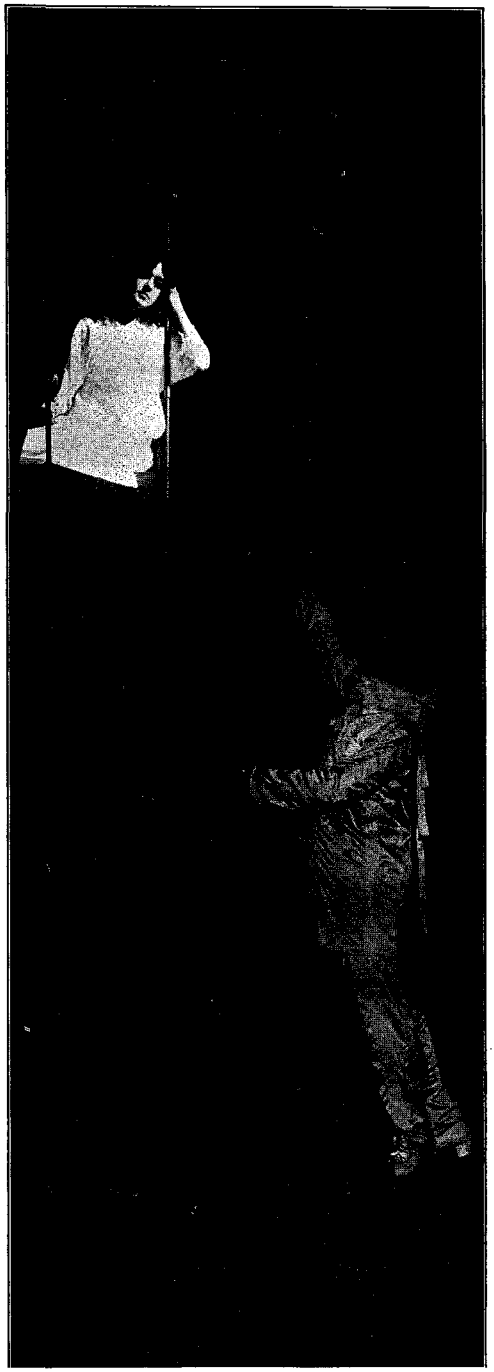
plays of recent years have stirred an audience so deeply to a realisation of life.

In his manual of craftsmanship entitled *Play-Making,* that bold and pioneering critic, Mr. William Archer, has devoted a very interesting chapter to a discussion of the intrinsic meaning of the terms "Dramatic and Undramatic." He has bravely rejected the formula of Brunetière as inapplicable to many famous instances. Discarding "conflict" as essential to the drama, Mr. Archer has suggested, in its stead, the element of "crisis." In this point, he seems to follow Robert Louis Stevenson, who referred to the drama as dealing with "those great, passionate crises of existence where duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple." Yet I do not think it would be difficult to convince so open-minded a critic as Mr. Archer that the element of "crisis" is no more indispensable to a genuinely interesting drama than the element of "conflict." Where, for instance, is there any crisis in *The Madras House,* which—if I remember rightly—Mr. Archer much admired? Where is the element of crisis in *The Pigeon?* And where, after the very first minute of the action, is there any crisis in *The Great Adventure?*

In the face of these negations of even the most modest effort to advance a dogma, it would seem that the only course for the critic is to retreat to the position thus admirably put by Mr. Archer,—"The only really valid definition of the dramatic is: Any representation of imaginary personages which is capable of interesting an average audience assembled in a theatre. . . . Any further attempt to limit the context of the term 'dramatic' is simply the expression of an opinion that such-and-such forms of representation will not be found to interest an audience; and this opinion may always be rebutted by experiment."

The fact that, in recent years, every attempt to limit the context of the term "dramatic" has been rebutted by experiment must be accepted as an evidence that we are living in a very vigorous



"PRUNELLA"—ACT II

"Pierrot steals her away at midnight from her window, and she becomes his Pierrette."

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"INDIAN SUMMER"—ACT III

"The play sets forth an elaborate story; but there is no apparent reason why the story need be told." In this scene, an illegitimate son, who has been shot down while attempting to escape from the police, dies in the arms of his half-sister. The scene is exciting, but it lacks an informing theme.

"THE BLACK MASK"

"This melodrama is genuinely horrible. The action passes in a dingy cottage in a mining colony in Northern England. . . . The wife takes advantage of her husband's absence one night to entertain a lover."

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period of dramatic art. No playwright is so indisputably a creative artist as one who can send the critics back to their studies to revise their definitions of the drama. The attitude of such an artist may be phrased familiarly as follows: "You tell me that such-and-such a process has never yet been followed in the drama: very well,—I will show you that it can be followed, with both artistic and popular success." If, after this assumed assertion, the creative artist fails in his endeavour, his failure may be taken as an evidence of the inviolability of the principle he has assaulted; but, if he succeeds, there can be no other recourse for the critic than to discard the ancient formula and to induce a new one.

But this necessity is repugnant to the type of critic who hates to change his mind. In the epilogue to *Fanny's First Play,* Mr. Bernard Shaw has introduced a critic of this type, in the figure of the ultra-Aristotelian Mr. Trotter. Of the later works of Mr. Shaw and many of his emulators, Mr. Trotter simply and definitively says: "They are not plays." He is willing to consider them as essays, as discussions, or as conversations; but he will not consider them as plays, since Aristotle never saw the like of them. But this view of Mr. Trotter's seems unnecessarily narrow. Surely—as Mr. Archer has stated—any story presented by actors on a stage, which interests an audience, cannot be denied the name of drama: one might as logically look a lion in the eyes and tell him he was not a lion. And if only an action that is motivated by a struggle of the wills can be labelled with the adjective "dramatic," let us, by all means, hasten to admit that there is such a thing as undramatic drama.

This playful contradiction in terms affords the critic a convenient label to apply to many modern works which, while violating at several points the traditional canons of dramatic criticism, have evoked an enthusiastic response from audiences of more than usual intelligence. Such a work, for instance, is *The Great Adventure.* In the practical sense, this fabric is, of course, dramatic, since it has held the attention and enchanted the interest of the most intelligent citizens of London and New York. And if, also, we smilingly apply to it the paradoxical adjective "undramatic," this pleasant exercise of whimsicality should be taken as a tribute to the author's skill in stretching the traditional limitations of the drama to force them to encompass something strange and new.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

To students of the drama, the most interesting aspect of *The Great Adventure** is its unconventionality of structure. In preparing this stage version of his widely read novel entitled *Buried Alive,* Mr. Arnold Bennett has deliberately discarded the traditional distinctions between what is supposed to be dramatic and what is considered to be merely narrative. His purpose was to tell a story on the stage, a story that toyed whimsically with many great ideas; he desired to illuminate an important phase of life; and it never occurred to him to ask the question whether his work should be labelled "undramatic" or "dramatic."

The story of *The Great Adventure* is, by this time, so familiar that it will not be necessary to summarise it in this place. At no point does this narrative reveal the slightest semblance of a struggle between human wills. The hero is an absent-minded, nervous, careless, drifting person,—such a character as has always been defined by academic critics as "undramatic." If he has any will at all, he never ventures to assert it. He is merely haled along, without resisting, by a current of events that he has carelessly and casually initiated in a mood of whimsicality. The heroine marries him before he knows it: he has not even attempted to oppose the woman with that hopeless imitation of resistance to which most men in such a situation are prompted by the natural instinct of self-

*The Great Adventure. A Play of Fancy, in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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preservation. Even when the best legal talent of two continents has been employed to determine whether he is actually alive or dead, he refuses, by any assertion of his will, to aggravate the arguments of either side. There is surely no "dramatic struggle" in this drama.

But if Brunetière's element of "conflict" is absent from *The Great Adventure,* it is no less evident that the author has ignored Mr. Archer's element of "crisis." The very first moment of the play, when the eminent painter humourously allows himself to be mistaken for his dying valet, might, indeed, be regarded, in the light of subsequent events, as a crisis in his life; but assuredly no later moment in the drama can be considered as a crisis in the life of any of the characters. The hero is endowed with that peculiar type of mind which refuses to regard any eventuality as a crisis. He pleasantly accepts whatever happens. When a horrifying woman with two grown sons, trained up most horribly as vicars, descends from a clear sky to claim him as her long-lost husband and to accuse him of bigamy, he is no more moved than if some one had remarked that it looked like rain. Even this incident is not a crisis to this great man who is also a simple child.

Instead of offering us a series of "conflicts" or of "crises," Mr. Bennett has set before us a series of exquisite contrasts of characters. The drifting hero is wonderfully contrasted with the practical and sensible heroine; and every scene of the play reveals some minor contrast between antithetic minds. If the desire to dogmatise had not been disclaimed so emphatically at the outset of the present paper, we might be tempted to suggest to Mr. Archer that this element of "contrast" is more essential to success upon the stage than his favoured element of "crisis."

These points being disposed of, the time has come for us to look upon *The Great Adventure* through the eyes of Aristotle. This play has a very definite beginning; but it has no end, and it can scarcely be said to have a middle. The action is inadvertently started, and then goes on forever. The last line of the play is a question, which looks forward to an undetermined future. Furthermore, even Aristotle would be forced to acknowledge that the essential element of this particular drama is assuredly not action. Character is all the author cares about; and his chosen medium for the revelation of character is not action but dialogue. This dialogue is so simply, so naturally, so humourously written that it is a luxury to listen to: it reminds us evermore of life, and makes us glad that we have ears to hear.

The formula of Freytag suffers even more disastrously at the hands of Mr. Bennett. There is no climax to *The Great Adventure*,—no rise, no fall, and no catastrophe. The piece floats easily along, like life itself, and takes no cognisance of curtain-falls. The narrative is arranged in four pigeon-holes of place, each of which is subdivided into two pigeon-holes of time; and the eight successive glimpses of life that are afforded by this structure are disclosed without any artificial heightening of effect.

These technical innovations would not be notable unless *The Great Adventure* were more interesting than most contemporary plays constructed in accordance with the ancient canons. But this play of Mr. Bennett's, which was the leading success of the recent London season, is far and away the most interesting drama that has been disclosed this autumn in New York. Ostensibly, it is a satire of that Philistinism of the British public, and incidentally of the public of every other modern nation, which leads it to estimate the value of works of art in proportion to the extent to which they have been popularly advertised. But the deeper purpose of the play is to discuss that arch-conception of Philistinism which is known as Fame, and to show that no other sublunary glory is equal to what Tennyson called "the glory of going on, and still to be." Mortality and immortality are held lightly in the balance by the laughing author; and his verdict is that fifty years

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of eggs and bacon are more than worth a cycle of the Poet's Corner.

"PRUNELLA"

Critics of the type of Mr. Trotter would undoubtedly insist that *Prunella* is a lyric poem in dialogue, rather than a drama; yet Mr. Winthrop Ames's production of this dainty little fantasy affords the public the loveliest æsthetic experience that is at present attainable in a New York theatre. The scenery and costumes are delightful to the eye, the incidental music of Mr. Joseph Moorat is delightful to the ear; and the stage-direction of Mr. Ames himself is so unfalteringly fine that we receive a general impression of almost faultless poetry. If such an impression may not be called "dramatic," we must hasten to insist that it is far more enjoyable than the more "dramatic" impressions which are conveyed by the common run of plays.

Prunella is a Pierrot-play in three acts, by Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. Granville Barker. It was reviewed in the BOOKMAN for October, 1910, on the occasion of its last revival in London. As was stated at that time, the text of the play is a little disappointing. It is undeniably good; but it seems, somehow, not so good as it ought to be. Many of Mr. Housman's lyric stanzas are very charming; but his handling of rhymed couplets is frequently pedestrian, and in several laboured passages the spectator is made to wish that the lines might be dispensed with altogether and the incidents enacted in pantomime.

The story, charming as it is, is neither novel nor profound. It is merely the old, old tale of seduction and disillusionment which has attained its greatest expression in the *Sister Beatrice* of Maurice Maeterlinck. Prunella is a modest little maiden who is brought up very strictly by her three aunts, Prim, Privacy, and Prude. She lives immured in a picture-book garden with a great gate that is locked against the world. But along comes Pierrot, at the head of a roving band of mummers. These motley creatures overleap the hedges of the garden and awaken in Prunella a longing for adventure and experience. Pierrot steals her away at midnight from her window, and she becomes his Pierrette. After a few months, he tires of her and deserts her; but, in the last act, he drifts back to the deserted garden weighed down by a remorseful loneliness. Prunella, disenchanted and despairing, also wanders back to see her forsaken home before she dies; and the two are reunited in the garden, with a new awakening of love that promises, this time, to be enduring.

This story tells us little that we have not always known; and Mr. Housman's verse is not sufficiently brilliant to make it live as literature. One may easily imagine, for example, how much more might have been achieved with this material by such a poet as M. Edmond Rostand. But as a text for decorative treatment in the theatre, *Prunella* is sufficiently satisfactory; and Mr. Ames's production of the piece is, in all details, a joy to see.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

When the Princess Theatre was opened last spring for the production of one-act plays, it was announced as the intention of the management to inaugurate a "theatre of ideas." It is easy to perceive that this intention—if, indeed, it were ever honestly held—has been totally abandoned. In the current advertisements of this theatre, we read the curious legend, "Come and be thrilled and laugh and blush." Was anybody ever known to blush at an idea, or even to be thrilled by it? Intelligent laughter may indeed be called forth by ideas; but thrills and blushes can be awakened only by sensations.

Sensations are the stock in trade of all five of the plays that make up the present bill at the Princess Theatre; and none of these plays suggests the slightest hint of an idea. They may easily be grouped into two classes,—those designed to produce a sensation of horror, and those designed to produce a sensation of

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the imminence of impropriety. These pieces are intended to be shocking, in the one way or the other, and they are meant to minister to jaded minds.

It is the belief of the present writer that only a small minority of the New York public are afflicted with minds so satiated with sensations that they can respond only to extremely overemphasised assaults upon the mental or moral nerves. It is entirely fitting that this minority should find its entertainment at the Princess Theatre. But it seems rather a pity that the much larger section of the public that is still capable of responding to ideas should not also be afforded an opportunity to see the many one-act plays endowed with real ideas which remain banished from our stage because there is no theatre for them.

By far the most effective of the five plays now visible at the Princess Theatre is *The Black Mask,* by Messrs. F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. This melodrama is genuinely horrible. The action passes in a dingy cottage in a mining colony in northern England. The husband goes about with his head hooded in a black mask, because his face has been obliterated by an explosion in the mines. His wife hates him, and takes advantage of his absence one night to entertain a lover. The husband returns unexpectedly. There is a scuffle between the two men in the dark, in which the husband is apparently slain. The guilty couple plan to drop the body down a mining shaft, after which the lover will disguise himself in a black mask and continue to impersonate the husband. The wife goes upstairs to get a new mask that she has just made. Suddenly the body of the husband stirs. He sneaks to his feet, and quickly overwhelms and kills the lover. His wife passes down to him over the banisters the mask she went to fetch, and he casts this over the head of the dead man. The two survivors carry forth the body and drop it down the shaft. Returning to the house the wife goes upstairs, to prepare for the reception of her lover. Slowly her husband mounts the steps; and as he enters the lighted bedroom, he flings away his mask. There is a piercing shriek from the woman; and the curtain falls.

"TO-DAY"

The last act of a melodrama called *To-Day,* by Messrs. George Broadhurst and Abraham S. Schomer, is in itself a very effective one-act play of the sensational sort that is favoured at the Princess Theatre. In this act, a real-estate agent who has called to collect the rent from a woman who uses her apartment as a place of assignation discovers on her drawing-room table a photograph of his own wife and is told that the nameless beauty will be willing to meet him for a monetary consideration. He arranges an assignation over the telephone, and waits for her romantically in the dark. In darkness he meets her and grips her tightly by the wrists. Then the lights are switched on, and the erring woman looks into the face of her own husband. There is a scene of violence which ends when the husband kills his wife.

Setting aside any question as to whether or not this sort of story should be told upon the stage, it must be admitted that this last act is developed with great cleverness of theatric craftsmanship. But it is preceded by three fatuous and weary acts which sorely try the patience of the audience. This play was originally written in Yiddish by Mr. Schomer, and before it was revised by Mr. Broadhurst, was acted in a Yiddish theatre on the Bowery. The only point about the first three acts that is at all interesting is the fact that they reveal how very bad and mad our modern American life may look to the eyes of an alien author who is not to the manner born.

"INDIAN SUMMER"

Indian Summer is thoroughly characteristic of the later work of Mr. Augustus Thomas. It is not so bad a play as *The Model* or *Mere Man;* it is not so good a play as *The Harvest Moon* or *As A Man Thinks;* but it bears a family resemblance to all of them. Its merit

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is a matured and mellow artistry in the handling of difficult technical details, and its defect is an excessive discursiveness and general lack of unity.

The dialogue of *Indian Summer* is beautifully written, the intricate plot is artfully expounded, and the characters are real and true to life; but so many different topics are touched upon during the course of the composition that, in the end, the auditor is left vainly wondering what the play is all about. What it lacks is a central and informing theme, to give it unity. It sets forth an elaborate story; but there is no apparent reason why this story need be told. A hundred little niceties of art are exercised in the presentation of details which seem to have no pertinence to the author's object; and this object itself remains forever undefined.

Ever since the composition of *The Witching Hour*—which remains, in the opinion of the present writer, the best play that has yet been written by any American author—Mr. Thomas has seemed to be so interested in a number of things that he has been unable to focus his attention on any one thing at a time. The broadening of mind that has naturally come to him in middle age appears to have been attended by a loss of the power of concentration. Mr. Thomas is our most experienced and most finished artist in the American drama; and it is strongly to be hoped that he may soon succeed in pulling his mind together.

"TANTE"

Tante is a very interesting comedy of character, derived by Mr. Haddon Chambers from the novel of the same name by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. It is a study of that maintenance of the manners of a spoiled child through years when normal beings are presumed to be adult which is commonly excused, by people who know nothing of the mental processes of art, as a necessary phase of the artistic temperament.

The heroine is a very adroit and very famous player of the piano. She is a monument of egotism. She selfishly demands that every one shall pay a servile tribute to her whims; and she is clever enough to put down nearly any insurrection against her self-erected majesty of mind. Because she feels the need of real affection, she has showered a great deal of almost genuine charity upon an adopted daughter named Karen. Karen marries a lucid-minded lawyer, who sees through the shams and poses of her guardian. Tante sets herself to defeat the insurrection of this sane and sensible man; and by a series of subtle feminine tricks, she succeeds in winning Karen away from him. But Tante, in her turn, is caught by Karen in a situation which reveals to the younger woman the shallow and artificial nature of her guardian. Thereupon Karen returns to her husband. But even in the face of this defeat, Tante is not to be denied a momentary triumph of theatricism. She sits down at a piano; and, revelling in the revelation of her undefeatable art, plays a strain of solemn music as the final curtain falls.

The interest of this accomplished comedy depends entirely upon its exhibition of a series of contrasts of character. Mr. Chambers has revolted against Aristotle's dictum that the essential element of drama is action. There is scarcely any action in the play. There is, indeed, a definite struggle between human wills which is brought to a crisis at the end of the penultimate act; but this struggle is exhibited not in action but in dialogue. Mr. Chambers has a practised knack of writing spoken words; and to this gift must be ascribed the undeniable success of the present composition.

"THE MARRIAGE GAME"

In *The Marriage Game,* by Anne Crawford Flexner, we are introduced to three pairs of married lovers who find it difficult to get along together. The reason is, in each case, that the married woman, having won her husband, fails to appreciate the necessity of making herself sufficiently agreeable to hold his af-

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fection. The hero is a bachelor, endowed with a steam-yacht. He hits upon the happy thought of inviting the three husbands to come upon a cruise, giving each of them the impression that it is to be a "bachelor" party. Then he also invites the three wives,—his idea being that several days of close connubial confinement will afford an effective cure for their marital disagreements.

Unfortunately, one of the husbands brings aboard the yacht a lady of obliging virtue, whose name is Mrs. Oliver. Her presence has to be explained to the assembled wives by the invention of an elaborate history of the missing Mr. Oliver; but she is so tactful, so charming, so urbane, that she soon wins the admiration and affection of the women. When, however, her stockings are discovered in a suit-case brought aboard by the erring husband, a rumpus is created, during which the charming Mrs. Oliver is required to beat a hasty retreat. Subsequently, after no little discussion of the rules which must be followed in the marriage game, the vagrant husbands are reconciled with their unconsiderate wives.

This comedy, though inartistic, is amusing; but a critic who defended *The Lure* and *The Fight* against the censorship of the police, may perhaps be permitted to assert that it is an immoral fabrication. The peccant Mrs. Oliver is exhibited as a woman of perfect taste, unusual culture, and extraordinary refinement. She appears a much more admirable person than any of the jealous wives. It is not immoral to make vice attractive, since, in very truth, it often is; but, if the writer, speaking from a sadly limited experience, may venture an opinion, it would appear that Mrs. Oliver is an exceedingly exceptional representative of her class. To exhibit an exception as a creditable portrait of the class might lead the inexperienced theatre-goer to form a false estimate of comparative values; and this allurement is the only immorality of which a play is capable. Why do the Anthony Comstocks always object to plays in which vice is exhibited as reprehensible, and never object to plays in which it is exhibited as more admirable than virtue? But the agitation of this question would require many pages more; and space must be reserved for the discussion of more important topics.

THE GLEANER

BY ZONA GALE

SIDE by my side all day the Gleaner went.
We breathed the cold, spiced air of sweet spring, dark
Before the dawn; together, when the lark
Awoke, we raised rapt faces, and we bent
To listen in still grasses; the dear scent
Of noon and dusk we breathed. We knelt to mark
Holy of holies of the deathless ark,
Unveiled for us before the day was spent.

Oh, prodigal of sweetness that dead day
I saw and worshipped, and I passed; nor knew
That Silent One beside me stooped to lay
Somewhat aside. Now, in the dusk of rue
And bitterness, the Gleaner bears to me,
Wistful, her garnered wreath of rosemary.

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MR. PUNCH

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF PUNCH AND JUDY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WITH REPRODUCTIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

WHEN we consider how cosmopolitan is the population of these United States and how freely we have drawn upon all the races of Europe, it is very curious that the puppet-show does not flourish in our American cities as it flourishes in many of the towns on the other side of the Western Ocean. The shrill squeak of Punch is not infrequent in the streets of London, although it may not now be heard as often as it was a score of years ago. In Paris in the gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg and again in the Champs Elysées, where the children congregate in the afternoon, there are nearly half a dozen enclosures roped off and provided with cane chairs, so that spectators, old and young, may be gladdened by the vision of Polichinelle and by the pranks of Guignol. Yet even in Paris there are not now as many puppet-shows as there were forty years ago; and in Italy and in Germany the traveller fails to find as frequent exhibitions of this sort as he used to meet with in the years that are gone. Apparently there is everywhere a waning interest in the plays performed by the little troop of personages animated by the thumb and fingers of the invisible performer. And perhaps the declining vogue of this diminutive drama in old Europe is one reason why it has never achieved a wide popularity in young America.

In France the puppet-show is stationary; it has its fixed habitation and abode; and its lovers can easily discover where to find it when they seek the specific pleasure it alone can provide. In England Punch and Judy are ambulatory; they roam the streets at large; and their arrival in any one avenue of traffic can never be predicted with certainty. In the United States poor Punch has never ventured to show his face in the open

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE COSTUMES OF ITALIAN COMEDY

HARLEQUIN (Ancient) PANTALOON (Ancient) DOCTOR (Modern) PUNCH (Neapolitan)

SCAPIN MEZZETIN PIERROT SCARAMOUCHE (Neapolitan)

street seeking the suffrages of the casual throng; he is not ambulatory, but intermittent; and he makes his appearances only in private houses and only when he is sent for specially to entertain the children's party. Here in America Punch is still a stranger to the broad public; he has an exotic flavour; he suggests Dickens, somehow; and he must be wholly unknown to countless thousands who would rejoice to make his acquaintance and to laugh at his terrible deeds.

His terrible deeds!—perhaps there is in these words a possible explanation for the failure of Punch to win favour among the descendants of the Puritans, who are always inclined to apply severe moral standards to conduct. Now, if we apply any moral standard at all to the conduct of Mr. Punch, the result is simply appalling, for the customary drama of which he is the sole hero sets before us a story of triumphant villainy, adequately to be compared only with the dastardly history of Richard III in Shakespeare's melodramatic tragedy. Mr. Punch is an accessory before the fact in the death of his infant child; and when his devoted wife very naturally remonstrates with him, he turns upon her with invective and violence—a violence which culminates in assassination. Having once seen red and tasted blood he finds himself swiftly started upon a career of crime. His total depravity tempts him to a startling succession of hideous murders. He slays an inoffensive negro, a harmless clown, and a worthy policeman. Then he succeeds, by a simple trick, in hanging the hangman himself. By his fatal assaults upon these two officers of justice, the necessary policeman and the useful hangman, Mr. Punch exhibits his contempt for the majesty of the law. He stands forth, without a shred of conscience, as a practical anarchist, rejecting all authority. His hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him. And having violated the laws of this world, he finally discloses his callous contempt for the punishment which ought to await him in the next world; he has a hand-to-hand fight with the devil himself—a deadly struggle, from which he emerges victorious. And this is the end, which crowns the work.

When we consider the several episodes of Mr. Punch's abhorrent history, we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that his story is even less informed with morality than that of Richard III. The crookbacked king comes to a bad end at last; he meets with the just retribution for his many misdeeds; and he falls before the sword of Richmond. But Mr. Punch comes to a good end; and, so far as we may know, he lives happy ever after, like the princes and princesses of the fairy-tales. He may even marry again and have another child, to be made away with in its turn. The more we consider his misdeeds and his misadventures the more shocking they are to our moral sense. Mr. Punch then appears as a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated he needs but to be seen. This is how he must appear to every one

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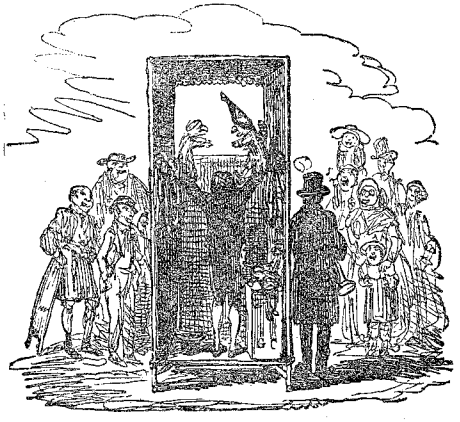
of us who applies a moral standard to the drama and who is willing to hold every character in a play to a strict accountability for his words and deeds. If we apply this moral standard to the play of *Punch and Judy,* then that play must be dismissed as profoundly and hopelessly immoral, carrying ethical infection to all who are so unfortunate as to be spectators at its performance. And, more particularly, it is an absolutely unfit piece for the young, whose immature minds need to be guarded against every thing which might tend to confuse the delicate distinctions between right and wrong.

But, of course, we do not apply a moral standard to the sayings and doings of Mr. Punch, for the plain and sufficient reason that he is not a human being. He is not a man and a brother, upon whom we may be tempted to pattern ourselves. He is but a four-inch puppet, a thing of shreds and patches, a wooden-headed doll, vitalised for a moment only by the hand concealed inside his flimsy body with its flaunting colours. He is too fantastic, too impossible, too unreal, too unrelated to any possible world, for us to feel called upon to frown upon his misdeeds or to take them seriously. He is a joke, and we know that he is a joke, and all the children know that he is only a joke. Even the youngest child is never tempted to believe in his existence and to be moved to follow his example or to imitate his dark deeds. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and the proof of a play is in the effect it produces upon the spectators. We may question whether any one of the millions of performances of the lamentable tragedy of Mr. Punch has suggested to a single father the fatal neglect of his child or to a single husband the possibility of wife-murder. And we may doubt whether any child, after witnessing Mr. Punch's murderous combats with the policeman and the devil, has ever felt any lessening of his respect for those two honoured guardians of law and order.



BEHIND THE SCENES

AT THE FESTIVE BOARD

The plea of confession and avoidance which is here set up for Punch and Judy is much the same as that set up by Charles Lamb for the frolicsome Restoration comedies. Lamb admitted that they were degradingly immoral—if you took them seriously and accepted them as pictures of life. But he insisted that they were not really amenable to this moral standard, since they were plainly impossible in any world known to man. Macaulay had no difficulty in showing that Lamb was judging others by his clever and sophisticated self. To Lamb the characters of Wycherly and Congreve might reveal manners and customs which removed them from the sphere of recognisable humanity; but the majority of his fellow spectators were not so nimble-witted; they saw characters on the stage personated by living performers and they beheld these characters shamelessly doing shameful things. Be-

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PUNCH'S COMPANY ON THEIR TRAVELS

cause the persons in the play were represented by actual human beings they seemed indisputably human; and their deeds could not be considered as outside morality. Yet the plea made by Lamb for the Restoration comedies has a certain validity when put forward in behalf of Mr. Punch. He is not personated by an actual human being; and even the least sophisticated of juvenile spectators does not accept him as a fellow creature.

Historians of the Greek drama have often commented on the fact that the Athenian actors wore towering masks and that, therefore, they were deprived of all facial expression. In our snug modern theatres, with their well-lighted stages, we follow with our eyes the shifting emotions as these chase each other across the faces of the actors; and this is one of our keenest pleasures in the playhouse. In the huge theatre of Dionysius at Athens, with its ten or twenty thousand spectators, seated tier on tier along the curving hillside of the Acropolis, the actor was too far removed from most of the playgoers for any play of feature to be visible; and the critics have commiserated the Attic dramatists on their deprivation of this element of potent appeal. Yet the question arises whether the Greek playwrights were really the losers by this immobility of the actors' faces; and we may be allowed to doubt that they were when we recall the fact that the faces of Mr. Punch and of Mrs. Judy, of the policeman and of the hangman, are also fixed once for all. The expression that Mr. Punch wears when he is fondling the baby is, perforce, the same which illuminates his face when he is engaged in joyful combat with the devil, a foeman worthy of his stick. Here the imagination of the spectator comes to the rescue. The wooden head of Mr. Punch is unchanging, no doubt; but those who gaze entranced upon his marvellous doings never miss the play of feature which they would expect if they were part of the audience in a playhouse for grown-ups. Quite possibly the Athenian spectators did not mind the immobility of the masks their actors wore—in fact, that very immobility may have been an incentive to their imaginations. When the Greeks went to their open-air theatre, as when we gather around the tent-like theatre of Mr. Punch, they knew in advance, as we know, that the faces of the performers would be unchanging; therefore, they did not expect any variety of expression; and probably they got along as well without it as we do at a puppet-show.

There is another likeness between Attic tragedy and Punch and Judy; there is a limitation in the number of characters we are allowed to see at the same time. As the hidden performer who operates all the figures has only two hands, he can bring before us at any one moment only Mr. Punch and one other of the several characters. The fingers of the right hand animate Mr. Punch and the fingers of the left hand animate, in turn, Mrs. Judy and the

BEFORE THE BOOTH

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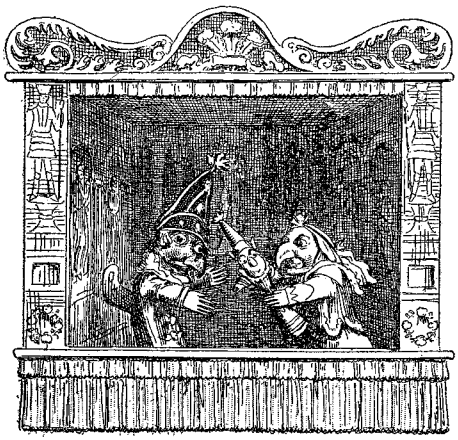
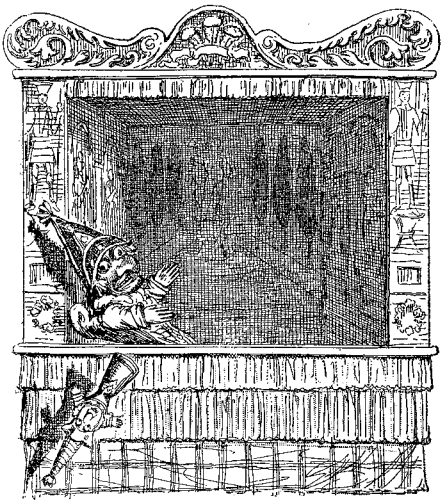
negro and the clown. At Athens (for reasons which need not here be discussed) the dramatist had the use of only three actors, even though these might each of them "double" and appear as two or more of the successive characters of the play. So it was that there were never more than three persons taking part in any given episode of an Attic tragedy, as there are not more than two persons taking part in any given episode of Punch and Judy. In the thumb-and-finger plays devised in Paris by M. Lemercier de Neuville, he felt so severely the inconvenience of his limitation to two characters that he devised a kind of spiral-spring arrangement inside the costumes of his little figures and supporting their heads; and he prepared invisible arms, jutting out just below the flat ledge which forms the base of the proscenium. Thus he was enabled to leave the figure in sight, while he withdrew his hand to animate another character. His "Pupazzi," as he called them, were clever caricatures of contemporary celebrities; and he was ingenious enough sometimes to manœuvre half a dozen of them at once with his single pair of hands, four adjusted into the projecting rests and two on his fingers.

In the little puppet-show in the garden of the Tuileries the same result is achieved by the employment of two or



PUNCH, JUDY, AND THEIR CHILD



PUNCH THROWS AWAY HIS CHILD

three performers, so that four or even six figures may appear at once. This has greatly enlarged the scope of the performance; and the manager of this theatre has very ambitious aims. He likes to rearrange for his juvenile audience the most appropriate of the pieces which have won favour in the real theatres, and to present these with all sorts of spectacular adornments. He has even ventured to give plays as elaborate as *Around the World in Eighty Days*. But it may be doubted whether this vaulting ambition has not overleaped itself and whether a puppet-show does not gain rather than lose by restricting its efforts within narrower limits. After all, nothing so delights us at a puppet-show as the feats which are most characteristic and least difficult of accomplishment. We joy to behold one solid tiny figure belabouring another with his solid club or to follow the vicissitudes of a bout at single-stick, when both combatants thwack lustily at each other's wooden heads.

Yet this mention of M. Lemercier de Neuville's Pupazzi, with their varied repertory of Aristophanic commentaries on current events and this memory of the spectacular efforts exhibited in the garden of the Tuileries, suggest a possi-

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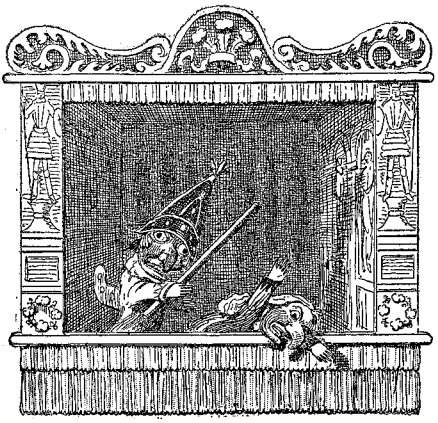
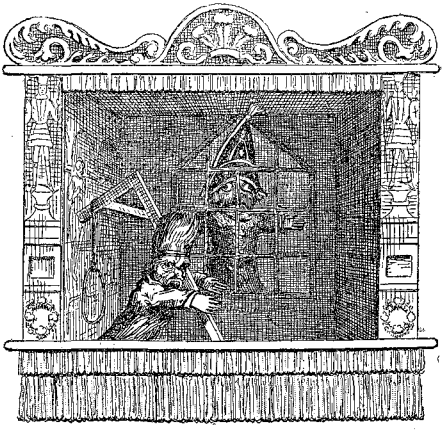


PUNCH QUIETS JUDY

PUNCH ON HIS STEED



PUNCH IN PRISON

ble explanation for the fact that Punch and Judy have failed to find widespread favour here in America, and that they seem to be losing their pristine popularity in England. There is a pitiable monotony of programme in all English-speaking puppet-shows. They confine their repertory to the single play which sets forth the deeds and misdeeds of Mr. Punch. Now in the continent of Europe there is no such monotony. Not only in the gardens of the Tuileries, but in the Champs Elysées, a young spectator can sit through performance after performance without fear of having to witness the same piece. Punch appears in only one drama, whereas his French rival, Guignol, in his time plays many parts, with a host of other characters to be his associates, some in one piece and some in another. And the several plays are adorned with a variety of scenery. Of course, there cannot be a very wide range of subject; and always is the stick a prominent feature in the miniature dramas. There are a certain number of traditional Guignol pieces, handed down from generation to generation. Some of these have been printed, for the use of devoted students of the drama; and some are to be had in little pamphlets for the benefit of the happy French children who may have had a puppet theatre, with its dozen or more figures, presented to them as a New Year's gift. There is in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University, the manuscript of half a dozen of these little plays, written out (in all the license of his own simplified spelling) by the incomparable performer who was in charge of the leading Guignol in the Champs Elysées in 1867, now not far from half a century ago.

It is rather curious that the English puppet-show should have confined itself for now nearly a hundred years to the unique Punch and Judy, when the puppet-shows of other countries have a changing repertory. It was a puppet-performance of a German perversion of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* which first introduced Goethe to the Faust legend. George Sand, unlike the great German

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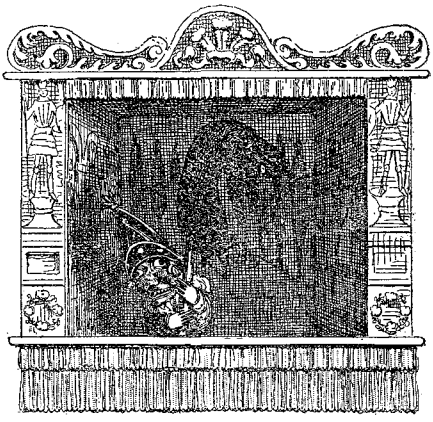
poet in most ways, was yet like him in her delight in the puppet-show. In her country-place at Nohant, she had a tiny theatre of her own, for which she dressed all the puppets, while her son Maurice carved the heads, painted the scenery, devised the plays and improved the dialogue. Maurice Sand it was, sometimes alone, but occasionally with the aid of a friend, who manipulated the little figures and bestowed upon them a momentary vitality. His mother persuaded him to write out a dozen of the more successful of his little plays for puppets and to publish them; and this volume, *Le Théatre des Marionnetes à Nohant,* appeared in 1876. George Sand herself wrote a delightful account of the humble beginnings of this famous puppet-show and described how there came in time to be all sorts of ingenious improvements for achieving spectacular effects.

She declared that the puppet-show is not what it is vainly thought, because it demands an art of a special kind, not only in the construction of the little figures themselves, but more especially in the story which these little figures are to interpret. She held that the particular field of the puppet playwright-performer was to be found in the dramatisation of distended fantastic romances, abounding in comic characters and in comic episodes and gratifying the fundamental human liking for long-drawn tales of adventure and for fantastic fairy stories. She found in her son's acted narratives a rest from reality, a release from the oppression of every-day life, an excursion into a realm of fancy and of legend—even if the legend was itself a fanciful invention of the improvising performer. And she declared that she liked the puppet-playhouse in her own home, because it was a domestic and fireside pleasure, which could be enjoyed without the exertion imposed by a visit to a real theatre. Obviously she found as much delight in being a spectator—after having been a costumer—as her son did in being the author and operator of the spectacle.

There is one note to be made upon George Sand's account of the slow development of the puppet-show at Nohant, beginning as early as 1847. If you will look at any set of Punch and Judy figures hung up to-day in the toy store to tempt the eye of Young America, you will discover, alongside Mr. Punch and Mrs. Judy, Jack Ketch and the Devil, a strange green figure, with huge jaws and double rows of white teeth. This verdant beast has a body like all other Punch and Judy figures, a loose cloth funnel to slip over the sleeve of the operator; but its head suggests the head of an alligator or of a crocodile or of a dragon. Now, if you will turn to the classic text of the English play of *Punch*

PUNCH TEACHES JACK KETCH HOW TO HANG A MAN.



PUNCH KILLS THE DEVIL

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and Judy edited with a learned introduction and an abundance of scholarly annotation by John Payne Collier—at least, so it is said, for the rare little book is anonymous—you will find no mention of any strange beast of this sort. Collier's text of the play is adorned by two dozen illustrations, etched by George Cruikshank; and in no one of these plates will you discover any crocodile or alligator or dragon. You will find Toby, the dog, who still survives in the few shows to be seen to-day in the streets of London; and you will find Hector, the gallant steed that Mr. Punch mounts with difficulty—and it is sad to have to record that Hector is no longer in the service of Mr. Punch. Indeed, one devoted admirer of puppet-shows, whose memory goes back nearly fifty years, is ready to declare that he has never laid eyes on Hector—except in Cruikshank's illustrations. But Mr. Punch, deprived of the privilege of bestriding Hector, now enjoys the fiercer delight of overcoming the green-eyed alligator.

Here we have a question of profound historic interest. Whence came the strange beast with the wide jaws? And here is where George Sand's pleasant paper is a very present help in time of need. She tells us that her son besought her to make a green monster for one of the earliest pieces he devised for her puppet-figures. She did as she was bid, and she sacrificed a pair of blue velvet slippers to provide the marvellous creature with his gently smiling jaws. She draws attention to the fact that the slippers were blue, and to the further fact that, nevertheless, the strange beast was always called the Green Monster. And here may be the explanation of the historic mystery. The fame of the puppets of Nohant was borne abroad; they were talked about all through France, and they were discussed again and again in the Parisian newspapers. What more likely than that one of the professional puppet-players should have seen the infinite possibilities of the Green Monster, and its novel fascination for children, and have borrowed it for his own performances? Certain it is that the Green Monster is a character in at least one of the manuscript plays preserved in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University and written out nearly half a century ago. Probably the Green Monster strayed from the puppet-show of the Champs Elysées sooner or later to one of the toystores of Paris at the request of some boy who desired it for his own. When the Green Monster had elected domicile in the stores of Paris, he was soon appropriated by the toymakers of Germany for export to Great Britain and the United States.

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CHICAGO IN FICTION

BY FLOYD DELL

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BUT definite as Mr. Dreiser is in his presentation of scenes, he, too, gives us in *Sister Carrie* a general sense of Chicago the city. Only it is a less sociological, more human conception of the city. And it isn't Mr. Dreiser's Chicago—it is Sister Carrie's: the Chicago of all the Sister Carries who come up from little Indiana and Iowa towns, ignorant and adventurous, at the mercy of their new environment, and yet capable of making some sort of terms with life no matter in what guise it presents itself to them.

There is a Chicago that lives in the minds and imaginations of young people all through the Middle West, a Chicago that exists by virtue of their aspiration and their need, and that begins to die with their first sight of the town. It lives perhaps most in the moment of leave-taking, of departure from the little Indiana or Iowa home. It is this Chicago which Mr. Dreiser has suggested in the first paragraph of his novel:

> When Caroline Meeber boarded the afternoon train for Chicago her total outfit consisted of a small trunk, a cheap, imitation alligator skin satchel, a small lunch in a pepper-box, and a yellow leather snap-purse containing her ticket, a scrap of paper with her sister's address in West Van Buren Street and four dollars in money. It was in August, 1889. She was eighteen years of age, bright, timid and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth. Whatever touch of regret at parting characterised her thoughts, it was certainly not for advantages now given up. A gush of tears at her mother's farewell kiss, a touch in her throat when the cars clacked by the flour mill where her father worked by the day, a pathetic sigh as the familiar green environs of the village passed in review, and the threads which bound her so lightly to girlhood and home were irretrievably broken.

It is thus that young people come to Chicago. The train nears the city: "To the child, the genius with imagination, or the wholly untravelled, the approach to a great city for the first time is a wonderful thing. Particularly if it be evening—that mystic period between the glare and gloom of the world when life is changing from one sphere or condition to another. Ah, the promise of the night. . . . Though all humanity be still enclosed in the shops, the thrill runs abroad. It is in the air. The dullest feel something which they may not always express or describe. It is the lifting of the burden of toil."

She goes to her first home in Chicago. "Minnie's flat, as the one-floor resident apartments were then being called, was in a part of West Van Buren Street inhabited by families of labourers and clerks, men who had come, and were still coming, at the rate of fifty thousand a year. It was on the third floor, the front windows looking down into the street, where, at night, the lights of grocery stores were shining and children were playing. To Carrie, the sound of the little bells upon the horse cars, as they tinkled in and out of hearing, was as pleasing as it was novel. She gazed out into the lighted streets when Minnie brought her into the front room, and wondered at the sounds, the movement, the murmur of the vast city which stretched for miles and miles in every direction."

In a word, it is the poetry of Chicago that we have in *Sister Carrie*. And she passes out of the life of the town before

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there is opportunity for us to see, through her eyes, the colours and contours of any part of Chicago as they appear to the eyes of one who has been made a real part of them. Where then shall we look for such pictures of Chicago as Mr. Cable, for instance, has given us of New Orleans?

Well, there is Upton Sinclair's story, *The Jungle,* which certainly gives as photographic a picture of the stockyards and of the lives of the people who work there as any one could wish—more than one could wish, some readers will say, remembering the impression it made upon them at the time it was published. Mr. Sinclair realised, he afterward said, that while he had meant to touch the hearts of the American people, he had only affected their stomachs. No severer judgment could be made upon a work of fiction; but it remains to be said that aside from the inartistic and obtrusive sociology of the book, it is in part a really affecting interpretation of the lives of our immigrant population—painted in too dark colours, it is true, but having the value that a quickened sympathy can give to such an attempt. The story of how Jurgis "buys" his house, down on the prairie a few miles to the south of the stockyards, fear of losing his money contending in his breast with the old-world passion for a home of his own, is memorable.

Of this same immigrant population an English novelist, Frank Harris, gave us another attempt at interpretation in *The Bomb.* He took as his theme that period in the eighties when the hatred and fear of native-born Americans for the newer arrivals was most intense, strengthened as it was by the passions of a great conflict between the classes in the industrial world. It was the Germans who first brought to this country the doctrines, then so feared, but now acclimated and familiar, of Socialism; and it was the foreign workers in such industries as that of the lumber mills on the West Side in Chicago who seemed the readiest material for conversion to these strange and dangerous doctrines.

A generation of employers who had been accustomed to take advantage of their foreign-born workers' ignorance of the language and their weakness in disunion, was able to see the wildest anarchy in any attempt to organise and educate these workers for their own interests. The eight-hour movement, which included the idea of a general strike, had grown up all over the country, and the Socialist and Anarchist orators of Chicago gave very effective help to it. The police were used ruthlessly to prevent the spread of ideas by speaking, as well as to crush strikes, and so there was created something in the nature of a race war. Mr. Harris, taking as his hero the young Anarchist Lingg, undertakes to show the foreigner's side of the question. The real merits of that struggle, and the facts about the whole discreditable episode, in which a Chicago, crazed with fear, hanged four innocent men, are pretty well known by this time; Chicago is ashamed of the Haymarket hanging. But an incident like the Averbuch affair, occurring only a few years ago, shows that the fear of the foreigner is a mania of which the brain of Chicago has not been wholly cured, and Mr. Harris's effort to engage our sympathy —not our pity—in behalf of the strangely idealistic West Side will need to be reduplicated many times.

Something of the same sort was attempted by Charlotte Teller in her novel, *The Cage.* Incidentally it gave a picture of a little colony of radicals who lived in an apartment house on the West Side, not far from Hull House. In "The Langdon," which is the real name of this building, lived many active Socialists, settlement workers and amateur sociologists, among them Clarence Darrow and William English Walling, the latter of whom is said to have served as the model for the "Austrian Socialist" who is the hero of *The Cage.*

An episode in a recent novel by Susan Glaspell, *The Visioning,* leads her heroine to Chicago. It is the Janus-faced Chicago of the girl who comes there to work, with its face of allurement and

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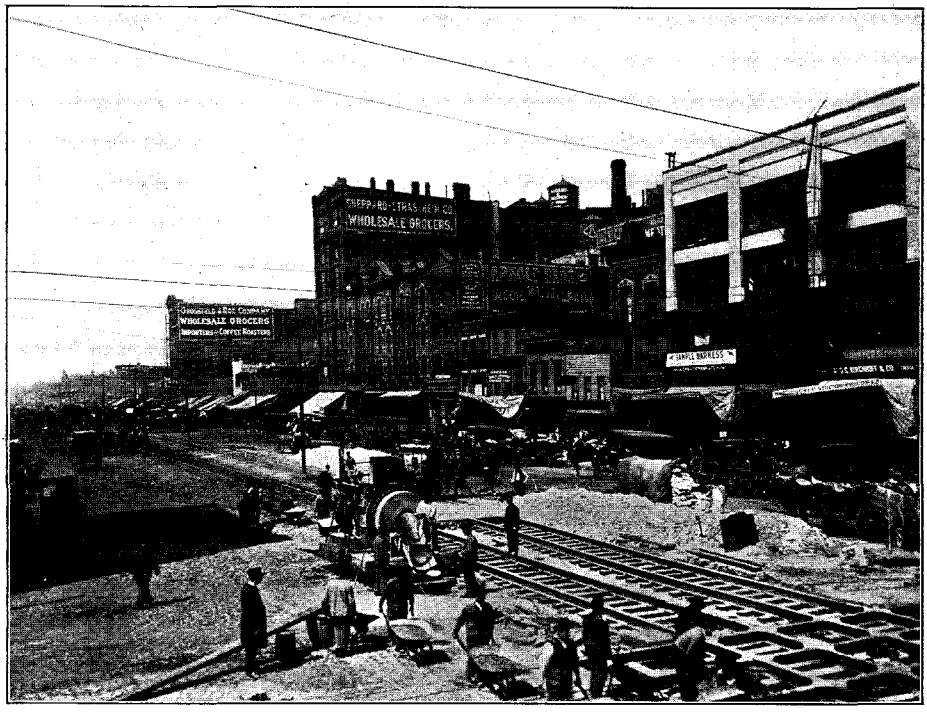
its face of despair. Chicago had called her, with moving pictures and with grand-opera music from a phonograph. "I was called," says Katie, "by the voices that had sung into that box. It proved—I thought—that all the lovely things I had dreamed were true. I had only to go and find them. People were walking upon those streets. Then I could walk on those streets. And those people were laughing and talking to each other. Everybody seemed to have



THE PLACE WHERE THE ANARCHIST BOMB WAS THROWN. DESPLAINES STREET WHERE IT ENTERS THE HAYMARKET. FRANK HARRIS'S "THE BOMB"

friends. Everybody was happy! And all of that really was." So she answers the call, and comes to Chicago. Only Chicago doesn't know it has called her. Chicago is indifferent. It finally allows her to become part of the machinery of a telephone exchange, and uses her, as it had neglected her, with an indifferent wastefulness. That, too, is Chicago.

Yes, it is true that the novelists seem to "have it in for" Chicago. Even Bert Leston Taylor, who conducts a funny column in one of the morning newspapers, has satirised his town in a book called *The Charlatans*. Besides those who come to Chicago for money and those who come for pleasure, there are those who come for fame. One thing especially which attracts them is "The Colossus,"—"the largest conservatory of music in this or any other land." And so they come in, as flies to a musk-rose full of dewy wine. Only the flower turns out in reality to be a fly-trap, which sucks the nourishment out of their helpless bodies and lets them perish. An unsophisticated village girl who has been told she can play is the heroine. The musical critic on one of the daily newspapers falls in love with her, and after her disillusionment she finds a conventional sort of happiness in his arms. But, incidentally, there is a good deal of rather subtle and pointed satire of the pretences and shams of the musical world.

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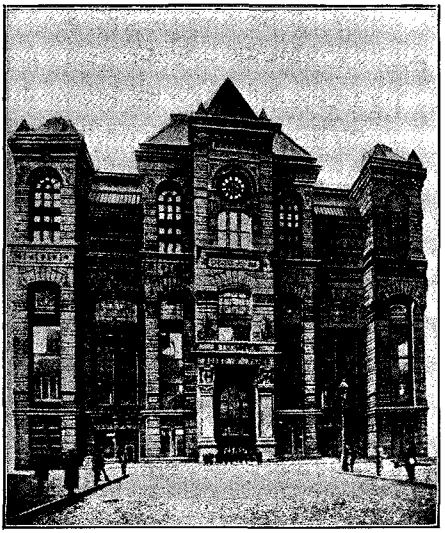
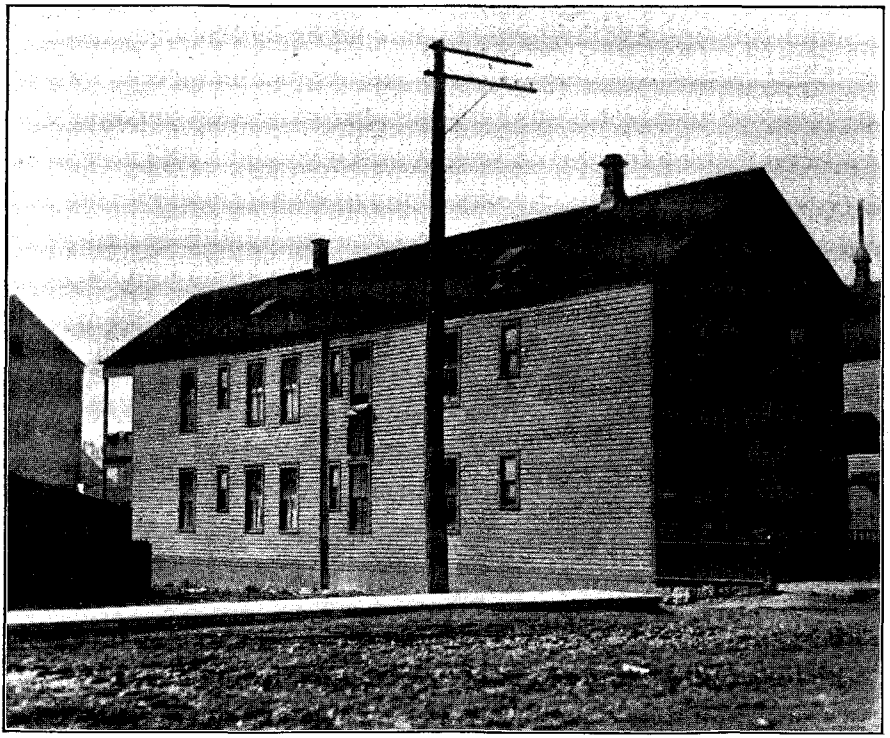


"CROUCHING LIKE A BLIND SPHINX." THE BOARD OF TRADE. THE SCENE OF JADWIN'S SPECTACULAR RISE AND FALL. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE PIT"

But, it may be asked, does nobody love Chicago? There are two writers, it may be replied, who really do. One is Joseph Medill Patterson, in whose novel, *Rebellion,* the city plays a very creditable part. For it is Chicago, and nothing else, who finally breaks the bonds of convention, and permits his heroine, Georgia Connor, to have her happiness. Georgia has a drunken husband, and though she has left him she is deterred by religious scruples from divorcing him and remarrying. Her lover, the brisk young insurance agent who works at the same place she does, is unable to convert her. But Chicago does it.

Mr. Patterson has no grudge against business as such; he thinks it is a very fine thing for such people as Georgia. At her home she lives back in the dark ages; but throughout the day she is "a citizen of no mean city." The news-



THE WIDOW JUKNIENE'S BOARDING HOUSE, BACK OF THE YARDS. JURGIS'S FIRST HOME IN PACKINGTOWN. UPTON SINCLAIR'S "THE JUNGLE"

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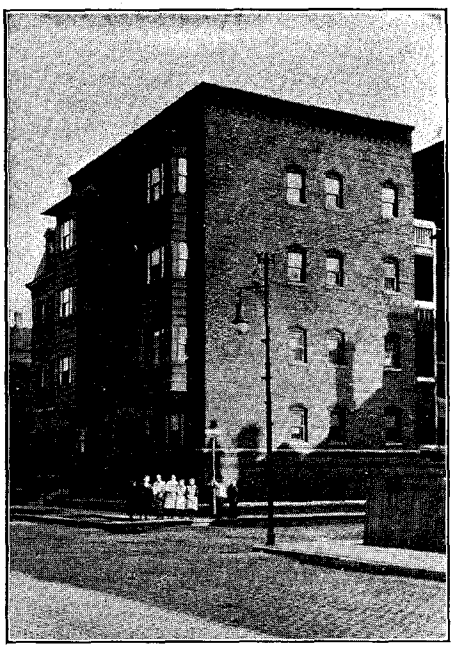
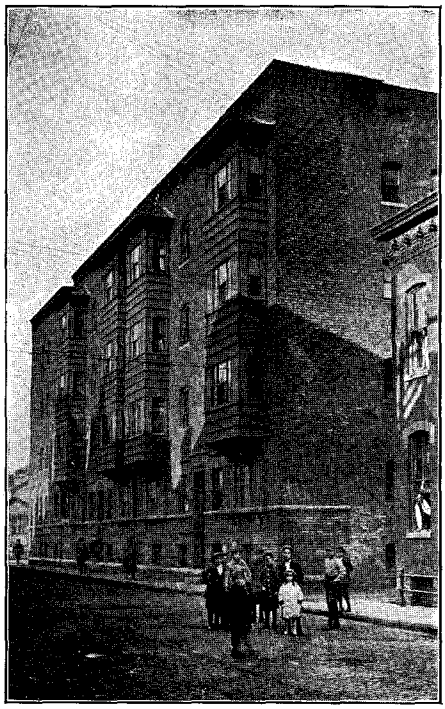
paper that she reads on the elevated train going down to work is a civilising influence. Her typewriter rattles to her the message of "twenty dollars a week by your own ten fingers and no man's gratuity." And in this down-town world "there were no oaths, no bonds unbreakable, no church to tell her that she couldn't change her job, as it tells the housed and covered women who get their bread by wifehood." It is Chi-



THE LANGDON. A NEST OF RADICALS. CHARLOTTE TELLER'S "THE CAGE"

cago, the focus of modernity, which redeems her from her moral provincialism, and makes her marry the man she loves. Mr. Patterson approves of Chicago.

The other writer who likes Chicago is Peter Finley Dunne. Of course, he is not a novelist—as yet—but Mr. Dooley is a great character, and what the sage of the Ar-rchey Road has to say about Chicago is well worth listening to. Mr. Dooley is a democrat, as well as a Democrat, and a real democrat just can't help liking Chicago. He likes it for much the same reason that Mr. Herrick hates it—because it is a big, ugly



THE LANGDON. ANOTHER VIEW

place with something exciting always going on in it. Mr. Dooley doesn't want life made too smooth and pretty. He quoted Father Kelley with approval on the subject of a religious newspaper, with expurgated, antiseptic, deodorised news in it. "News is sin, an' sin is news. . . . A religious newspaper? None iv them f'r me. I want to know what's goin' on among th' murder an' burglary set." Chicago is America, and he admits that "if ye ar-re a tired lad an' wan without much fight in ye, livin' in this counthry is like thryin' to read th' Lives iv th' Saints at a meetin' iv th' Clanna-Gael." Once he told his old friend Mr. Hennessy that he, like William Waldorf Astor, was tired of it and was going to expatriate himself. Mr. Hennessy didn't believe him for a minute.

"Ye wuddent live an-nywhere but here," said Mr. Hennessy confidently.

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "I wuddent. I'd rather be Dooley iv Chicago than th' Earl iv Peltville. It must be that I'm iv th' fightin' kind."

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THE CHRISTMAS PEN AND BRUSH

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

ONCE more the authors and artists bid us take up our seasonable journey around the globe of the solid earth and that other of the imagination all compact. It is a journey from which one annually returns with a grateful sense of how much richer is life than it used to be. Both our years and our pocketbooks are limited, and we may none of us hope to cover this amazing world. Yet for us, thousands joyously speed o'er land and ocean without rest, bring home the treasures of their ripened observation and reflection—and pay all the bills themselves. On such pleasing terms we may all of us travel, even as far as our Carcassonne. On the reviewer's desk are piled books as fat and lean and gay and scrawny as the rats of Hamelin Town, but they have all sprung forth to follow the whistling of a magic pipe—of joyous appreciation of what lies beyond the frontier of our daily life.

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* comes illustrated by Mr. W. Lee Hankey. The many-coloured pictures are conceived in a vein of matter-of-fact sentimentality, without either invention or particular sympathy, but with some historic propriety. Yet in their way they vivify pleasantly and anecdotically a poem too often disposed of in schools without the least visualisation on the part of reluctant youthful readers. *Parsifal* is a pretentious art-book with little artistic merit, in the sense of giving the spirit of the thing it illustrates. One feels the straining after studio-effects rather than the effort to picture the legend in a direct and forceful manner. Mr. George Hood's illustrations to *Tales From Washington Irving's Traveller* have little to recommend them. Clumsy in drawing and crude in colour, they remind one of a Christmas long ago—except, indeed, that they have many echoes of more recent picture-books. The volume itself is desirable.

Two books of Maeterlinck's appear this season, and both of them are pleasingly adorned. *News of Spring* is a large and handsome book containing eight nature essays, one of which is for the first time printed in a book. Maeterlinck, whether one agrees with him or not, has always something substantial to say on matters usually restricted to mere sentiment or mere science. A garden should be harmonious with the house and locality, he writes, and hence most of our gardens, being constructed on the Chinese plan, are wrong. Or he puts the discoveries of science in a memorable form which stirs the popular imagination—many people quote "The Intelligence of Flowers" who would be left unmoved and even uncomprehending by a botanist. The imaginative reach of his essays seems to arise from uniting everything that engages his attention with all the forces of the universe, a petal with human psychology and the principalities of the earth. The many rich illustrations by Mr. Detmold are accurate floral transcripts from nature and have the additional merit of interesting from the point of view of presenting the life and environment of the flower,—they do not merely, as is so often the case, present its dead anatomy. A charming little book contains the ever-welcome essay, *Our Friend the Dog.*

The Deserted Village. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by W. Lee Hankey. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Parsifal. By Richard Wagner. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Tales from Washington Irving's Traveller. Illustrated by George Hood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

News of Spring. By Maurice Maeterlinck Illustrated by Edward J. Detmold. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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The little Pelleas is quite enchantingly caught by Cecil Alden in many captivating doggy attitudes. The winsomeness and haunting suggestiveness of this exquisite essay are both summed up in its closing lines—"He is the only living being that has found and recognises an indubitable, tangible, unexceptionable and definite god. And when I saw him thus, young, ardent and believing, bringing me in some wise from the depths of unwearied nature, quite fresh news of life and trusting and wonderstruck, I envied the gladness of his certainty, compared it with the destiny of man, still plunging on every side into darkness, and said to myself that the dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two."

Mr. Wyeth's pictures for *Kidnapped* are as full of dash and go as those to *Treasure Island* two years ago, of which this handsome book is the companion. They are romantic with just the desirable admixture of the melodramatic prescribed by the subject. In some of them he shows that he can be poetic in a very simple and pleasing manner. But he excels in definite and vigorous movement; and these pictures have a long destiny to stir the boyish heart. Miss Selma Lagerlöf's *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils* has been hailed with one accord by the Swedish press as native and monumental. This article has not the opportunity to examine it in detail, but must devote a few words to the illustrations, which leave the reviewer in a less doubtful frame of mind. They show Miss Frye to be one of our most promising illustrators of fanciful subjects. To children the pictures ought to appear an accurate record of the wonderland to which the author introduces them. They have much understanding of childish psychology and the way a child's mind would re-create these fantastic episodes. To the adult, they bring a charming sense of composition, somewhat Japanese both in arrangement and colouring.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF MISS SELMA LAGERLÖF'S "THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS" SHOW MISS FRYE TO BE ONE OF OUR MOST PROMISING ILLUSTRATORS OF FANCIFUL SUBJECTS

Their lightness, their delicacy of line and colour, together with the stimulus to the imagination which her invention so abundantly provides, are all delightful. Far short of their fancy and dexterity fall the illustrations of Mr. Louis Rhead for *Gulliver's Travels*. He adds nothing to the conceptions of the many who have gone before him. They are particularly lacking in just what you expect of them—robust humour; and technically they offer no compensations. Mr. Heath Robinson's illustrations for *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* are just the op-

Our Friend the Dog. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Illustrated by Cecil Alden. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf. Illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Gulliver's Travels. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Illustrated by Monro S. Orr. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS. FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS." ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS RHEAD. HARPER AND BROTHERS

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posite. Their racy humour and their vigorous and subtle technique are alike admirable. The black-and-whites particularly have as much drollery of design as of conception. He gets an effect of humour out of his composition and arrangement which is quite equal to the humour of the figures themselves. But these have characteristics which should make them the classic types for future illustrators of the Tales, as Tenniel's types of *Alice in Wonderland* have been accepted by subsequent artists. The originality of the treatment is no more striking than the variety and simplicity of the means he employs to sustain the interest. A volume of *The Arabian Nights* is illustrated by Mr. Monro S. Orr in a commonplace and unoriginal manner, but sufficient to arouse lively interest in children. There are many stories in the book which are not included in the other children's editions. Side by side with the exquisite pictures of Mr. Dulac for the *Princess Badoura,* they can hardly be mentioned. On the Poe pictures of last season these mark an immense advance. Here he gets the flavour and feeling of his text without resort to the unnecessarily grotesque and extravagant. They are the most fitting imaginable; and their sentiment is exactly in the proper key. Furthermore, they are in drawing, in design, and in colouring masterly. A season which brings us three such picture books as the Frye, the Heath Robinson, and the Dulac is noteworthy.

II

Two very seasonable books depict the Gospel story. The first is *The Pictorial Life of Christ.* The text expands simply and reverently the New Testament narrative by setting it in its social and historical background. The pictures to which it is the accompaniment are reproductions from Mastroianni. He, the Tissot of sculpture, as Miss Ruth Kedzie Wood tells us in the introduction, is the first to present in modelled tableaux the events from Bethlehem to Golgotha. Of the quality of these modelled tableaux it is difficult to judge from photographic reproduction, or even to recreate them satisfactorily. The figures they present are entire and stand out separately from their architectural or scenic backgrounds. So strong is their theatric sense they should, one supposes, be judged as models of stage-setting and groups done in wax or clay. The action, grouping, and effects of lighting are admirably vigorous. Yet the attempt to portray the sweetness of the main figure stumbles, as usual, into insipidity; and Peter is far more the leader of men. *The Gospel Story in Art,* by John La Farge, is not only fortunate in its comprehensive scheme, but its eighty full-page plates have been selected as best presenting their story by a practiced judgment and a reverent heart. Only into some of the general considerations which La Farge raises may this paragraph enter. The paganism of the earliest pictorial representations was inevitable; inevitable, too, that the painters should seek to present symbolism rather than reality. Only the first of the religious painters—the unknown men of the Catacombs—and the very last to give an authoritative treatment—Rembrandt—were naturalists. La Farge sets about his work in the mood which will make it most widely valuable—not over-professional and with the poetic comment which he tells us has, in explaining works of art, as much place as the facts. He begins his survey imaginatively, with the Prophets and the Sibyls of Angelo, which he says are the most monumental figures known to painting. These foretold, the angels announced, Christ. Botticelli is the supreme painter of angels, characterised by sweetness and joy and the sadness of the perfection of both of

Princess Badoura. Retold by Laurence Housman. Illustrations by Edmund Dulac. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Pictorial Life of Christ. Reproductions from Plastic Models. By D. Mastroianni. Text by Ira Seymour Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Gospel Story in Art. By John La Farge. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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these qualities. The Apocryphal Gospels supplied the necessity for something more than the mere record; and we often forget that these legends were as true as the rest until the Church decided to discard them. It is with the pictures of the Annunciation that the authentic story begins; the representations of the Temptation are few, the Church seeming to have felt that the association of ideas

FLEET STREET AND ST. PAUL'S. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "IN THACKERAY'S LONDON." DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

would not appeal to the devout; similarly, the intentional humility of the Entry has prevented it from being painted convincingly and with the adequate sense of its external importance. The Greeks would never have attempted to express the agony of a god of theirs, for they taught us to despise suffering and would have disdained to permanise it by art even had they not seen that the conflicting ideas could not be satisfactorily depicted. But the Christian story made its supreme appeal in a God who endured suffering for love's sake. We are late in the world now, and the times are nearing when the feeling of the motives will disappear from pictures presenting the religious story. The only thing that saves the greatest of Rubens from being mere art is personal religious feeling.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's *In Thackeray's London* is the pilgrimage its name indicates to the shrine of a well-beloved. The text has just the right endearing tone both in its tender, humorous make-believe and in its real personal encounters, although he asks us to rely rather upon the illustrations to acquire the reality and the charm of the homes and haunts of Thackeray. The Charter House and Colonel Newcome's Rooms at Grey Friars, and the Cloister and Chapel, Wash-House Court "with scarred, soot-encrusted walls pockmarked with the maladies of centuries, and here and there a small window peeping out with an uncertain frightened look"—these and many other scenes he gives us, all dear and never-too-familiar to the passionate pilgrim. He sings a lyric of London smoke—"its velvety quality when applied to the rough surfaces of rudely chiselled stone and its soft caressing loveliness is what the dark purpling is to a plum." His charcoal sketches have the merit of their rapidity—impressions seized with the dew upon them. His eye is quick to perceive the salient characteristic of a scene and his hand is quick to translate without effort and with sureness. But his response to the emotion is more literary than artistic and is to be found in the text rather than the sketches.

Royal Castles of England is a pilgrimage to those haunts of vanished greatness outside of London which have thus far resisted the ravages of time and man. There are twenty-seven castles in all and they frown upon us in many photographs. The text narrates their various romances and tragedies in a pleasant and unpretentious manner; and the author, Henry C. Shelley, also includes in the handsomely bound volume an extended

In Thackeray's London. Pictures and Text by F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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ROOM IN WHICH COLONEL NEWCOME DIED

F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "IN THACKERAY'S LONDON." DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

STAPLE INN

F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "IN THACKERAY'S LONDON." DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

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bibliography. Both in illustration and in text, *Salisbury Plain,* by Ella Noyes and Dora Noyes, is more personal. It is a loving history and description of the Plain with its two rivers, several towns, many villages and manors. It seems as minute and thorough as it is endearing. The wandering flock with its solitary shepherd is the proper emblem of the place. It belongs to the Britain of King Lear; and nowhere in the country are there so many vestiges of prehistoric human life followed by the successive imprints of subsequent ages—Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Norman. Stonehenge at the first invasion of the Saxons was already empty and infinitely old, and still its intention and its purpose are shrouded in mist. Midway between Stonehenge and the grey finger of Salisbury spire stands Old Sarum, the most impressive and the most famous of the grassy castles of the Plain. Until last year the ancient city of which it was the citadel lay buried under the thick green pall of centuries, but now one may walk among its ruined foundations as at Pompeii. Salisbury to-day enjoys a comfortable, dignified, untroubled existence of little activity. Its interest for the world now lies in its mellow charm and in its beautiful cathedral. How the stupendous spire could be built or remain standing on a quagmire is still a miracle. The main door is even more insignificant than in most English cathedrals; but the interior impresses with noble clearness, simplicity, and unity.

III

Mr. Charles Tower takes us *Along Germany's River of Romance,* which one finds is not the Rhine but the Moselle. The Rhine, he explains, has lost forever both grace and peace; and people have deserted it because they can no longer form their own impressions or keep clear of a list of catchwords. But the Moselle is still, as of old, the Virgin. The book has naught to do with guides of any description. It is a granary of the rich impressions of a full mind. The Moselle in spring is the only corner of Europe where Omar would be content; there he would have his roses, his wine, and his nightingales. One may twist and turn with the river a whole day long and be but one hour's straight climb from his starting-point. Timbered Renaissance houses are rarely so numerous and in such perfection as along its banks; there are no glaring horrors of restored castles as on the Rhine, and yet the ruins and the legends are as many as of the more storied river. Between Trèves and Berncastel are ten curves packed with the romance of history. The essential beauty of the Moselle is that all its shallow vistas afford a vague sense of distance. At the most wonderful reach of the river the railroad abruptly deserts the bank; and the people instead of grumbling and organising a motor service as they would on the Rhine "go home softly, praising God." The final descent to that stream is a heart-breaking staircase from a valley of dreams to a universal counting-house and emporium.

The companion-piece to this book is Mr. Douglas Goldring's *Along France's River of Romance.* Both are pleasantly illustrated. This book is more smartly and brightly written, and has indeed a Gallic gaiety befitting the scenes it sings. The Loire, too, is called a woman, but it is because she is capricious and treacherous. Its history has been just the opposite of the Rhine's, for now navigation has practically deserted the largest river of France, although it flows through the garden heart of the country. The Loire can be heartily cursed for having so inaccessible a source, though when the sun is out its pasture lands are like those of Paradise. It gurgles up, 4,500 feet above sea-level, out of a

Royal Castles of England. By Henry C. Shelley. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.
Salisbury Plain. By Ella Noyes. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.
Along Germany's River of Romance. By Charles Tower. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.
Along France's River of Romance. By Douglas Goldring. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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pipe in a farmer's stable; but until there are more roads, few are likely to go in search of it. After some days of rough tramping down stream, you get to Le Puy, on whose high needle-point stands the gigantic statue of Our Lady. When the Loire quits the mountains and canyons, it has done so for good; but still through its sloping plains it rushes headlong. The first real château is at Nevers and this is also the first tourist town. Then it becomes golden, isle-choked, and broad, studded with ancient fortified towns now become villages. The Giennese find it a monster at their doorstep, which in winter drags down people. Past Orleans, dull but the most aristocratic town in France; past Blois, where the château country begins—a very French-looking city with a Chicago accent and full of hackneyed excursions which may not be left undone; past Chaumont, a gleaming medley of towers and turrets despoiled by the ubiquitous restorer; past Tours with its immense air of good breeding which makes the Republic look shabby—one wanders with a charming companion, roguish and lyric by turns, down the yellow river swirling more strongly to the sea. At Nantes the river is six-armed and the sailing ships come in, and finally one reaches the last town of all, St. Nàzaire, which has no right to its American air, and there the broad estuary becomes like the sea itself.

As bountifully illustrated is Mr. V. Scott O'Connor's *Travels in the Pyrenees*. Like Mr. Howells, who covers all Spain, the author's chief interest is the folk he comes upon. Like him he is impressed with the worthiness of the people and the great qualities that flourish in small communities, but he notes that whether it be due to poverty or temperament, most Spaniards have a mad look. At the same time, however, this is more of a hand-book than any of the others and is to be taken along with less ample guides. Between France and Spain, the Catalans and Basques are divided, but Mr. O'Connor deals chiefly with the French Catalans, and that chance survival of the past, the Republic of Andorra, which owes its independence to the rival temperaments of both countries. He is not so content with his own impressions that he hesitates to venture upon a somewhat lengthy historical introduction and he scatters much readable history throughout the book. Even the little mountain villages, he says, are yielding to modernity. No longer do the people carry tortoises to church to be blessed before grinding them into a sovereign powder for their sheep, or charm their cattle with olive branches on Palm Sunday against sorcerers. But still in church porches are enacted miracle-plays, against a background of battlemented arches and grey walls, arranged with all the solemnity of an ancient day when religion was a passion and to an audience still as naïve and earnest. It would take a Hokusai to depict the various aspects of the beauty of the Canigou, the immortal mountain. All over the Eastern Pyrenees one sees feudal ruins against the sky; and everywhere breathes in spite of the softening tendencies of modern life the fierce spirit of the frontier.

On every page of *Familiar Spanish Travels* is revealed the charm of Mr. Howells's personality, the mellowness and gentility of which makes every book of his one more privilege. His text should be the burden of all the travel books yet to be written. The guide-book object of interest is seldom an object of human interest, he says, and for ten who see architecture and picture there is only one who sees people. Mr. Howells warns the reader in the beginning that a passion for things Spanish was the ruling passion of his boyhood, and that whenever the real Spain does not come up to his ideal he is going to try to hide it. You may think Spanish trains are snails, he prefers to call them dignified and deliberate. In a Europe

Travels in the Pyrenees. By V. Scott O'Connor. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Familiar Spanish Travels. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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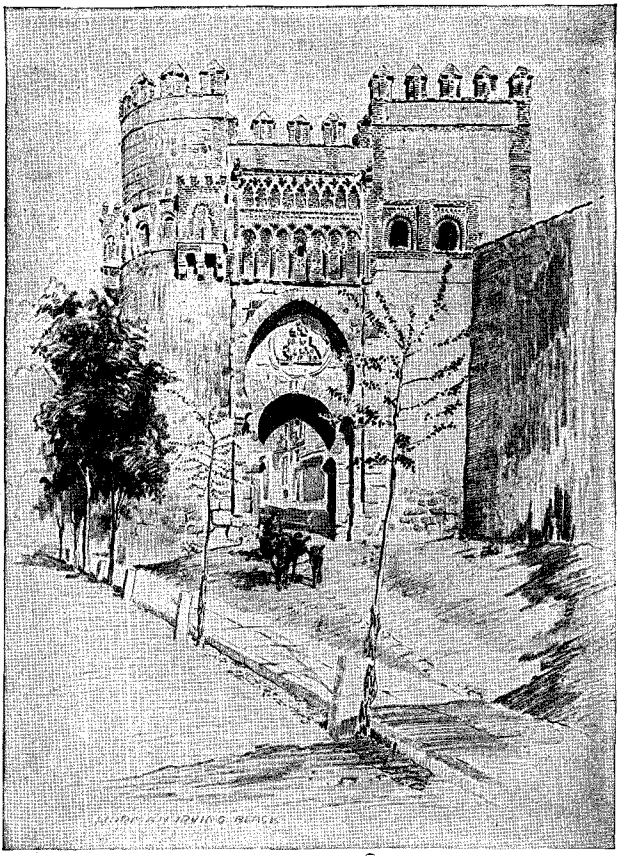
abounding in volcanic Italians, nervous Germans, and exasperated Frenchmen, he finds it edifying to see Castilian peasants self-respecting and self-possessed, especially when they are quite palpably in the wrong. This is the sort of observation which makes Mr. Howells so delightful. Here is another: the distinct merit of the Escorial is that it does not take long to do it—the monastery is so vast that a look round it is enough, so terribly impressive that more would be unbearable. The Spanish street is rarely the theatrical spectacle that the Italian street is; and the vast majority of all the inhabitants of all the cities of Spain are the boys that play in them, but there was no city in which he was not sorry to leave behind some boy out of the immense rabble of boys whom he hoped never to see again. The people of Cordova walk and talk away their whole lives in the streets, having a total want of visible employment. But if indolence is a vice of the towns, there is no loafing in the country. Everywhere in Spain, however (in spite of the national repose of manner), there are many bad smells, and many accumulate not to be elsewhere acquired. No Spaniard in humble life shaves oftener than once in three days, and you always see him on the third day just before the function. Spain is a songless land; the dance may



THE GATE OF THE SUN, TOLEDO. FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE FOR WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS'S "FAMILIAR SPANISH TRAVELS." HARPER AND BROTHERS

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be hired but the song never, either for love or money. The Spanish women are a domestic genus and are expected to keep at home by the men who expect to keep abroad. And finally, to add one charm more to this charming book, Mr. Howells does not hesitate to echo Mrs. Amelia Barr's frank statement that after a long life she has found that good food produces the pleasantest memories. Generally, he says, their meals are delicious; and every now and then he is good enough to tell us what he paid for them. (How travellers pretend to be above such vulgar considerations!)

In *An Artist in Italy,* Mr. Walter Tyndale lays emphasis on his pictures with more success than does Mr. Smith. His pleasant unpretentious text, adorned with quotations from various sources, is meant to be no more than the narrative of his journey—an adequate framing of his many illustrations. Here and there, along with descriptions of the art treasures Italy contains, are interesting reflections. We must find other causes for the decline of Christian art, he says, than the undue exaltation of Our Lady; and her dethronement in Protestant countries may well have left a blank in the souls of her sex which men can hardly appreciate. His pictures are notable and well-produced. When they depict architecture, they are very accurate and well but discreetly elaborated. When they are landscapes or bits of life, they are brilliant in colour and genuine in atmosphere.

IV

Whoso remembers Mr. Hichens's *Palestine and Egypt* takes up with a warm welcome his new sumptuous volume, *The Near East.* It is a description of Dalmatia, Greece, and Constantinople. There are many photographs in addition to the pictures of Mr. Jules Guérin. These latter are in his well-known style—remarkable for his command of distinctive technique and his feeling for colour harmonies, but nice decoration rather than vehicles of artistic emotion. The jewelled phrases of the author one dares not even begin to cull. They are in his well-known style—acutely sentimental, if you will, but how they pulse and glow! Dalmatia is a land of forgetting, cut off by the sea from the many banalities and annoyances of modern life; yet it is nevertheless not sad but full of a cozy gaiety. Ragusa is like an enchanted town in a Burne-Jones background or a city in a poem of William Morris; and everywhere there is a delicious cheerfulness. In fact, though the ten cities of Dalmatia have various charms, each smiles perpetually. The Hellenes always speak of Europe as a continent in which Greece is not concluded; and when you are in Athens you understand why. But if it is not Europe, it is not wholly of the East—about it is something very delicate and pure and individual; antipathetic to the Eastern drowsiness and heavy Eastern perfume. Athens is large and growing, but one feels as if it were a village. In the glorious view from the Parthenon, nature seems purged of all excesses. At Marathon you live for a while in an exquisite pastoral. The land of Greece is not Alpine but more beautiful and romantic. As the Parthenon is the soul of Athens, so the Hermes of Praxiteles is the soul of Olympia—expressing its aloofness from all ugly things and its reflective calm. Constantinople is both beautiful and hateful. It is like a person with two natures in a perturbed body. Pera is one and Stamboul the other, and between them is the Golden Horn—the whole forming the most superbly situated city of the world. On the one side is blatancy against an almost rustic melancholy on the other. Pera is bewildering, since it is full of a brutal haste toward nothing that one can discover; Stamboul is bewildering,

An Artist in Italy. By Walter Tyndale. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Near East. By Robert Hichens. Illustrated by Jules Guérin. New York: The Century Company.

Eöthen. By A. W. Kinglake. Introduction by S. L. Bensusan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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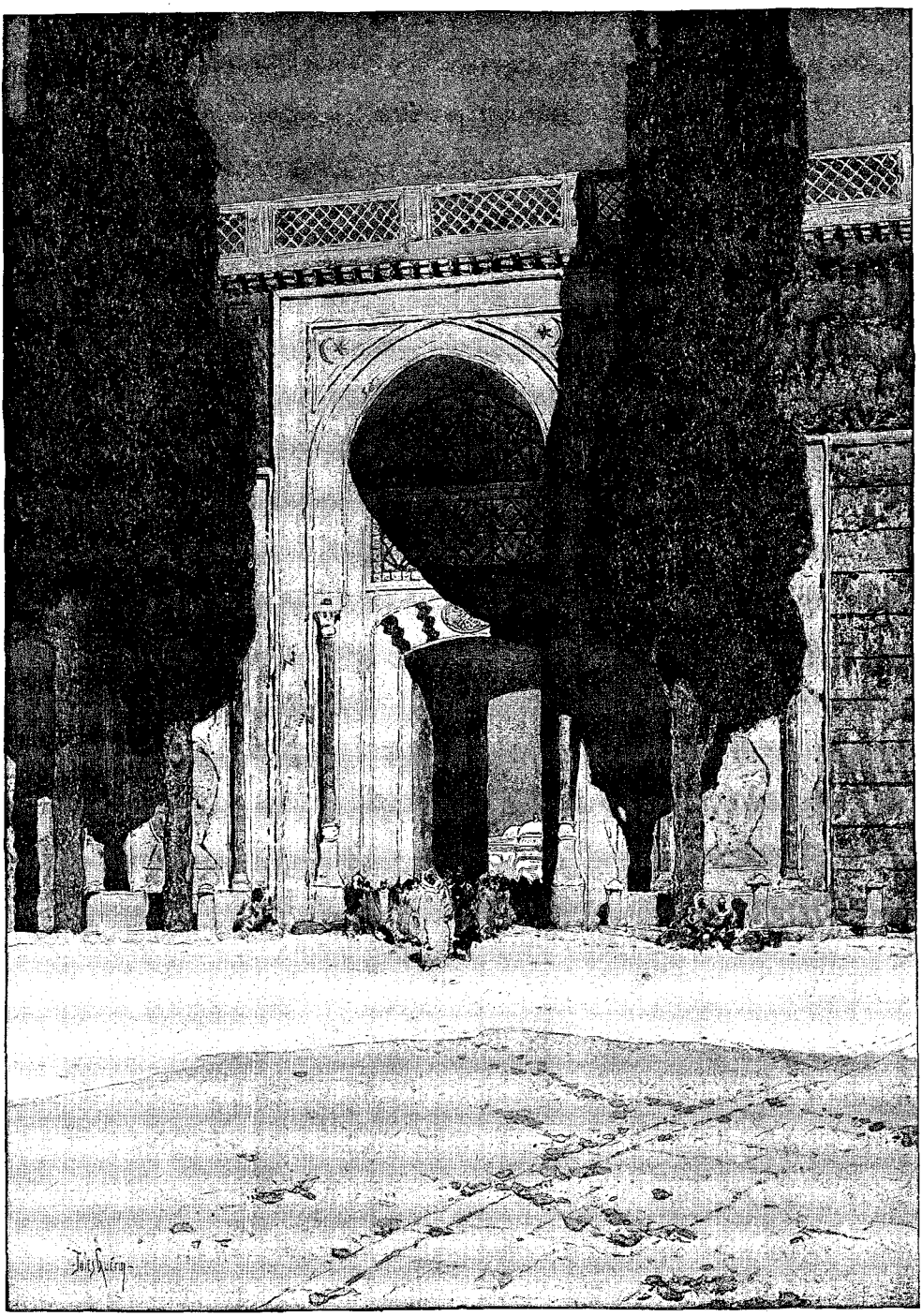

THE ROYAL GATE LEADING TO THE SERAGLIO. FROM AN ILLUSTRATION BY JULES GUERIN FOR ROBERT HICHENS'S "THE NEAR EAST." THE CENTURY COMPANY

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since it is haunted by something you cannot perceive.

To turn from Mr. Hichens to Kinglake is to jump from impressionism to an eighteenth century landscape. Eöthen, as Mr. Bensusan points out in an interesting introduction, bears many marks of its date, 1834. But though it contains much that is inexact and traditional and though both his geography and ideas are out of date, Kinglake possesses what is still the essential equipment of every traveller who would interest us—enthusiasm and humour. The occasional visitor by caravan to an antique land, he says, sought every whit as strenuously for the soul of it as any modern who goes by railroad. Mr. Bensusan indulges himself in the customary ungenerous lamentation at the popularisation of distant goals. The mysterious East found almost its last historian in Kinglake; mysteries are no more. But neither are misinformation and bad geography, nor so many flowers that blush unseen; so let us take comfort—caravans were confining and comfortless anyway! It is interesting to compare the ultra-modern and the early Victorian upon their common ground—a harmless comparison, too, as neither party suffers from it. Kinglake speaks in Constantinople of nothing but the people and their customs, and of these rather as encounters than impressions. The turbaned faces of the East have nothing for you—no welcome, no wonder, no wrath, no scorn. Nowhere does the sea so come home to a city as at Constantinople. In Greek towns, the windows are entirely appropriated by the gentle sex, and his companion was scorned by landladies because he desired a street-giving one. Beyrout he found buzzing with rumours of the mysterious Lady Hester Stanhope, who had shut herself up in a distant convent. She was in her reputed male costume when he was admitted to her, but she took refuge in some irrelevant draperies which she held upon her lap. A prophetess white and gaunt, she poured forth for hours her speech of sacred and profane mysteries, mixed with an occasional spiteful interest in the world she had abjured. Lamartine and Byron she crucified nicely. The sea of Galilee had for this traveller the winning ways of an English lake. Flea-bitten and unimpressed by religious tradition (he never feels the modern necessity of striking an attitude!), he found Jerusalem only a show-place resounding in strident denunciations. Except for his frankness he travels like the typical Englishman, making unending comparisons with home. But in scorning the customary emotions he is as un-Victorian as he is un-English in dispensing with the customary hypocrisies. He is, however, all one and the other in reiterating that the prime duty of woman is to please the masculine eye. Mr. Brangwyn's pictures seem curiously to lack colour and life, although they are a distinct addition to the book.

And now having encircled the globe in our Christmas voyage, let us home again. This going home is a good fashion, fortunately increasing of late. It is possible at last to travel in our own country at Christmas time; and in our armchair reap the far-gathered fruits of native brush and pen. America for the American reader no longer reminds the jocular of the slogan of some crudely booming Western village, and we are allowed at last many books which picture the American spirit and landscapes.

V

The most distinctive difference of the Western hemisphere from the Eastern, says Mr. Howells, is its habit of seeing the fun in things. This habit is not particularly noticeable in *Barn Doors and Byways,* in which Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton collects his nature essays of a half-dozen years. Perhaps there is not much room for it, however, for most of them are written in the conventional style of genial sentiment so popular of late in the many nature books which sing the friendly road and the literary allusions, philosophic reflections, and mildly humourous comparisons which it churns up. The familiar recipe here results in

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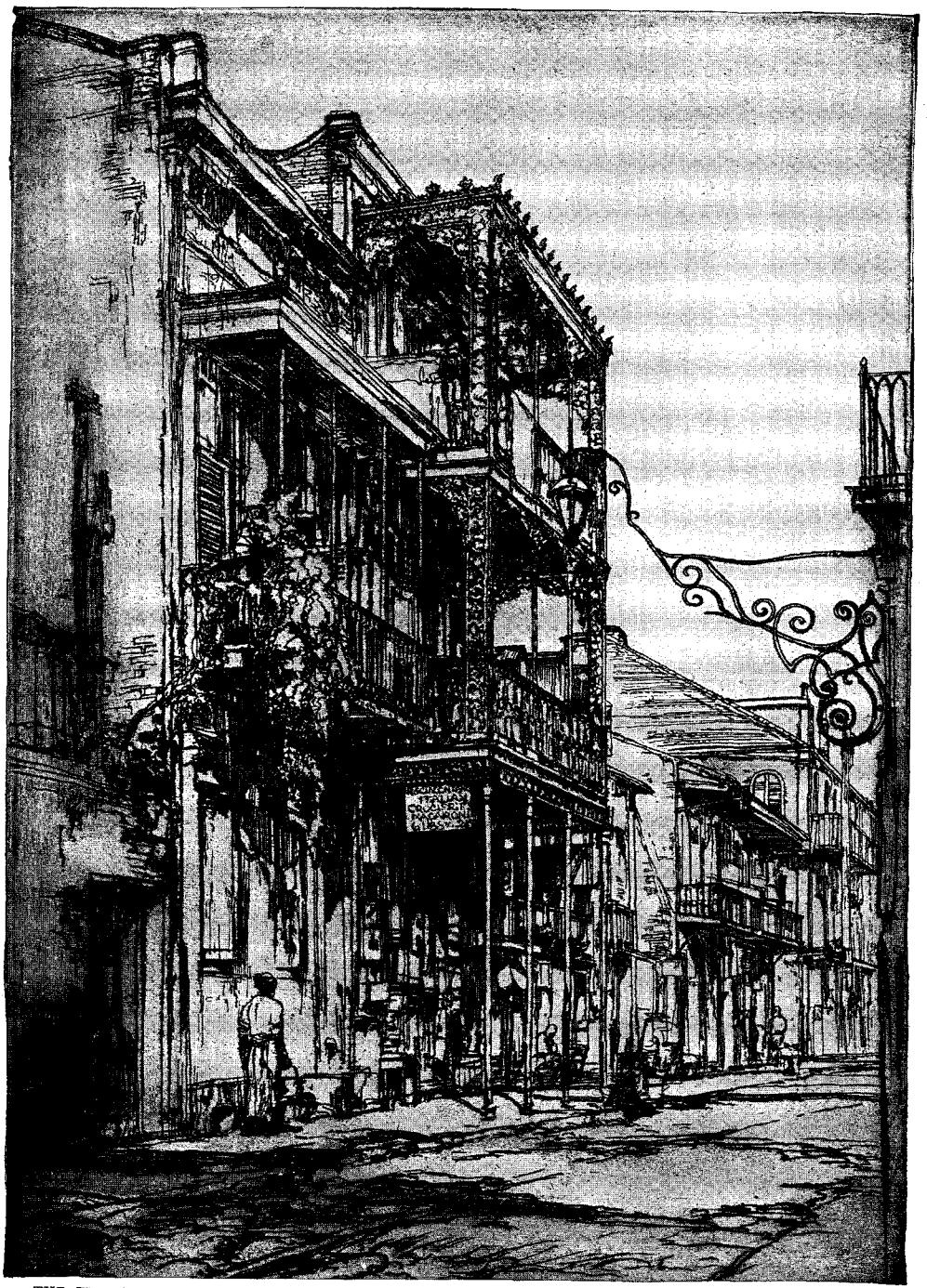

THE FRENCH QUARTER OF OLD NEW ORLEANS. FROM ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER'S "ROMANTIC AMERICA." THE CENTURY COMPANY

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a pleasing dish, but one for which the appetite of many temperaments is not inexhaustible. Not even Mr. Eaton's, for he pokes fun "at the quantities of gush written about those honest clean little monogamists, the birds"; and then proceeds to gush in his own charming way. The first part of the title commemorates a little gallery of barn-door landscapes seen between golden dusty walls of hay and pervaded with an aura of enchantment, and a childhood for which the barn-door landscape was somehow the essence of things. But the essays are not all of rural life or grey abandoned farms, for we have a glimpse of New York harbour and the unexpected magics of the town. One of the many pathetic features of a great city is that so many of its streets are numbered, and Mr. Eaton has small patience with confirmed cockneys. He does not sympathise with Ardelia's wriggle of joy when she returned from her propulsion into the country by the Fresh Air Fund, crying as she sprang to the hurdy-gurdy "Gawd! N' Yuk's the place for *me!*"

Nevertheless this book is in its way a distillation of the American spirit. So, in a larger way, is *Romantic America.* Remembering Romantic Germany, one takes up Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's new book with rosy expectations. Let the author do as much for us and we are content! One is not disappointed; in fact one wants to quote the whole of it—from the first arresting phrase (Mr. Schauffler can make them neatly and without trying) "Cape Cod wears its heart upon its sleeve" to its last arresting sentence which pronounces Mount Desert "the benign Vesuvius of the New World." The handsome volume has eighty pictures gathered from many American artists, but they are not as pictorial as the text. At Provincetown, he says, folks have a horror of letting the tongue's reach exceed its grasp. The Cavalier cradle of the country rocked upon the banks of the James more expansive souls. The beauty of the site of Pittsburgh should be invulnerable, but man has done what he could to deface it. Yet its crowning beauty is won from its foulest stain—smoke; and then the author echoes Mr. Hopkinson Smith's sooty raptures. To-day Mammoth Cave with all its panoplied wonders and splendours means little more to the average American citizen than the Egyptian Pharos, but once no man's education was considered complete until he had seen them. Yellowstone Park is God's old curiosity shop, whether you enter by the Montana or the Wyoming or the Idaho door. Within, one inspects a million lesser curios until he suddenly drops, stricken with acute Baedekeritis—you simply must save your adjectives and your energy for the Mammoth Paint Pots. It does, however, make a great deal of difference how you come into Yosemite. One should approach by the more expensive route, for then its romance bursts upon you overpoweringly. Drive to it through the trees that were old when young David was choosing pebbles out of the brook for his sling. Then, it is the whole West at a glance; and Nature holds out to you her full cup of holiness and mystery. But one has never seen colour until he sees the Grand Canyon. It is the prototype of all haunts of unearthly majesty, of all Ninevehs, Babylons, and Hesperides and Kubla Khans. Mr. Schauffler learns from the Grand Canyon that descriptions must not be too grand for steady diet. In leaving it he warns the visitor, however, to beware for a time of going anywhere else on earth. It is not fair; let him travel only in his armchair for a while. New Orleans has an alchemic power—it abates even in a Yankee something of his Yankeedom. Prick the old French quarter anywhere and it bleeds romance. The wonderland of Maine is not, like those

Barn Doors and Byways. By Walter Pritchard Eaton. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Romantic America. By Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: The Century Company.

The Old Spanish Missions of California. By Paul Elder. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company.

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of the West, too wonderful to wear well; and its mountains are not godlike but engaging. And finally, Mr. Schauffler, like Mr. Howells, gives a text to travellers which they should write upon their hearts in letters of gold. We have had more than enough of this illogical wail from voyagers who object that others are voyaging too. Why should any one write about romantic America, he asks, who doesn't want to have people enjoy it? He glories in trippers, if only they would not cluster so thickly in every foreground and chatter Weber-Fields.

The Old Spanish Missions of California is a book uniquely made up, and with much elegance. Its many photographs, taken with a great deal of feeling and tastefully mounted and placed, are scattered through an attractive text, which draws upon many sources. The book is a delightful attempt to give an adequate visual and imaginative impression of the missions. But in all its mosaic of tributes from many pens there is nothing better than Mr. Schauffler's lines in *Romantic America*. It seems hardly fair to him to "spread honey on sugar" by gracing such an Eden as California with the glamour of the old Spanish ruins. In this brand-new country of ours they seem fictitious; yet to see them is to hear the sweet impassioned voice of the little brother of St. Francis crying in the wilderness.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

III—Tennessee

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "Miss Selina Lue," "The Road to Providence," and "The Tinder Box"

The tradition-encrusted old Pioneer State of Tennessee is calmly waiting for some one of her sons or daughters with pens of genius to discover her to the rest of the world as being the field from which to write the great Human Drama of American Normality. Her amazing fertility has made her able to welcome, feed and fuse all comers into her Commonwealth, and she is now ready to furnish types of humanity which have unconsciously evolved themselves into an astonishing symmetrical simplicity, to any writer who questions her, as some of us have begun to do with both love and timidity. Ask for what phase of natural life you want and she can furnish it.

Her western boundaries are laid across the ranges of the Alleghenies, in whose fertile coves and on whose wooded ranges live the hardy, silent Tennessee mountaineers, shiftless and poverty-stricken, but with a word that passes as a business bond and an honour that is protected by swift vengeance. They live their lives almost entirely according to their own codes of government and defy the United States Law, with their liquor stills, with a calm fatalism which teaches that a few must be caught and pay the price that the majority may go on manufacturing "mountain dew" as the generations before them have done. And yet they are not drunkards; they just want the right to their own "dew."

The form of family life is patriarchal, and several generations may be discovered living in the cabin with Dad, with the same submissive spirit the Tribes displayed during the life of Father Abraham.

A story is told of a traveller finding a great, hulking man sobbing in the corner of a rail snake-fence, and on being asked the cause of his grief he had answered:

"Paw have jest licked the hide off my back fer spitting acrost in front of Grandad when I didn't know he was nigh ready to spit." The story could easily be true.

And, of course, in families with such

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government family loyalty exists raised to its nth power. Hence the feuds which arise between families that last for generations, with the loss of numbers of members on both sides; feuds that may be begun over the boundary lines of small plots of land or the ownership of a wandering "razor-back" swine, but which are carried on as a matter of family allegiance. The quarrels have never been over a breach of chastity by a mountain woman, for such a thing has never been recorded as occurring in the Tennessee Mountains; but the most thrilling "shoot ups" have taken place when a man of one side of the feud surreptitiously courts and marries a woman of the other. If they are not hunted, caught and murdered, they must flee to the lowlands for the rest of their lives, depressed exiles, for the mountaineer droops out of sight of his hills.

And always at his cabin door the mountaineer finds standing the gaunt hunger wolf, ready to begin to gnaw as soon as the first deep snow covers the paths. About these long, hungry winters they are fatalistic, sometimes even humourous. An old woman from whom I bought berries in the summer answered my question as to how the winter had gone, by saying:

"Oh, the potato barrel and the buckles on our belly-straps didn't give out until the turnip patch sprouted."

Then consider that the thing which throws the very garment of mystery over this whole hungry, ignorant, moral, vengeful, humourous, butternut-jeansed, rawhide-booted and calico-sunbonnetted people is the historical fact that they are most of them descended from adventurous Cavaliers and Huguenots who started across the Alleghenies and stopped on the way, content with the mountains or too exhausted to go farther. Their aristocratic family names, their pure-bred profiles, and an occasional old silver cup, or an inscribed copy of some rare old English or French edition of a classic in their possession, easily proves their claim to a heritage of gentle lineage.

And when freed from the shackles of ignorance, as they are rapidly becoming, are they not going to make great Americans, whose primitiveness it is valuable to have recorded in romance and song?

And is it any wonder that the American world of letters was stirred when Charles Egbert Craddock intrepidly ventured into these fastnesses and sent out such stories as "The Star in the Valley," and "Drifting Down Lost Creek"? Were they not human documents that brought quick pulse and quick tears? Were they not slices of raw, primitive life?

Others have since made thoughtful and fruitful excursions where the mountain trail has been blazed and brought valuable additions to the romances of these obscure lives. Grace McGowan Cook and Alice McGowan have done interesting work about these wilderness folk, and Will Allen Dromgoole has sung songs of them in some verses as exquisite as have come from American pen.

Next, descending from the dim purple mountains into the lowlands of Tennessee one finds a country folk of such great and exquisite normality that the grim vision of America as a melting pot of the refuse of the nations fades away and we feel ourselves washed clean in a pure stream of real Jeffersonian Americanism. In the tiny villages that group themselves along the white turnpikes, which rise and fall and curve over hill and dale, the people live together in an almost Arcadian simplicity, and one is tempted to wonder if they have not solved the problem of genuine life as it was meant to be, and if it is not possible that before long the students and experimenters in the economics of our national life will not discover them and come to study their scheme of existence for formulas for the adjustment of the domestic problems of the country at large.

They were never slave owners, and the tragedies and bitternesses of the Civil War passed them by, except in a few cases to impoverish them. Their relations to the great plantation owners have always been friendly, but they have

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been separated by what were almost class lines. They do not know or employ the negro, and so have not that distressing problem. They live together in the dignity of liberty, fraternity and equality. They have comfortable, flower-surrounded, vine-covered old homes, with not a single one of the modern conveniences. Their tables fairly groan with food, and their small farms and gardens are almost as productive as the Italian's intensive patch. In fact, they are the best producers in Tennessee, and they are rapidly becoming richer than the larger land owners. Their education is rudimentary and they speak a vernacular that is delicious. They are humourous to the highest degree, and as sentimental as such a degree of humour always implies. The estate of woman is so nearly equal to that of man in these communities that it is probable that she will be the last of the American women to ask for a readjustment of her status, and then she will only have to ask to have it given with hearty confidence. In my *Road to Providence* I have tried to give a pen photograph of one of these villages, which are at the cross-roads throughout the Harpeth Valley, and I feel that the heroine, Mother Mayberry, is a true transcription of her type.

I beg leave to quote her on the sex question:

> A wife oughter stand on no pedistal to her husband, but she have got no call to make squaw tracks behind him neither.
>
> * * * * *
>
> A man oughter be allowed to sense his wife have got plenty of love and affection preseved for him, but he don't know just where she keeps the jar at.
>
> * * * * *

With such a sane though provocative philosophy, coupled with their sweet comeliness, is it any wonder that the divorce question is never even thought of in the Harpeth Valley? Their problems and tragedies are not of the inter-sex nature. The women are still strong enough to admit of an astonishing and satisfying fertility, and the men work so hard to shoe and feed the broods thus produced, that they have no time for passional excursions. Their emotional outlet is for the most part a violent and partisan, though thoughtful, interest in politics, not only of their own small part of the world, but of the whole national scheme. The Senator in his seat of the mighty is often more justly understood by the farmer in the Harpeth Valley, who with his neighbours, wrangles over old news' reports of his votes in the past, who quotes him from Congressional Records and writes him long, illiterate but shrewd letters of advice, than by any legislative critic on any big news daily.

Also, both men and women of these hamlets are deeply and intelligently religious, and when a devastating frost destroys a valuable crop, dogs get to the throat of a flock of sheep which were to be sold to raise a pressing mortgage or buy new land, a scourge of diphtheria carries off a half-dozen children, all too far from a doctor and antitoxin, a man is mangled in a machine or gored by a bull, or a woman dies unattended by a surgeon in dangerous child-birth, they display a silent courage in the face of these primitive, normal tragedies that rises from the depths of a deep-rooted faith in the God of their pioneer fathers who conquered the wilderness for them. In my mind, these humble folk, whom my pen has so haltingly but lovingly tried to portray, are a type of the Ultimate American who will exist after the feverish dreams of our great cities have passed away.

Next we drive slowly along Providence Road, up and down hill, past silvery little creeks that run from huge limestone springs and water the blue-grass meadows, where fat stock and speedy horses graze, until we jog into some one of the larger towns around which the great stock farms are grouped, and which are the centre of the most cultivated, wealthy and complex life of Tennessee. I have chosen the name of

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Glendale for the one in which to explode my last novel, *The Tinder Box*. There are many such which will furnish all kinds of reactions in the retorts of any writer who cares to come down into their laboratories. Though impoverished greatly by the Civil War, the inhabitants of these Harpeth towns have grown rapidly rich again, and are again assuming their ante-bellum joy in life, deepened and enhanced by a spirit of progression that is just awakening and interesting them. They are having a great time paving their streets, experimenting with water-systems, installing gas and electric plants and entertaining magnates who are coming from all over the world to estimate, buy and calculate for railroads with which to move the wealth of middle Tennessee. Coal is under her corn fields and phosphate at the roots of her blue grass, that the world must have, to say nothing of vast and uncharted oil lakes waiting for the tapping. And while the people are engaged in great construction schemes, factories, railroads and power plants, the mental and spiritual awakening in the Tennessee towns is just as vigorous as her material activities would indicate.

The younger generation, both masculine and feminine, are off to the best colleges in America in due season, and on their return to the old towns, that one of my heroines describes as being "stiff in its knees from aristocracy," they are making things happen rapidly, to say the least of it. Their rakish automobiles are whirling past or stopping to chat with the old surreys coming in from Harpeth Valley down Providence Road. Slim, high-born lads from Yale, and then the Agricultural schools of Cornell or Wisconsin, dressed in worldly Khaki field clothes, are leaving the motor-driven farming implements at work in the fields of their ancestral plantations and coming to the modern wire fences that supplant the old cedar rail-worm fence, the rails having been sold at a premium to pencil factories, to flirt with girls who are driving their own runabouts. The sentiment which they exchange is the same that passed between the sexes in the ante-bellum days, though couched often in progressive language that might be in danger of waking the stately dead in the old plantation graveyards. The typical Tennesseean still loves and wooes the woman of his choice in exactly the same fashion that his grandfather loved his grandmother. Both of the youngsters heard emotional questions discussed when out in the world, and they may have made a few experiments along new lines, but back down in Tennessee they love each other "just in the same old way." I am afraid that the problem novel, which deals with the great emotions of sexual or material hunger, will not be written from a Tennessee town. Almost everybody has had opportunity to select a mate, guided by the light of a knowledge of the chosen that dates from infancy, and everybody is too well fed and normal to get into any kind of emotional or material hunger riot. And so when a maiden comes back down to middle Tennessee, after a sojourn in the world, ready to explode some extreme feminist idea, like my heroine of *The Tinder Box* had tucked up her sleeve, with which to startle her fellow-townsmen and townswomen, she will find a happy and humourous interest in the subject, and what she wants will be given her before she has time to "throw any rocks at anybody's opinions or break the windows of anybody's prejudices." And if she should undertake to revolutionise her town by proving her right to emotional equality with man by proposing to a man she has been in love with since infancy, as did *The Tinder Box* experimenter, Evelina Shelby, she will probably have him "beat her to it," but comfort her in his arms by acknowledging, quoting my humourous hero, "you are right about the whole question. I see that and I want to help—but if I am stupid about life, will you hold my hand in the dark?" If my grandmother had put my grandfather in that same embarrassing predicament, just the same result would have been observed. I am

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one of the organisers of the Suffrage Party of Tennessee, and the first time I mentioned the subject to one of the thought-moulders of his time, a man sixty-five years old and a fire-eating Confederate, from whom I expected fireworks, he answered me by saying:

"I never saw any question upon which three good women agreed prove wrong in my long life. I'm ready to give the ballot to woman."

Now, just what are we Tennessee writers going to do for material for the great and sombre modern problem novel when men treat women like that? Can stories of mating ever stir the critics like those of mismating? Have we got to go on writing truthfully and cheerfully about the roses and moonlight and death and babies and lovers and religion, of our extreme state of normal evolution?

And yet—and yet—some day some man or woman is going to feel the call to write in a great story the dark, tragic, heart-breaking appeal of the new negro, who is being graduated in numbers from the African Colleges in Tennessee and the rest of the South, to go out North, East and West, to have his life ground out of him by lack of opportunity. Octave Thanet, in her novel *By Inheritance,* sounded the far-off note of the storm mutterings that are threatening America from these dark children of hers, who have worked hard for the upbuilding of her National life. Let us reverently thank God for Booker Washington.

Then we must give voice to any cry that the children make from factories. John Trottwood Moore, in his *Bishop of Cotton Town,* which has sold well for a decade, has been listening to and transmitting such cries with sympathy and power, and Garnett Noel Wiley sings their cause into the heart of any reader.

And in the few large cities of Tennessee rotten municipal machines, dishonest handling of the negro in the courts, bad prison conditions and juvenile protection are questions for discussion, but these conditions compare favourably with the best in other parts of the country. No startling story can be muckraked from them. The only hope the writer can have for a plot is the County Judge shooting up the City Attorney for a disagreeable personality in the court-room, or a kidnapped child. Tennessee has had fewer lynchings than almost any of the Southern States, and not one for years. The white-slave dealers have not discovered Tennessee, or are afraid of the very handy guns in the hip-pockets of men to protect women. There are no records of man, woman or child freezing or starving in any Tennessee city or town. Just what is going to furnish us fictional groans to interest the outside world? And yet people *do* buy our books! And we do figure on the "Best Seller List."

The social life of the Tennessee cities is absolutely provincial and modelled exactly on the lines of that in the towns. Neighbours are neighbourly, Sunday is still God's day and one of rest from most forms of social activities, and Magazine Clubs still flourish. Sisterliness is on the increase among the women, and good executive housekeeping is getting itself put on record. A hearty, healthy epic could be written about the way the Southern man has builded his city and family and himself out of the wreckage the War left him and his father fifty years ago. Sarah Barnwell Elliott has written some intellectual and moving New South from the Old stories. Virginia Frazier Boyle, Francis Lynde, Elizabeth Fry Page, Sarah Beaumont Kenneday, Francis Perry Elliott and Kate Trimble Sharber have found and pleased audiences even without neurotic fictional themes.

A most unusual novel that has its moving human plot materialised from the psychic world is *Sis Within,* just published from the pen of Harriet Hobson. Harmoniously attuned natures like that of the typical Southerner are good subjects for psychical research.

And so I make claim for Tennessee that, from boundary to boundary, she

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lives a clean, decent, moral, abundant life that in quietude has evolved itself beyond many noisome phases of American life that fictional historians are labouring in to-day, and that records of her at this period in song and story will in their simplicity come to read as a forecast of the future America after she has had time to digest all her grim problems, has regulated the distribution of her wealth so that all her people have enough to support life and encourage the pursuit of happiness, and has settled down after the turmoil genuinely to live by God's "still waters and green pastures."

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

III—A Literary Laboratory

One might think, to listen to some current comment, that the public library is an institution intended to make the private ownership of books unnecessary. Were it so, there would be little excuse for its existence—still less for supporting it from the public funds. A man's books should be as close to him as his clothes, and there is no more reason for collecting them all in a central depository than there would be for creating a public clothing warehouse, whence particular garments could be borrowed by individuals.

The public book collection is not intended as a substitute for the private library, nor does it so act. It may rather be described as an institution one of whose chief functions is to make possible a sane and well-considered private ownership. Some of its books, it is true, are too rare, or too large, or too expensive for the private owner to consider them as possibilities for his own library. Most of the others, too, are books that he would scarcely choose for intimate, permanent companionship. And yet there are potentialities in such a large collection, and the larger it is, the greater becomes the chance of making friends in it—of being able to choose from it the few intimates that are to be the joy of the book-owner's lifetime.

Such a use of a public collection of books is peculiarly modern, and it embodies the modern idea of a live, as opposed to a dead, literature. The desire of the book-lover in every age has been to care for the book—to shield it from physical harm, so that his children, and his children's children, should be able to take the same pleasure in it that he himself had taken. But in the old days, the book, regarded as a dead thing, was preserved by seclusion, whereas now it is looked upon as alive, and is kept alive by dissemination.

An object without life, such as a mineral or a fossil, is best kept from harm by locking it in a case. But the preservation of a living thing, or the germ of a living thing, is quite a different matter. What is the best way to ensure that the men of a thousand years hence shall have a sufficient quantity of corn, and peas, and beans? Shall we collect all we can and put them into cold storage? Shall we not rather distribute them as widely as possible in good soil, and raise crops? That is what the modern library is doing with literature—treating it as seed, and therefore distributing it as widely as possible. The edition of Shakespeare that your descendant of centuries hence is to hold in his hand will not be any edition now extant, but a copy of a copy of a copy. The fate of literature is closely interwoven

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with the fate of the race. If the race is to deteriorate, so that it no longer appreciates Shakespeare, his works will vanish, except for a few musty tomes kept as curiosities.

What we are doing is to give every writer a fair chance. This has not always been done in the past—it is not always done to-day. It has happened again and again that the works of an author, long issued, but little read, have suddenly become the fashion and have taken a new lease of life, so that it has been necessary to print edition after edition to meet the popular demand. This is because at first the books did not fall into the hands of those who would like and appreciate them. The library, with its ever-multiplying methods of reaching the public, does all that it can to remedy such a state of things.

II

Not long ago the writer of an article in one of our most popular magazines asserted that the devices used to-day by public libraries to bring the man and the book together, were born of despair, caused by waning circulation. Readers were falling off and it had become necessary, we were told, to attract and stimulate them in all sorts of abnormal ways. This is so far from the truth as to be laughable. Librarians have been literally forced into these methods, often sorely against their will, by outside pressure from the public. Scarcely one of the methods of distributing books, or of widening their use, now in vogue has been adopted at first by general consent. Branch libraries, free access to the shelves, special rooms for children, interlibrary loans, lectures and exhibitions in library buildings, co-operation with the schools—each plan was strenuously opposed at its introduction by eminent and representative librarians. Each has won its way, not because it was needed to bolster up a waning circulation, but because the public liked it, and demanded it, and would not be gainsaid. Evidently the public likes literature, as it likes corn and beans, and approves of the method of preservation by popularisation —by successive sowings and reapings.

The library has used, and will continue to use, measures of publicity; it appreciates, in other words, the value of advertising. Yet the best advertiser is he who has something good for others and who simply disseminates the facts as widely as possible. Didacticism has seldom been successful in the library; apt presentation and spreading of facts almost always bring results.

When these measures come to their complete fruitage, every community will have an adequate opportunity to examine a wide literary field, to test its likes and dislikes, to form its tastes, to make literary acquaintances, friends and intimates, to worship its literary heroes. Literature is life. We must all live, and we cannot help making contact with the life of others. Literature simply ensures that such contact shall be with the world's life instead of that of our own little parish—with the life of the ages instead of that of a brief day and hour. Does this mean that we need buy no more books? Only to those who get no reaction from these age-long and world-wide contacts. If you can spend your life in a public collection of books and never handle one that you covet, the public collection may be enough for you. But experience does not indicate that this is the way things work out. By nothing is the desire for personal possession so quickened and aroused as by books. If the reader is dishonest this results in theft, as the libraries know to their cost. Large libraries lose in this way thousands of volumes yearly. Very few of these are ever recovered through the channels of commerce and probably only a small percentage is sold. They were not taken to be sold but to be kept. The thief was a book-lover tempted beyond his power of resistance—that is all. Had he the means, he might have gone to the nearest bookstore to buy a copy of the book instead of appropriating the library's property. And for every man who is thus tempted to steal a book, there must be hundreds who are induced

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to buy one, in the proportion of honest to dishonest book-lovers in the community. We have record of the thefts so induced, but not of the purchases. If we assume that in a city from whose public library one thousand books are stolen yearly, there are one hundred honest book-lovers to one dishonest one (and Heaven help the place in which there are not more than this), then the library must stimulate the purchase of a hundred thousand volumes yearly. In so doing it is but fulfilling its mission of sowing literature broadcast. So it comes about that the public library, besides its various other functions on which we need not touch here, has become adapted to serve, and does in fact serve, as the testing laboratory for book-purchasers. The tests may be purely empirical, like those employed by Edison, who, if reports are true, has made some of his greatest discoveries simply by accumulating a vast store of materials or of chemical reagents and patiently trying one after the other until he finds one that will best serve the particular purpose that he has in mind. I imagine, however, that even in this case there is some preliminary exclusion, made not from actual trial, but by reliance on the recorded experience of others. One of Edison's great finds was the carbonised strip of bamboo for the incandescent lamp, which he is said to have obtained in the manner described above. Here he must have limited his tests to substances that appeared likely to serve; it is not probable that he tried limestone, or steel, or molasses. And even in the case of the man most ignorant of literature, it is hardly probable that he would find it necessary in his preliminary tests to begin with the bibliographical titles and work down through the whole classification. His object is as clear as Edison's was, although it may not be as definite. He wants books for his collection of room-mates, and he has some vague idea, at any rate, of the kind of companions that he would be likely to cherish most.

We have seen how well adapted the public library is for this kind of preliminary testing, and how the would-be purchaser — sometimes unconsciously, perhaps—does in fact make just this kind of use of it. It does not follow that librarians as a class fully realise this function of their collections or actively aid it. When the widow announced to her little son that she was about to give him a step-father, in the person of Mr. Jones, he replied with enthusiasm: "Bully for you, Ma! does Mr. Jones know it?" Knowledge of the part that he was about to play was doubtless necessary in the case of Mr. Jones. It is not so indispensable in the case of the librarian. Sometimes he thinks he is merely the curator of a large collection of literary specimens. He knows that scholars come to peer at them, and measure them, and even to borrow them for closer inspection; but he has no conception of the degree to which they can be used, and are being used, as a kind of huge sales catalogue. The use may and does go on, without his knowledge, but it will go on more widely and to vastly better advantage if he wakes up and consciously furthers what he has before only blindly refrained from interfering with.

III

There are already plenty of instances where the situation is realised and action taken accordingly. Librarians are not perhaps generally recognised as the book-purchasing experts of the community. Many of them would be surprised, perhaps, at receiving large numbers of requests about prices, and editions, and dealers. Yet the belief is growing, both among librarians and among the public whom they serve, that this particular kind of service is germane to the library's function, and that, as a perfectly neutral and unprejudiced outsider, it is better fitted to act as adviser in matters of book-purchase than is the dealer himself. Indeed, this is only one more instance of the library's growth of influence through its commanding position of neutrality. It places on its shelves books on both sides of all sorts

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of controverted questions. It welcomes Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, Democrat and Republican, Capitalist and Labour Unionist. There is no danger that when you ask for books on the tariff it will load you with either free-trade or protectionist literature. Propaganda is the one word that is not in its dictionary. This makes it a haven of rest for the weary soul who is sorely beset on all sides with attempts to convert him to some ism or other. It should be, and is rapidly becoming, a refuge for the bewildered book-buyer, who is loudly importuned on the one hand to buy foolishly expensive editions and on the other to invest in "series" and "sets" and "complete works" without end. Which is the best cyclopedia? The agent will tell you that it is his, everywhere and always. The librarian will ask you just for what purpose you require it, and advise you accordingly. What are the best picture-books to buy for your children? You may see them at the library; and the assistant in the children's room will tell you which will suit your needs. The library, in fact, may save its book-buying public time and money and mortification, simply by giving to inquirers the information that it possesses—that its business is to possess —but that it too often keeps ignorantly or passively to itself.

Many years ago, Dr. Melvil Dewey, in whose fertile brain so many good library ideas seem to have sprouted long before others recognised their importance, suggested that the library might even, in the future, actually sell books to its users. In a day when it was considered improper for a library even to let its readers know the price of a book, still more so to betray the place where it might be obtained by purchase, this suggestion was received by one type of mind in awestruck silence and by another with whistles of derision. And yet to-day we find the most progressive libraries furnishing their readers with all the information necessary for the purchase of books, displaying the volumes themselves, recommending editions, stating clearly prices, publishers and booksellers.

This, it seems to me, is as far as the library is likely to go in the direction of Dr. Dewey's interesting suggestion. Possibly it is as far as he himself intended. The one additional step, of itself receiving money for the book, instead of merely indicating where it may be bought, is just the step that would take the library out of the position of neutrality that is one of the chief sources of its influence. The moment it should say "buy of me!" it would become an interested party, and its advice would cease to be of value.

Libraries have probably gone farthest in this new function of advice in book-purchase, at the holiday season, when many of them hold exhibits of books recommended for Christmas presents. This has been most widely done with children's books, and the service to perplexed parents has been great, as well as that to the cause of general education. In the St. Louis Public Library an exhibit of Christmas gifts of books for adults is now in progress, the books being classified according to the nature of the intended recipient, as "Books for the Busy," "For Lovers of Outdoors," "For Amateur Actors," "For Housewives," "For Sportsmen," and so on.

That such exhibitions need not be limited to the holiday season is obvious. Already some publishers and vendors of books on special subjects are issuing neat lists of these books, with prices and other information, in such form that the libraries need not hesitate to accept and distribute them. Others, less astute, have overstepped the line that separates library information from advertising, and their compilations cannot be used. Ultimately, doubtless, a great deal of the money that now goes into forms of book-advertising suitable chiefly for the librarian's waste-paper basket will be diverted in a direction where publisher, bookseller, library and the reading public will all benefit by it.

Indeed, we may go further, and look forward to the time when many of our

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large libraries will serve as general exhibition rooms for the combined book-trade of the country. No library can afford to buy all the books that are published, or more than a small part of them. There are few bookstores in the country—none, except in the largest cities, where one may be sure to find everything of value as soon as it leaves the press. It would seem to be to the advantage of both publishers and the book trade to place on deposit in certain selected large libraries a copy of each published book with the same regularity as these are sent to the copyright office in Washington. These loans would naturally be kept together in an accessible place for a stated period of time—say one year—and could then be disposed of as might be agreed. They might be returned to the lenders, or the library might be given the option of purchasing such as it might want, at a reduced price, or they might be allowed to remain as a permanent reference deposit. Each volume would be marked with its price and with a list of the bookstores, in the home city, where it could be obtained. Book-lovers would soon come to realise that they could inspect all new books at the public library, whether the library could purchase them or not, and publishers would secure the very best possible exhibition-room for their samples, absolutely without cost. The advantage to the library would be obvious.

IV

That the book-trade is beginning to realise the part that the library may play as its chief feeder, is strikingly shown by the attention that it is giving to the monthly *Booklist* of the American Library Association—the organ through which the national organisation of librarians advises its members, particularly the small rural libraries that are badly in need of such advice, regarding the suitability, for library purchase, of the month's literary output. Inclusion in the *Booklist* is coming to be regarded as a special mark of commendation. Such inclusion is heralded in publishers' advertisements, and whenever the publications of one firm constitute the majority of entries, that firm is apt to announce the fact publicly with considerable pride. A dozen years ago or so, before this publication had been thought of, the writer of this article suggested, in a meeting of librarians, that as book reviews were not generally written from the library's standpoint, we needed our own critical publication in which the particular availability of each book for library use should be duly set forth. This suggestion seemed to meet with disfavour; but in the *Booklist* we now have precisely such a publication.

The same attitude of neutrality that has been emphasised above as a library asset is, of course, the thing that makes commendation by this official organ of librarians so valuable. There is no reason why its value should not commend it to the general public as well as to librarians. A little effort to adapt it to that public, possibly by a change of name and of physical make-up, and the supplementing of its notices by exhibitions of the noticed books themselves, in library buildings, would be great steps toward the end already indicated—the complete recognition, by the book-trade and the public, of the library's function as a testing laboratory for book-buyers. Even if publishers should hesitate to place on deposit copies of all their books, they might at least make a beginning by displaying in libraries those publications that have been accorded public praise by the critical organ of the libraries themselves. If copies are sent freely to the office of the *Booklist* for examination, with absolutely no guaranty of notice, it would seem to be even better business policy to send them, for certain display, to a large library; and at any rate, volumes already favourably noticed in the *Booklist* might be so sent.

These suggestions look toward making the resources of our laboratory more complete in the direction of current literature; but of course this is not the place to put the emphasis. Even with-

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out such co-operation with the book-trade, large libraries include all the books that the world has loved, and most of those that the average book-buyer is likely to take into his heart. He can make his selection from what he finds there, and the lack of a few thousands of last year's books, and those of the year-before, will not irk him.

The Public Library, in its present form, has taken shape and has expanded to great proportions within a brief tale of years. This expansion, in the democratic conditions under which it has taken place, is the best possible proof that the library has filled a popular need—that is, unless we are to suppose that it has skilfully blinded the people to its real aims and value. But there are some persons in whose minds success always presupposes doubtful methods. From these we hear occasionally either that the library is going beyond its province, or that its work has been artificially stimulated in some way, or even that the whole programme of public support on which it is proceeding is fundamentally wrong. Even so clear-headed a thinker as the late Goldwin Smith said of its work that he believed it no more the duty of the municipality to furnish citizens free books than to provide them with free clothes. The obvious answer to this is that free books are an element in popular education, while free clothes are not. The trouble with Mr. Smith, however, and with those who, like him, think either that the public library is not minding its own business, or that the business itself is not a proper one for the public to carry on—the trouble is that theirs is a limited view; they are scrutinising the trees so closely that they do not see the forest. The whole is not merely the sum of its parts, where those parts are inter-related, any more than the properties of water are merely those of its component gases. We cannot predict the services that a collection of books may render, simply by adding together the possible values of its units. Every collector knows that the chief worth of a group of objects often resides in the fact that it *is* a group, apart from the characteristics of the objects separately. So with the library. We might—although we decidedly do not—agree with Goldwin Smith that it is an impropriety for the public to furnish an individual man with an individual book, and yet we might continue to assert the propriety of providing for that man and his fellows a collection of books.

One of the things that a collection can do, as a collection, I have tried to emphasise in what has just been said. It is on functions of this kind that the library must rely, in the end, if it is to justify its existence and its support from the public funds. Otherwise we shall have to admire the plan of the Philadelphia alderman who proposed to cut off all library appropriations for buildings and staff, spend all the library money for books, dump them on the City Hall floor and let the public carry them off *ad libitum*. Such a collection would be worth precisely as much as the sum of its components; it is the arrangement, the cataloguing, the environment, the trained assistance, that make it a library instead of a hodge-podge; and all there make possible its use, as a testing laboratory for literature, by every citizen who realises what he may gain by such use. It is thus as a library, with all that the name implies, instead of as a mere mass of volumes in juxtaposition, that a public collection properly performs its greatest public service and should make its most effective appeal to the public mind and purse.

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PLOTS IN POSTAGE-STAMPS

BY GARDNER TEALL

"Oh! happy era, happy age, when my glorious deeds shall be revealed to the world! Deeds worthy of being engraven on brass, sculptured in marble and recorded by the pencil."

These were the words the enraptured Don Quixote cried out as he set forth in search of his astounding adventures. How surprised Cervantes would have been, all those three hundred years ago, had he dreamed the laurel of world-renown would become his to share with the doughty knight; how astonished, perhaps, had he ever dreamed of a time when the record of Don Quixote's glorious deeds would be carried to the furthermost corners of the earth, engraved on postage-stamps! Miguel de Cervantes knew nothing of postage-stamps of course. Such things did not exist in his day, but when Spain celebrated the tercentenary of the appearance of the first edition of Cervantes's famous book, the happy idea was hit upon of fittingly commemorating the event, by issuing a pictorial set of postage-stamps bearing designs suggested by the principal scenes from *Don Quixote*. The demand for these was enormous.

THE WORLD'S FIRST POSTAGE-STAMP, WILLIAM WYON'S PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE PRINCE CONSORT STAMP PROJECTED BUT NEVER ADOPTED

The Spaniards took commendable pleasure in putting them upon their correspondence. Thus the story of the "Adventures" was carried to places where, probably, the Knight of the Mancha had not before come to be known. Indeed the ten *Don Quixote* stamps of Spain form a little primer to the story. In the first design Don Quixote is shown in the act of starting forth on his famous steed, Rosinante, bent on stirring deeds that should win him the heart of the fair Dulcinea del Toboso. As Sancho Panza and Dapple did not join the Knight at first, we do not find them until we come to the second stamp, where they appear in the background as onlookers while the Knight of the Mancha charges the windmill. Another stamp depicts Don Quixote on bended knee before the country lassies. Here, too, we see Sancho Panza tossed in the blanket, while the thirty centimos stamp illustrates the knighting of Don Quixote by the innkeeper. Then we have Don Quixote at his famous tilting bout with the flock of sheep and also the incidents of his ride upon the wooden horse, his bearding the lion in his den, the ride

THE DON QUIXOTE STAMPS OF SPAIN ISSUED TO COMMEMORATE THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE BOOK

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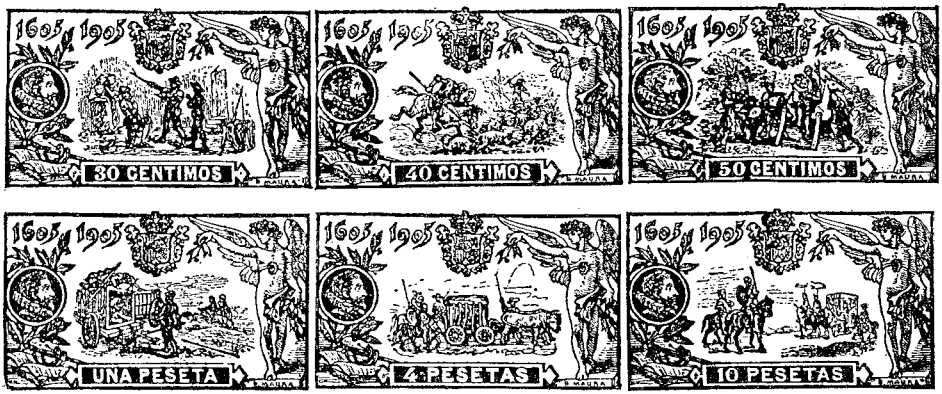

THE DON QUIXOTE STAMPS PORTRAY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES'S IMMORTAL HERO IN HIS MOST FAMOUS MOMENTS,—STARTING OUT, ATTACKING THE WINDMILL, MEETING THE COUNTRY LASS, KNIGHTED AT THE INN, TILTING WITH THE SHEEP, RIDING THE WOODEN HORSE, ENCOUNTERING THE LIONS, ADVENTURE IN THE OX-CART, MEETING THE ENCHANTED LADY, AND SANCHO PANZA TOSSED IN THE BLANKET

in the ox-cart, and, finally, his valourous rescue of the "enchanted" lady. Truly it is no slight task to picture episodes so momentous within the tiny area of a postage-stamp, and Señor B. Maura, the Spanish engraver who designed this series, acquitted himself of his task with credit. Not the least interesting thing about these *Don Quixote* stamps is the fact that each one of them exhibits a portrait of Cervantes, the smallest Cervantes portrait ever designed, as it measures only a quarter of an inch in circumference. These little stamps contributed much to a revival of interest in *Don Quixote* and the author of this immortal book.

We may look to Spain for other ingenious things in the way of "literary" postage-stamps. This country sought to perpetuate the memory of another of its seventeenth-century celebrities, Alonso Cano of Granada (called "the Michael Angelo of Spain" by reason of his varied and masterly attainments), by engraving his portrait on the earliest Spanish stamps. Although the plate was completed, Queen Isabella had other ideas upon the subject, and so Alonso Cano had to make way for *majestad,* and the stamp was never issued. Only a few impressions of it have survived. These are very beautiful and are highly prized by collectors fortunate enough to obtain them.

On another occasion Spain's appreciation of literary effort was made manifest by the Government awarding franking privileges to the late Señor Castell and Señor F. Duro, historians

THIS GROUP OF EX-RULERS SUGGESTS THE SUBJECT OF ALPHONSE DAUDET'S "LES ROIS EN EXILE"—FOR KINGS, QUEENS AND EMPERORS IN EXILE THEY ARE—QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN, DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL, EX-QUEEN LILIUOKULANI OF HAWAII, EMPEROR NAPOLEON III OF FRANCE, DON CARLOS "THE PRETENDER" OF SPAIN AND EX-KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL

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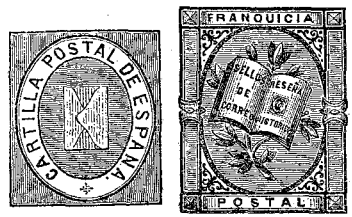
THESE THREE MAP POSTAGE-STAMPS CAUSED ENOUGH FLURRY TO HAVE FURNISHED THE HISTORICAL NOVELIST WITH PLOTS TEEMING WITH INCIDENT AND EXCITEMENT. THE FIRST WAS WITHDRAWN AT THE REQUEST OF HAITI, WHOSE BOUNDARIES HAD BEEN MISREPRESENTED IN THE DESIGN, THE SECOND GAVE OFFENSE BY QUOTING A FAMOUS LINE FROM SIR LEWIS MORRIS, THE ENGLISH POET, AND THE THIRD WAS A MILITANT MOVE ON THE PART OF VENEZUELA TO ASSERT HER CLAIM TO THE GOLD FIELDS, WHOSE POSSESSION GREAT BRITAIN DISPUTED WITH HER

of note, when sending certain of their works through the mails within the kingdom, and for this purpose the two stamps illustrated in this article were devised. Portugal likewise encourages historical research, and true to her traditions, lends a helping hand to geographical enterprise by printing special postage-stamps for franking the books and correspondence sent out by the Geographical Society of Lisbon.



TWO SPANISH HISTORIANS, THE LATE SEÑOR CASTELL AND SEÑOR F. DURO, WERE HONOURED BY HAVING THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE EXTENDED TO TWO OF THEIR WORKS BY THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT, THESE SPECIAL STAMPS BEING DEVISED FOR THE PURPOSE

Robert Louis Stevenson, referring to the old home at Colington, where his mother and her sisters grew up, and whence so many of the generation had gone forth, said that "the face of the earth was peppered with the children of the manse and letters with outlandish stamps became familiar to the local postmen." Probably Stevenson forgot, for the moment, that postage-stamps were not "invented" until 1840, only ten years before his own advent. He himself must have been familiar with the famous "penny blacks" of Great Britain, the world's first postage-stamps, issued in 1840 and bearing the engraved portrait of Queen Victoria after William Wyon's medal, which was struck by the city of London to commemorate the visit of the Queen to the Guild Hall. As a boy, Stevenson had a little home "museum," wherein were gathered all sorts of relics and curios and "outlandish

FIVE INTERESTING PORTRAIT STAMPS THAT TELL STORIES. FERDINAND OF SICILY ISSUED THE FIRST AND WAS ANGRY WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT HIS POSTMASTER OBLITERATED THE PORTRAIT WHEN CANCELLING THE STAMP; THE SUBJECTS OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA HAVE REFUSED TO MUTILATE THE PORTRAIT OF THEIR "LITTLE FATHER" BY CANCELLATION; LORD VERULAM IS ERRONEOUSLY CALLED LORD BACON ON NEWFOUNDLAND'S STAMP; THE VANITY OF AN EARLY NEW BRUNSWICK POSTMASTER-GENERAL LED HIM TO PUT HIS OWN PORTRAIT ON A STAMP INSTEAD OF THE QUEEN'S, AND GENERAL SIR BADEN-POWELL IS SAID TO HAVE PROVOKED THE WRATH OF THE THRONE BY PERMITTING HIS OWN PORTRAIT TO APPEAR ON A SOUTH AFRICAN WAR PROVISIONAL STAMP

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THE FIRST STAMP PICTURES TOSCANELLI WRITING HIS FAMOUS REPLY TO COLUMBUS, THE SECOND IS A PORTRAIT OF THE UNFORTUNATE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO, BY THE THIRD SWITZERLAND KEEPS GREEN THE MEMORY OF THE SON OF WILLIAM TELL, AND THE THIRD ONE, "ST. ANTHONY PREACHING TO THE FISHES," IS A REMARKABLE PORTUGUESE POSTAGE-STAMP, HAVING PRINTED ON THE BACK A PRAYER IN LATIN

stamps" too. Perhaps there came his way a copy of the stamp which bore a portrait of the Prince Consort, for an Albert stamp as well as the Victoria type was projected, and impressions of it were printed, though never put into postal circulation, for reasons which it is not difficult to guess, anticipating, remotely, the two tempests in a teapot which occurred in after years when Charles Connell, postmaster-general of New Brunswick, placed his own portrait on the New Brunswick five-cent stamp of 1861, instead of that of the Queen, and when General Sir Baden-Powell permitted his portrait to appear on the "Mafeking Besieged" stamp of 1900, to the Queen's displeasure, it is said, the sovereign claiming the prerogative of decorating the stamps of the British Empire with royal portraits.

One is often tempted to ask if the decline in the gentle art of letter-writing may not be attributed, in a large measure, to the introduction of the postage-stamp and all it represents. Now-a-days, no matter how good and how literary our intentions may be, the little red postage-stamp that crowns our communication is apt to find us impressed with the sense of intimate expedition it affords and we do not seem to put forth the best that is in us the way they did in those good old days when it cost a guinea to get a letter from London to Paris and when ten shillings was the rate from Edinburgh to Canterbury. Those were letter-writing days indeed! "Get me ink and paper, and hire post-horses" Shakespeare has Romeo say to Balthasar. If we of to-day had to stop to figure out the item of post-horses for every letter we wrote probably the world of letters would be the gainer so far as the epistolatory quality of our literature is concerned. Perhaps we can get some fuller hint of this from Robert Louis Stevenson's letters. There is the brief one of May 28, 1888 to Henry James just before Stevenson's departure. In a letter to Charles Baxter, written a year later from Honolulu, Stevenson says, "Would I like to see the *Scots Observer?* Wouldn't I not? But whaur? I'm direckit at space. They have nae post-offishes at the Gilberts, and as for

THESE STAMPS OF ROUMANIA PORTRAY ITS BELOVED QUEEN ELISABETA, KNOWN IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AS "CARMEN SYLVA"

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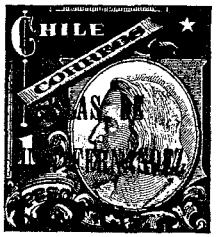

THE BAVARIAN STAMP, A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PRINCE REGENT LUITPOLD BY THE NOTED GERMAN PORTRAIT PAINTER, F. VON KAULBACH, SUGGESTS THAT THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS LEND THEIR SKILL TO THESE "PETITES CHOSES." THE STAMP WITH THE COLUMBUS PORTRAIT IS IN USE ON ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND AND THE ST. LUCIA STAMP SHOWS THE DREAD MOUNTAIN, "THE PITONS," WHENCE NO CLIMBER HAS EVER RETURNED. IT FURNISHES A PLOT FOR A JULES VERNE

the Car'lines! Ye see, Mr. Baxter, we're no just in the punkshewal *centre* o' civ'lisation!" Since then, alas, there are "post-offishes" at the Gilbert's and post-offices for the Carolines. One is almost glad the lack of them inspired Stevenson!

But new things take root quickly. They tell the story of how King Ferdinand of Sicily, chagrined, after fully fifteen years' apparent darkness on the subject, to find his kingdom postage-stampless, sent for his noted copper-plate engraver, T. Aloisio Juvara of Messina, to come and engrave him a portrait stamp. This was duly accomplished and proved very gratifying to Bomba (as Ferdinand was nicknamed), although the reader will see from the reproduction herewith that it must have taken much inherent vanity to have approved the design without a sigh! It had been arranged that Bomba's Minister of Posts should officially inaugurate the introduction of stamps into the Two Sicilies by the auspicious procedure of mailing the first one to the King on the outside of a letter. Alas! The Minister of Posts had not taken into account the cancelling process, and angry indeed was old Bomba when he beheld his "beautiful" portrait all bespattered with daubs of ink faithfully applied by the postmaster, who came in for his share of royal displeasure in consequence. However, the ingenious Minister soothed monarchical wrath and devised a delicate framework of renaissance pattern for the cancellation obliterator, whereafter Bomba's portrait peeped blissfully out and yet permitted the checking of any fraudulent re-use of the stamps. It is strange that a half-century later the intricacies of the "plot" should be reversed as they have been in the instance of the new postage-stamps of Russia, which bear the Czar's portrait. At the Czar's express command a series of stamps bearing portraits of Russia's rulers from the founding of the Romanhoff

STAMP ISSUED BY MONTENEGRO ON THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO THE LITTLE KINGDOM

SWISS STAMP BY EUGENE GRASSET, THE GREAT FRENCH ILLUSTRATOR AND POSTER ARTIST, THE STAMP ISSUED BY GREECE TO CELEBRATE HER VICTORIES IN TURKEY AND A STAMP OF BRAZIL CONTAINING THE SMALLEST ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

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dynasty to the present was prepared, but when the values with Czar Nicholas's own portrait were put in circulation, the orthodox Russian post-masters absolutely refused to cancel them, taking the position that to deface the Czar's portrait was to deserve Siberia. That was the law, and the fact that the portrait was on a postage-stamp did not, in their opinion, alter the status of the act in the least. In vain the Czar let it be known that cancelling the stamps had his approval, nay, even his command. The rural postmasters were obdurate and so the issue had to be withdrawn from circulation to maintain the revenue, otherwise the private posts would have gotten all the business!

The vicissitudes of monarchs is well illustrated by the stamps of various countries, particularly by those of the nineteenth century. We may form a little gallery of "Les Rois en Exil" that might extra-illustrate Alphonse Daudet's title,—Queen Isabella and Don Carlos of Spain, the Emperor Napoleon III of France, Dom Pedro of Brazil, Queen Liliukulani of Hawaii, King Manoel of Portugal and then there is poor Maximillian of Mexico. What stories stamps tell! What note-books of modern history they are, little memory-joggers we could ill-afford to be without! It is a pity that we relegate stamp-collecting to the limbo of merely a school-boy's hobby. Sanely and sensibly and delightfully the collecting of stamps can be pursued. There is scarcely a country which has not some plot-suggesting stamp. St. Lucia, for instance, with its "t'penny" landscape stamp showing the dread mountain, "The Pitons" whence no daring explorer has ever returned. It would furnish a background for Rider Haggard at his vividest, for it is believed that half-way up the mountain begins a zone of stinging vipers whose poison is so deadly it causes instant death. Those who have laughed at the story and have insisted on attempting the ascent have been watched from below through powerful glasses and have been seen to drop, dead apparently, at a certain line. Then stamps have written history in other ways. Take, for instance, the map stamp of the Dominican Republic. Proud of their possessions, the Dominicans were careless of their accuracy, and when their map stamp appeared it was discovered that quite a slice had been appropriated in the design from territory that really belonged to Haiti. Probably the Dominicans thought it would not be noticed, but the Haitians considered it a good chip to put on their shoulders, in consequence of which it was the withdrawal of the stamp or war. The stamp was withdrawn. On the other hand, when Venezuela and Great Britain were having their famous quarrel over the gold-fields, Venezuela issued a challenge of her claims in the way of a stamp with a design that consisted of a map showing her boundaries as she proposed to maintain them.

THE SENSE OF PERSONALITY AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

At frequent intervals, an instalment of the novels of the month brings to mind again, by certain striking contrasts, the old, elusive question, Why are some characters in fiction living personalities and others merely lay figures? Why do some authors, through just a few broad, impressionistic strokes, reveal the creative gift, while others, after infinite patience and pains, fail to breathe in the breath of life? Every reader of fiction has felt these differences; every reader

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has certain favourite characters, whom he instinctively feels to be living out their lives somewhere beyond his ken, just as friends in the flesh who have drifted away from his immediate circle still continue to lead their own lives. And on the other hand, every reader knows how negligible the personal element is, in the case of the great majority of more or less mechanical figures that jerkily act and articulate the parts assigned to them. But what is the explanation of these differences, what is the philosophy underlying the sense of personality in the characters in fiction?

In the first place, let us get clearly in mind the fact that the ability to create character, and the ability to tell a story are two separate gifts that need not necessarily go together. A good story-teller is one who possesses the power of holding our attention by the interest of what is happening to some person or group of persons, through their individual efforts to control the circumstances in which they happen to be placed. Now, there are some situations of such universal interest that the individuality of the chief actor is unimportant. Supposing, for instance, that you are on some height, a sheer bluff overlooking the sea; and far out, where the currents of a swift-running tide cross and churn the water to a foam, you see a swimmer struggling to reach the land, alternately drifting and fighting and zigzagging, and inch by inch making headway toward the desired point. Of the swimmer's personality you know nothing; you may not even be sure of the sex; you do not know whether the victory is the result of great courage and cool calculation, or the mere blind instinct of self-preservation. Yet the sight holds you rivetted, tremulous, almost prayerfully anxious on behalf of this unknown struggler: the fact that a human life is at stake gives an all-sufficient interest. But take another case, at the extreme opposite end of the scale: you are seated in a restaurant, in close vicinity to another table occupied by a man and a woman; the light shines full upon the woman's face, so that you lose no detail of her beauty, nor a single change in the mobile lines of her face. You cannot help hearing the conversation, and you note that while the man's voice is soft and caressing, and the words he utters are in themselves courteous, eager, full of admiration, there is something in them or behind them which makes the woman wince as from a blow. There you have an intimate drama in full course, in a brilliant and crowded room, and unheeded, unguessed by a single person excepting you; the interest is too special, too secret to attract the careless and detached glance of the general public. And even you, who happen to have glimpsed something of a woman's hidden anguish, miss the real interest of the story unless by some magic you are permitted to look further and read to the last detail the inmost workings of her heart.

Now, in the first of the above examples, the element of narrative, the story, the thing actually being done is not only the chief element, but almost the only element; in the second, there is practically no narrative, but simply an unguessed tragedy of hidden emotions. The first class of cases is the class that gathers crowds in the street, jostling throngs eager to know what has happened to some utter stranger, willing to waste ten minutes or more to learn the fate of a man or woman in whom they have no interest beyond the fact that something tragic has happened to a fellow human being. And here we have laid hold of one of the great secrets in story-telling. Let your opening incidents be of sufficiently keen interest in themselves; let them be of the kind that would draw a crowd in a street. Then it is a simple matter to intensify that interest by gradually revealing the personality of the chief actor; you thrilled at the sight of a brave deed, and suddenly you become aware that you know the doer of that deed and know him intimately; the effect is like that of seeing, in real life, a man stop a runaway at eminent risk of his life, and then as

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you surge forward for a nearer view, you suddenly become aware that the man is Jones, whom you have known for years, yet never before understood.

Or, to get at the whole question from a slightly different angle, let us consider story-telling in terms of a game, draughts, chess, or whist. The story itself is the game that the author plays with the pack or the pieces of his own making, the more or less individualised characters. Now draughts may be taken as the simplest type of narrative, in which the element of character is practically eliminated; there is the single class distinction between king and commoner, but otherwise they are all precisely alike. In fact there is a sort of Homeric simplicity, when you stop to think of it, in the battles of these undistinguished throngs, in which every now and then some doughty Achilles of the checker-board mows down two and three Hectors at a time. Chess is less simple; the characters of the combatants are more carefully differentiated, although here still are the hordes of undistinguished pawns. And lastly, in cards, we have the type of the highly developed story of character, in which the part played by each and every one depends solely upon his individuality, and no two parts can be interchanged; the Jack of Spades is eternally the Jack of Spades, and never for a moment can he or the Two of Diamonds do each other's work.

But the real point of this comparison lies not in the resemblance between certain games and certain types of fiction, but in a subtle difference yet to be pointed out. In all the games above mentioned, there is a complete absence of any sense of personality. The white knight and the black bishop, the Ace of Hearts and the Queen of Clubs are mere conventions, symbols, dummies designed to move through certain established rôles, with no more individual thrills and heart-aches than the lay figures of a puppet show. And this same difference between the pieces in a game, and the characters created by an author possessed of the sense of personality, is the same difference that always exists between the best fiction and inferior fiction, regardless of the degree to which the type of story demands the individualising of the characters.

This sense of personality is, apparently, an inborn quality and one that cannot be taught. It is an instinct that extends beyond human beings, and that some of us feel for all sorts of inanimate things that we have grown to love. There is one writer, a woman and the author of several well-known novels that are fairly saturated with personality, who confesses to a curious and intimate affection for her type-writer. It is an aged machine, with many weaknesses and eccentricities; yet such is the force of habit that if suddenly the "w" ceased to stumble and the alignment of the "l" corrected itself, the effect would be sadly confusing upon the author. Once, in a misguided moment, she allowed herself to be persuaded into purchasing a new type-writer, the old one being taken in part payment. Immediately, work came to a standstill, and it was not until after much frantic telegraphing and exasperating delays that the old machine was recovered and the interrupted novel once more safely under way.

In the same way, there are just a few chess players who come in time to feel a sense of the personality of each and every piece in an old and valued set of chess-men. Every little stain and crack in the ivory, inevitable traces of the dint of battle and the passage of years, tends to give each separate pawn an individuality far beyond the rôle assigned him in the game. A player with this instinct for personality finds himself mechanically arranging each separate pawn on its accustomed square.

And this leads us to the similar sense of personality in the highest type of born story-teller. In such a writer, every one of his characters, even the mere unconsidered pawn, has a hundred little marks of identification, most of which, perhaps, are never mentioned in the written pages, but are ever present in the

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author's mind. The great masters of fiction have most of them, at one time or another, in print, in letters or in private conversation, waxed confidential about the characters they have created, and half whimsically, half in earnest, as though almost ashamed to own how utterly real these shadow-shapes of their imagining have grown to seem, have told further intimate little details about their peculiarities of dress and manner, their habits of life and thought. Herein really lies the secret of the ability of just a few novelists to convey the sense of personality in their characters: they themselves must have had it first. They must have lived in intimate association with these characters, have come to know and cherish an affection for them; they must have reached a point where in writing of them, they feel that the characters have taken the matter of their next word or act out of their author's hand, and have actually become free agents, bending the author to their will. It is only by recognising the independent existence of his creations, that an author can take them out of the printed page and force his readers to recognise their independent existence also. For no one can communicate a faith that he does not have himself.

"THE WHITE THREAD"

The book which immediately suggested the foregoing line of thought is *The White Thread,* the new volume by Robert Halifax, author of *A Whistling Woman.* Mr. Halifax deserves to be better known to American readers; he is easily entitled to a place in that group of serious-minded young English novelists headed by Galsworthy, Bennett and Merrick. The fabric that he weaves of life has quite as sombre a background, quite as much of the leaden hues of poverty and sickness and disappointment as *Clayhanger* and *An Old Wives' Tale,* —but with this difference, that it is shot through with a persistent white thread, a gleam of unquenchable optimism, the courage and loyalty of some one valiant soul. Take, for example, the new volume, whose title lends itself so aptly to a brief summing up of its author's distinctive note: The place which they call home is a dank, dim, unclean rookery, in a London slum. The cellar is foul and wet, the water pipes rotten with age and perpetually dripping, the under side of the flooring a breeding place for mould and fungus. The father is a consumptive, discouraged man, long out of work; his wife is shiftless and slatternly, with a fatal fondness for a friendly glass of ale, and a willingness to stoop to any degradation to obtain the price of a drink. Of their five children, two are dead; one of the sons is already in the insane asylum,—a supplementary one, known as the "Overflow,"—and the youngest son, Gideon, is rapidly qualifying to join him. One curious, almost uncanny note that recurs persistently throughout the book is furnished by this Gideon, furtive, silent, eternally voracious, and perpetually imitating, with the utmost seriousness of intent, first one animal and then another; now arching his back, cat-like, and purring loudly with contentment, and again thinking himself an ant-eater, and busily licking up with his tongue the ants and beetles crawling on the walls. Then lastly, there is Tilly, short and "tubby" and by no means beautiful, but sound and kind and loyal, a ray of unquenchable sunshine in the midst of sordidness and gloom. She is only a poor, little overworked drudge, cruelly driven by a well-meaning, naturally good-hearted mistress, whose only fault is that she is incapable of understanding any other social class than her own. Tilly's whole life is a sacrifice; she skimps, and saves, she half-starves herself, in order to have a few pennies to buy gifts with, and a few pinches out of her meagre allowance of tea, to take home to the family on her rare afternoons out. We follow her with a growing admiration for her bravery, a growing heart-ache for her disappointments, a growing apprehension that the multiplying trials, the latent insanity of Gideon, the more and more frequent lapses of the mother, the father's

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suicide, the cowardice and perfidy of the man she thinks she loves,—will sooner or later crush her buoyancy and sour her nature. But Tilly, young and immature though she is, is saved by her inborn sense of motherhood. Every one who is sick in body or mind, every one who is discouraged or lonely appeals to the big, warm heart in the small, disproportioned body. Even big, stalwart Kingdon, the slow, taciturn plumber, who has long loved her with a dumb hopelessness, appeals first of all to this same maternal instinct, because she feels dimly that there is something that he misses in life. In short, one closes the volume feeling that Mr. Halifax is a good deal of a magician in evolving so clean and tender a story from such ugly and unclean sources, and making us lose sight of all the sorrow and sordidness and sin in the light of the one strong, loyal soul. It is a fine piece of artistry, that promises even bigger things in the near future.

"YOUTH'S ENCOUNTER"

No one can accuse Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the author of *Carnival* and *Youth's Encounter,* of a failure to know the personality of his characters. His new volume has its faults of construction; it is at times too long and too diffuse, and the mystery surrounding Michael's parentage is dwelt upon and hinted at and withheld in a wearisomely tantalising fashion, out of all proportion to the magnitude of the solution. But as a study of the growth, week by week, month by month, year by year, of a human being, from early childhood to school-boy days, and upward through the crucial period of adolescence, until we leave him on the threshold of manhood, *Youth's Encounter* is almost uncanny in its discernment, its grasp of the mental standpoint of the successive periods, its marvellous and sympathetic understanding of the countless trivial details which are so amazingly important to the immature mind of childhood. It requires something more than intuition to write such a probing and intimate study; it is only by recalling memories of our own childhood with an almost photographic fidelity that any of us could approach this record of a small child's griefs and anxieties and terrors, his queerly distorted conceptions of the realities around him, his true instincts and defective reasonings. For the purpose of giving it a certain glamour of romanticism, the history of Michael is, as already intimated, overhung with a veil of mystery. His mother, whom we always see as a fairy vision of loveliness in a shimmer of rose-coloured draperies, hovers over his bedside at rare intervals; but her visits are always fleeting, and her absences last for weary months, while he and his still younger sister are left to the ignorant and indifferent care of incompetent and drunken servants. His father he never sees, at least not knowingly, and he supposes him to be dead; but the sum and substance of the mystery is that Michael's mother loved a married man, whose wife refused to divorce him, and who atoned as best he could by treating Michael's mother as though she were his wife, so long as he lived, and settling the bulk of his fortune on her at his death. All of which may seem of importance or not, according to your individual preferences in fiction. But what cannot fail to arouse cordial recognition are just a few remarkable scenes: the nightmare dreams of a lonely, frightened child in strange surroundings in the dead of night; the slow awakening of adolescence to the physical facts of life, and certain specific incidents that complete that awakening. These are the features of the book that refuse to be forgotten and that confirm the impression already produced by *Carnival* that Mr. Compton Mackenzie is one of the authors that we cannot afford to overlook.

"THE DARK FLOWER"

To the reader with a critical instinct, the first impression made by Mr. Galsworthy's new novel, *The Dark Flower,* is that of keen delight at the sheer technical skill of it, the beautiful symmetry of its structure and its symbolism. It

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is only after enjoying this feature to the utmost that such lovers of fine artistry will begin to enjoy the equally fine interpretation of an almost universal phase of human life. Perhaps the shortest way of summing up the inside significance of Mr. Galsworthy's theme is simply by repeating the overworked quotation from Byron, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;" and yet, after all, that does not quite say the thing. Man's love, says Mr. Galsworthy, or at least the love of a large number of men, is the dark flower of passion; he may pluck this flower successively from more than one garden, but its bloom never lasts. Woman also knows and plucks the dark flower, but in her case when it withers, it is the end of all things. Now note the simplicity and effectiveness of Mr. Galsworthy's structure, as clear-cut and nicely balanced as a perfect play. It is easy to see how his recent training as a dramatist has reacted helpfully upon his art as a story-teller. The story is divided into three epochs, "Spring," "Summer" and "Autumn," three great passions in a man's life belonging respectively to his youth, his maturity and his middle age. Of the three women who successively inspire these three passions, the first might almost have been his mother, the second was of suitable age to be his wife, the third could easily have been his daughter. The first of these women, Anna Stormer, is the wife of an elderly, dried-out university man, Mark Lennan's favourite instructor. The lad, for he is little more than a lad, accompanies the couple for a summer jaunt through Switzerland, and there, to his own great perturbation and bewilderment, discovers that what he had supposed was a beautiful friendship for his good friend's wife is a fierce, unreasoning desire for her, disloyal and shameful, yet apparently reciprocated by the lady herself, without shame or hesitation. His first awakening dates from her gift of a flower, a dark red clove carnation, strong and heady, emblematic of passion. It is the merest accident, just the intervention of chance in the shape of illness in his home circle, that recalls the boy before the dark flower has fully bloomed, and brings him into touch with a girl of his own age, Sylvia Doone, gentle, tender and faithful, the type of woman who is a stranger to the lawlessness of riotous blood. When Mark asks her what is her favourite flower, she owns that it is a forget-me-not, and when he mentions clove carnations, she confesses that perhaps she likes them, "but not very much." And later, when Mark has the opportunity to see the two women side by side, the opulent, mature beauty of the older one makes such a sorry showing beside the fresh and wholesome innocence of the young girl that Anna Stormer realises that the summer idyll is over and the autumn of her life has closed in upon her. Ten years later Mark Lennan, now a successful artist, meets his second great affinity in Italy. Olive Cramier is another married woman, unhappily bound to a jealous, exacting, tyrannical man, whose very touch she loathes. From the moment that she and Mark meet, it is another case of Tristan and Isolde, Paolo and Francesca, nothing in the whole wide world matters but their two selves. But the dark flower has barely had its brief hour of triumph when it is ruthlessly crushed and trampled on, and Olive Cramier's dead body testifies to the ruthlessness of her husband's vengeance. Lastly, at forty-five, Mark Lennan, now for many years placidly happy in the calmness of his married life with Sylvia, once again feels the stirrings of tumultuous passion, awakened this time by a mere slip of a girl, Nell Dromore, the daughter of a life-long friend. This time what keeps the dark flower from unfolding is not any sense of loyalty to his friend, not compunction for the ruin of a young life, but simply a tardily awakened sense of fidelity to the wife who has patiently borne so much and demanded so little; he feels that to desert her now would show a selfish, a lack of elemental chivalry, of which he could not be guilty. And yet the last fight with himself is long and bitter:

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To say goodbye to her and Youth and Passion!—to the only salve for the aching that Spring and Beauty bring,—the aching for the wild, the passionate, the new, that never quite dies in a man's heart.

Such is the substance of *The Dark Flower,* a curiously interesting and probing study of man's passions and woman's weaknesses. But in his striving after perfect technique, extreme condensation, and every ultimate economy of means, Mr. Galsworthy has perforce sacrificed something of the element of personality, his characters are not individualised with the sharpness of his earlier novels; he has been satisfied to let them be little more than types.

"THE JOY OF YOUTH"

Here is another story of youth and art and love, in the warmth and glamour of an Italian setting. It is an odd sort of book to come from Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and one feels that in roaming so far from the "good red earth of his native Dartmoor," he has in large measure lost his cunning. The formula of the book is sufficiently familiar. A young woman and a young man, both abundantly endowed with youth, good looks and worldly prosperity, meet by chance, waive conventions, and forthwith indulge in most preposterously confidential interchange of their life histories. She, it seems, is engaged to be married to a rich and titled gentleman, a fifth Baronet, conservative and narrow. The young artist has a score of reasons for disapproving of this match and for urging the girl to come instead to Italy and study art, his chief though unspoken reason being that although he is not quite aware of it, he is in love with her himself. Well, the girl does go to Italy, although she has not yet broken off her engagement nor has she any intention of doing so. The greater portion of the volume is taken up with the details of her weeks of sight-seeing in Florence, most of them as revealed through her lengthy letters to her betrothed,—through which it becomes more and more apparent that the handsome young artist is playing havoc with the young woman's constancy. But she has no intention to throw aside a title, and the artist has not the slightest intention of asking her to, until one day a crisis is brought about by an episode that even a better craftsman than Mr. Phillpotts would have hard work to make convincing. The artist is struggling to finish a picture that is destined to be his masterpiece, and he cannot find a model that will satisfy his needs. He feels instinctively that this girl is the one woman in the world who has the figure that he needs. It is the same situation as that handled with infinitely more art by Zola in *L'Œuvre,* where Claude makes known his needs to Christine. There is nothing fastidious or delicate about this artist of Mr. Phillpotts. He blurts out his wish quite brutally, and then wonders at the girl's sense of outrage. One feels that in real life no man with even the veneer of a gentleman could blunder so crassly, and no girl, after such an insult, could be persuaded to sit down again and argue the question out. But behind the surface crudeness of the situation there is a bit of psychology that rings true. These two are self-blinded, they do not yet realise that they love each other. Consequently, argues Mr. Phillpotts, so long as they do not know, he can ask this favour and she is compelled to refuse. But the crisis brings awakening; and when they do know, she is able to consent to his wish, while for him it has become impossible to accept. An interesting bit of subtlety, but spoiled by the failure to make the individuals concerned seem real.

"THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY"

Three husbands seem to be the customary allowance granted by novelists to the pushing, climbing, heartless type of American woman, who will sacrifice everything to her social ambitions and insatiable love of pleasure. Three husbands, it will be remembered, were given by Robert Grant to Selma White, the heroine of *Unleavened Bread;* three also by Winston Churchill to the hero-

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ine of *A Modern Chronicle;* and similarly, Mrs. Wharton is equally generous to Undine Spragg, the central figure of her latest volume, *The Custom of the Country*. It is a brilliantly cynical picture of feminine ruthlessness, and a fundamental inability to conceive of father, mother, friends and husbands having been created for any other purpose than to gratify every passing whim of this one beautiful and utterly spoiled young woman. Mrs. Wharton has painted Undine Spragg with an unsparing mercilessness that almost makes the reader wince. It is a splendid and memorable piece of work, a portrait to form a worthy contrast to the equally unforgettable one of Lily Bart. But there is little object in analysing in detail the separate episodes which make Miss Spragg successively Mrs. Ralph Marvell, the Marquise de Chelles, and Mrs. Elmer Moffatt. They are of a nature that cannot be adequately conveyed at second hand; it is not what happens that matters, it is the play of human motives and human limitations behind the happenings that makes this volume one of Mrs. Wharton's finest achievements. And the final touch of the closing paragraph is a perfect climax, a crowning touch of comprehension of monumental and perennial dissatisfaction:

> Under all the dazzle a tiny black cloud remained. She had learned there was something she could never get, something that neither beauty nor influence nor millions could ever buy for her. She could never be an ambassador's wife; and as she advanced to receive her first guests, she said to herself that it was the one part she was really made for.

"VAN CLEVE"

Mrs. Mary S. Watts, who is pleasantly remembered by a good many readers as the author of *Nathan Burke* and *The Legacy,* has just added to her list another piece of similarly careful workmanship, entitled *Van Cleve*. There is no point in quarrelling with an author for deliberately adopting the somewhat antiquated methods of mid-Victorian novelists, writing themselves partly into and partly out of the stage setting, and indulging in all sorts of side remarks concerning their characters, after the time-honoured example of Thackeray. Some readers probably like this sort of thing, while those of us who feel otherwise can manage to let our eye pass unseeingly over such irritating interruptions. Taken on its merits, *Van Cleve* may be summed up as a piece of sterling character study and a somewhat disappointing story. It is the history of a young man's struggle to win a place in the world, although handicapped by poverty and a family of helpless women and one old man, all of them foolishly wasteful and extravagant, and bent upon making a foolish show of prosperity. But however busy young Van Cleve Kendrick may have been at the bank, where he was rapidly "making good," he found time to fall in love with Lorrie, the quiet, steady, clear-sighted daughter of old Professor Gilbert, whose only son, Robert, was a dissipated ne'er-do-well. Lorrie, with her precocious wisdom, ought to have known that she could have found no more steady, devoted and altogether better husband than Van Cleve; but in this one respect she did not see clearly, and so engaged herself to one of her brother Robert's undesirable acquaintances. All this is portrayed with a quiet skill, a simplicity and minuteness of detail that make the characters luminously real and delightfully human, even in their small vanities and foibles. But all of a sudden the whole tone of the book changes: the Spanish War has broken out; Lorrie's betrothed, having crowned a series of misdeeds by ruining one of Lorrie's life-long girl friends, secures a commission, and Lorrie's brother, failing to pass the medical examination, follows the regiment as a newspaper reporter. No sooner have they gone than Lorrie's girl friend acknowledges her misfortune, and in order to save her lover, lays the blame upon Robert. Immediately, we have a mad Odyssey of Lorrie with Van Cleve acting as chaperon, rushing frantically to the seat of

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war, in pursuit, intent upon bringing him back to right a wrong for which he was not responsible. They arrive in Cuba just in time to hear the news that Lorrie's betrothed was one of the few soldiers who lost their lives in the first skirmish. Lorrie is prostrated with grief, but finds comfort in the belief that her lost lover had lived and died like a hero. Robert, almost at the end of his own dissipated life, decides to do a quixotic thing: it would kill Lorrie, he thinks, to know of her lover's baseness, so he accepts the other girl's lie as the truth and consents to marry her. The situation is a close parallel to that of Amelia and the patient Dobbin in *Vanity Fair:* Lorrie keeps poor Van Cleve waiting for ten weary years, because of the mistaken image she has cherished of her lost lover. And it is not until her brother's wife plays the part of Becky Sharp and disillusions her that she finally discovers that her heart has room for another and a worthier love.

"T. TEMBAROM"

Imagine Mrs. Burnett saying to herself: "I think I will rewrite *Little Lord Fauntleroy* for grown-up readers, but instead of having him the carefully nurtured son of a refined and loving mother, he shall have had the harsher training of Dick the bootblack, a product of the New York streets." Whether consciously or not, that at all events is precisely what Mrs. Burnett has done in *T. Tembarom,*—which mysterious and cryptic name is simply a convenient abbreviation of the hero's more aristocratic appellation of Temple Temple Barholm. A young man of twenty odd years, who has slept in cellars and barrels, has roughed it from the days of his earliest remembrance and fought his way to a position as editor of the Harlem social page on a New York daily paper; a young man whose ignorance of history, geography, and practically everything which most educated persons are expected to know is monumental,—such a man offers a chance for curious and amusing contrasts on a far larger scale than a small boy like Little Lord Fauntleroy, when suddenly injected into the utterly foreign environment of British aristocracy. Mrs. Burnett has obviously enjoyed herself immensely, and it is only fair to say that the enjoyment is contagious. It is all quite preposterous of course, and the coincidence on which the whole plot turns, that of the hero having picked up in New York streets a poor, unfortunate gentleman who has lost his memory and does not know who he is, and who ultimately turns out to be the real heir, thus ousting T. Tembarom from his temporary life of luxury, is too artificial, too far-fetched to win even a moment's credence. But if you take the book as just a good piece of fun, you will extract a good hour or two of genuine amusement out of it,—and few readers are so unreasonable as to ask more.

TWELVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

IT it a curious coincidence that there should have been published within a few months of each autobiographies of three distinguished Americans, Admiral Dewey, Senator Lodge and Colonel Roosevelt,—since it was Mr. Lodge who was mainly instrumental in having Mr. Roosevelt made Assistant-Secretary of the Navy and it was Mr. Roosevelt who was mainly instrumental in having Admiral Dewey appointed to the command of the Asiatic fleet. It is also a coincidence, although it is not at all curious, that these three American autobiographies are what they purport to be;

*Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. With illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1913.

History as Literature and Other Essays. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1913.

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they are the records of their narrators' careers penned by themselves, each of the writers expressing himself in characteristic fashion. Unfortunately all self-styled autobiographies are not what they vaunt themselves to be; and the *Memoirs of D'Artagnan,* the *Confessions of Vidocq* and the *Confidences of Robert Houdin* seem to have been written for the alleged autobiographers and not by them. And two recent American autobiographies are deprived of not a little of their self-revelatory charm by the expert revision to which they have been subjected by outside hands.

It is a wise autobiography that knows its own father; and there need be no doubt as to the paternity of Colonel Roosevelt's account of his own adventures and experiences. Colonel Roosevelt is interested in many things and in many persons. Why should he not be interested also in himself? And how could this interest help being contagious? In fact, "interesting" is an adjective which stands in danger of being overworked by any one who undertakes to write about Colonel Roosevelt. He is a most interesting personality himself; he has met many interesting persons; he has seen many interesting things; and he has done many interesting things. There would be few to dispute the assertion that Benjamin Franklin had the most interesting life ever lived by any American born before 1850; the range of his activities private and public, in America and in Europe, was without precedent and without parallel. But there would also be few to dispute the assertion that Colonel Roosevelt's life bids fair to equal Franklin's in interest, if not to surpass it.

Now, Franklin's remains the most alluring of American autobiographies, withstanding comparison with the most characteristic of European autobiographies—Cellini's and Rousseau's. If Colonel Roosevelt's career has been as interesting as Franklin's we are entitled to hope that his autobiography may also be as interesting as Franklin's. But this is an unreasonable expectation, since the conditions of composition are altogether different. Franklin wrote out his recollections in his old age for his own children, with no intention of immediate publication, whereas Colonel Roosevelt has here talked about himself for immediate publication, while he is still in the prime of life and while he is intensely active in the welter of contemporary politics. He cannot yet take the disinterested view of men and things which was more or less natural to Franklin. Many of the most interesting things he could tell us, he cannot tell us now, for the hour has not yet come for such revelations as these. Furthermore he has in some measure discounted this book by earlier books which were in fact anticipatory sections of this possible autobiography, the *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman,* for one, the *Rough Riders* for another, and for a third the account of his adventures in the dark continent, which he called *African Game Trails.*

Franklin was perfectly candid in talking about himself and so is Colonel Roosevelt. Indeed, it is probable that in conversation even Franklin was not as frank as Colonel Roosevelt, whose openness of speech has often astonished his intimates. But the spoken word vanishes with the wind and the printed word remains for all to read; and therefore we read in the first lines of the preface that naturally there are chapters of his autobiography "which cannot now be written." And some of those now unwritten would be most interesting to read. How was it that he procured the resignation of Byrnes, the chief of police? How was it that he got through the New York Legislature a franchise tax and a civil service law which the members of that legislature did not want to pass? By what unsuspected inducements did he suddenly persuade the presidents of the coal roads to agree to a method of settling the strike which they had hitherto contemptuously refused to consider? These revelations we have no right to expect now, of course, yet it is to be hoped that Colonel Roosevelt has put

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them in writing for the benefit of future historians. And we take heart of hope when we remark that the title of this volume is *"An* Autobiography" and not *"The* Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt." An autobiography does not debar other autobiographies in days to come. Colonel Roosevelt is a man of surpassing energy and initiative, who has already broken many precedents, and there is no reason why—when he has happily attained the fulness of years that were Franklin's—he should not write a second autobiography or even a third.

It remains to be said, moreover, that this present autobiography is not confined to personalia; it is partly apologia and partly propaganda; and it is not disparaging the value of the propaganda or the validity of the apologia to suggest that these parts are necessarily less interesting, although perhaps not less characteristic, than the passages of purely personal narrative which are more truly autobiographic. After all, what we want in a book by Colonel Roosevelt about Colonel Roosevelt, is as much as possible of Colonel Roosevelt himself. We want to see him as he sees himself. We want as many lights as may be on the most interesting of Americans at the beginning of the twentieth century, as Franklin was the most interesting of Americans at the end of the eighteenth century. And these pages, incomplete as they are in some directions, and didactic or even hortatory as they may be at times, do reveal to us the man Roosevelt as reflected in his own mirror.

It is a very human personality that is so disclosed; very engaging and very energetic; tingling with vitality; endowed with the zest of life and the gusto of living; not unduly self-conscious; interested in himself, no doubt, like the rest of us, but scarcely more than he is interested in many others; possessed of abundant humour and good humour; able to take a joke even when it is against himself—and perhaps especially when it is against himself; and enriched with unsurpassed gift for friendship. Probably it is the extraordinary range of his interests in life which is the explanation of the extraordinary diversity of his comradeships. If a man is to be judged by his associates, if he is known by the friends he makes and by the friends he keeps then is Colonel Roosevelt disclosed as the most marvellously varied of men. Across these pages of personal record there files an endless procession of intimates, policemen and cowboys, statesmen and rough riders, civil service reformers and prize fighters, heelers and henchmen, soldiers and sailors, horsemen and sportsmen, men of letters and men of affairs, labour leaders and foreign diplomats, simplified spellers and faunal naturalists, historians and priests, society women and working girls, Mr. Jacob Riis and General Leonard Wood, Mark Hanna and Matthew S. Quay. Especially significant and instructive are his opinions of these two last, machine politicians both of them, and one of them badly smirched by the facts of his career; yet here we are made to see the better aspects of their characters, their courage and on occasion their faculty of self-sacrifice.

No passages of the book are more interesting—the adjective must be pardoned once for all since its repetition is imperative—than those devoted to Colonel Roosevelt's childhood. He showed his customary shrewdness in selecting his parents; he calls his father the best man he ever knew. Oddly enough he fails to record the fact that his father was nominated for Collector of the Port of New York only to fail of confirmation from the objection of Roscoe Conkling. His mother was a Southerner, who sympathised with her section throughout the Civil War. The autobiographer records that although he was only seven years of age when the war came to an end he had become conscious that his parents were not in accord in their views about the conflict; "and once, when I felt that I had been wronged by maternal discipline during the day, I attempted a partial vengeance by praying with loud fervour for the success of the Union arms, when we all

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came to say our prayers before my mother in the evening." Fortunately, the mother had the same sense of humour as her son; and she also could take a joke even if it was against herself.

This incident is as significant as any in the book, although it would be possible to adduce scores of others as self-revelatory. But the reviewer must deny himself the privilege of further quotation, for if he once began he would not know when to stop. There are a host of salient passages, very valuable to all who seek to understand American character and the changing conditions of American life; and these passages are scattered throughout the book, although they are perhaps most numerous in the chapters on Colonel Roosevelt's career as an assembly-man, as a police-commissioner and as Governor. Perhaps it will suffice to say that this is a book that no American citizen can afford to neglect. Colonel Roosevelt has accumulated bitter enemies as assiduously as he has gathered about him fast friends. The friends know him already for what he is; and the enemies have now an opportunity for making his acquaintance and for perceiving a little better the reasons why his personality has appealed powerfully to the American people—a people whom he both understands and represents.

It is greatly to be regretted that the publishers have not given to Colonel Roosevelt's book a mechanical setting commensurate with its merits. The volume is undeniably ugly; it is clumsy and heavy; the page is ill-proportioned and the paper is unpleasantly shiny, while the multiplied illustrations are not displayed to advantage. In fact, the volume might be likened not unfairly to an ill-made subscription-book cluttered with haphazard process-cuts. It is in marked contrast with the sober dignity of the other book of Colonel Roosevelt's writing which has appeared almost simultaneously and which is easy in the hand and pleasant to the eye.

History as Literature, and Other Essays is the title Colonel Roosevelt has given to the volume containing his three important European addresses of several years ago. It takes its name from the address he delivered last year as president of the American Historical Association. To these four papers intended for oral delivery are added seven other essays originally prepared for publication in various periodicals, on the "Ancient Irish Sagas," for example; on "Dante in the Bowery," and on "Productive Scholarship" (in which he expresses his high appreciation of the writings of Professor Lounsbury). Perhaps no one of these minor essays is more characteristic than the ingenious article, entitled "Dante in the Bowery," which presents an aspect of Dante's art not hitherto recognised, probably because Colonel Roosevelt is the first writer about Dante who happened also to have a personal knowledge of the Bowery.

Interesting as these minor articles are (the adjective will insist on thrusting itself forward) they are not as important as the four addresses which precede them. These are the lofty and dignified utterances of a statesman, of a practical politician who is also a man of letters. No statesman of our time, either here or abroad, has so wide a range of interests as Colonel Roosevelt or has garnered so varied a mass of information, not merely collected but assimilated. His disquisitions on themes seemingly remote from his special fields of activity may seem daring to some; indeed, they are daring; but they justify themselves. They reveal his possession of the interpreting imagination which can survey the whole field of history past and present, using the present to illuminate the past and the past as a beacon to the present, and calling upon natural history to explain the laws of human history.

The three European addresses, in Paris, in Berlin, and at Oxford, call for no criticism now as they were abundantly discussed when they were delivered. To the present reviewer they are less interesting (once more!) although not less significant, than the address on "History as Literature" which Colonel Roosevelt has wisely chosen to put in

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the forefront of his volume. It was no empty compliment which the American Historical Association paid him when it elected him as one of its annual presidents; it was only a belated recognition of one of the leading American historians. For Colonel Roosevelt wrote history before he helped to make it. He tells us in the autobiography that he began his *Naval History of the War of* 1812 while he was still an undergraduate. The four volumes of the *Winning of the West* were prepared in his early manhood while he was ranching and later while he was serving on the Civil Service Commission in Washington. They represent strenuous labour in research and arduous toil in the co-ordination of material industriously accumulated. They may be considered as a necessary continuation of Parkman's great work, and here regret may be recorded that Colonel Roosevelt has never replevined from the oblivion of the back-number the cordial appreciation of Parkman as a historian which he contributed anonymously to the *Independent* a score of years ago.

In his address to his fellow-historians he drove home the point that history is both a science and an art, and that neither aspect can be slighted. If the historian insists that his duty is solely that of the scientific investigator, then the result is a justification of the old jibe which described history as "a barren region abounding in dates." If, on the other hand, he neglects the necessary integrity of research, the result is a fragile rhetorical narrative certain speedily to disintegrate. The great historian is at once a man of science and a man of letters; he is a good workman who makes sure of the best materials, but who does not invite the inspection of his chips. Colonel Roosevelt, it may be noted, has practised the doctrine he is here preaching. His *Winning of the West* has the sterner scientific merits as well as abundant literary charm. What is his own ideal of this artistic science and scientific art is set forth in a passage of soaring eloquence wherein he rises on the wings of imagination (pp. 32-34) to survey in compact perspective a succession of significant moments in the shifting panorama of human progress in peace and through war.

Brander Matthews.

III

The Autobiography of Admiral Dewey*

Admiral Dewey has shown a modest frankness in this part of the book and in the following section in which he deals with his dramatic and instructive Civil War service, which is most engaging. In fact, the story of his boyhood, his youth, and young manhood is altogether charming. When an old sailor has the gift of humour he has it in a riper, mellower and more stimulating way, as a rule, than any other man. Then the Admiral's frankness. It leaves something to be desired. One knows instinctively that he just bubbles over with good stories of himself and others which he has not told. He has tried to write seriously as befitted the dignity of the subject, but the pleasant humour of the man will not down. One wishes that the Admiral would sit down with a sympathetic friend and a competent stenographer nearby and talk about the men and things that he has come across in his long life without being trammelled by literary or other considerations. His table talk would be delightful.

The public career of the Admiral is too fresh in the minds of all Americans to require any extended notice or comment here. This is just a warm appreciation of a book and a hearty urging upon our people to buy it and read it and let their boys read it, and their girls, too. Not only for the splendid story of the brilliant achievements of a man making good at everything entrusted to him, but for the self-revelation of a personality which explains and measures up to

*Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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the Admiral's deeds. The country is rich that can develop such men, the institutions which contribute to the development have approved themselves as worthy of the best thought of the people. How much this great captain and all other great captains to come owe to the past. Like Nelson, Dewey commanded a band of brothers when he made that extraordinarily gallant dash into that port of romance and ancient history, Manila. Like Farragut, although he did not say it, he damned the torpedoes in the Boca Grande as he went ahead in his flagship when the hour to strike had come. The most valuable sea maxim perhaps that has ever been enunciated came from Farragut's lips. "The best protection from an enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from your own guns." Dewey had that in mind on that morning off Cavite.

Here is what the Admiral says about Farragut:

> Farragut has always been my ideal of the naval officer, urbane, decisive, indomitable. Whenever I have been in a difficult situation, or in the midst of such a confusion of details that the simple and right thing to do seemed hazy, I have often asked myself, "What would Farragut do?" In the course of the preparations for Manila Bay I often asked myself this question, and I confess that I was thinking of him the night that we entered the Bay, and with the conviction that I was doing precisely what he would have done. Valuable as the training of Annapolis was, it was poor schooling beside that of serving under Farragut in time of war.

And certainly he is right without derogation to the Naval Academy or any other school, for no institution or system can take the place of a man. The Naval School plus Farragut made Dewey. The Naval School plus Dewey will make the next great captain if, which God forbid, our battle flags should once more be broken out from the mastheads of our ships on the high seas.

The frankness with which the Admiral writes at first changes into an extraordinary reserve when he reaches what is perhaps the most interesting period of his career; the time when he and von Diedrichs, the German Admiral, were playing the war game in Manila Harbour after the annihilation of the Spanish Fleet, with every possibility that the play might develop into earnest.

The chapter well marked, "A Period of Anxiety," is more remarkable for what it does not say than for what it does. These are the words with which the Admiral begins the chapter:

> At a dinner given me at the White House upon my return home President McKinley mentioned the repeated statement in the press about the friction in my relations with Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs, in command of the German Asiatic Squadron.
>
> "There is no record of it at all on the files," he said.
>
> "No, Mr. President," I answered. "As I was on the spot and familiar with the situation from day to day, it seemed best that I look after it myself, at a time when you had worries of your own."

Quite characteristic of the self-reliant man! And this the paragraph with which the Admiral closes the chapter:

> Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs sent a capable, tactful young officer of his staff to me with a memorandum of grievances. When I had heard them through I made the most of the occasion by using him as a third person to state candidly and firmly my attitude in a verbal message which he conveyed to his superior so successfully that Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs was able to understand my point of view. There was no further interference with the blockade or breach of the etiquette which had been established by the common consent of the other foreign commanders. Thus, as I explained to the President, after the war was over, a difference of opinion about international law had been adjusted amicably, without adding to the sum of his worries.

Now what was that candid but firm message the Admiral sent to von Diedrichs which finally enlightened him as to the American's view point and settled his pernicious and annoying meddling?

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Perhaps the Admiral may be inclined to dictate a supplementary chapter of his memoirs some day and turn it over to some Trust Company to keep until a sufficient number of years have elapsed to render the publication of all the facts and incidents of that trying time a perfectly safe and proper thing to do.

There are one or two other interesting statements.

> As we got under way the officers and men of the British ship *Immortalité* crowded on the deck, her guard was paraded, and her band played "Under the Double Eagle," which was known to be my favourite march. Then, as we drew away from the anchorage from which for over three months we had watched the city and bay, Captain Chichester got under way also, and with the *Immortalité* and the *Iphigenia* steamed over toward the city and took up a position which placed his vessels between ours and those of the foreign fleet.

This interesting incident took place when the fleet was moving over to enforce that bloodless surrender of the city for the sake of saving Spanish honour. Twisting the Lion's tail is a practice which has not entirely lost its vogue in America. But it is not so much fun as it was, and we do not enter into it with such hearty zest when we think of the way Captain Chichester conducted himself at Manila Bay. Dewey and Chichester made quite a combination. Perhaps some day von Diedrichs will give us his version of the situation. The statements of the two admirals placed side by side would make interesting reading.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

IV

Brander Matthews's "Shakspere as a Playwright"*

This book is packed with the brisk and illuminating phrases in which Professor Matthews so excels. He brings his splendid equipment in theatrical history to bear on the local conditions of Shakespeare's stage and audience, in a way productive of much enlightenment on many matters darkened by the old-fashioned sentimental and philosophical criticism. Temperate and sensible, the book allows you to bundle away much of the lyrical bombast of an earlier day; though one must own this is rather by implication than aggressive statement.

The thesis of the book is that which we have learned to expect from the body of the author's doctrine upon the theatre. He marvels at the type of mind which can, even down to the present day, discuss Shakespeare without reference to his stage where no effort was made either by audience or playwright to localise the spot on which the characters were meeting, where any change in this locality was naïvely indicated, where both sides were interested only in what people said and did and not what they were supposed to be, and where everything said was frankly directed to the spectator. His stage is to be visualised by its relation to the mediæval stage rather than our own. As for the man himself, much misinterpretation has resulted from the failure to keep in mind that he himself was an Elizabethan with their characteristic stoutness of nerves and insensibility to pain. His semi-mediæval attitude led him to think of many things as mirthful which we do not accept as such. We should be glad to think he had a keener sense of artistic propriety than his plays reveal, but there is no reason to suppose that he did not share the preference of his time for violence, unreasonableness, and word-juggling. That a man of his tastes and beliefs should have written his greatest plays must ever remain an insoluble mystery.

While his great plays are for all time, his poor ones are only for the Tudor theatre. They are feeble, dramaturgically empty, often perversely gross. He was half way through his career before he ceased to serve up again and again the traditional personages of the Greek and mediæval stages. The final test of

*Shakspere as a Playwright. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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a writer of fiction is whether he gives life to his people or not. Shakespeare is richer in this life-giving quality than any other dramatist. It was unlucky for him that he wrote before definite types of comedy and tragedy had been established. He was as unable to create them as he was to do any original thinking, in the sense of pushing forward the boundaries of intellectual speculation. This handicap is particularly noticeable in the former kind of play. His four chief comedies are curiously alike in structure, frankly mediæval in devices, and renascence only in characterisation. Since his predecessors had provided him with no examples to go by, he wrote no play which belongs to the highest type of comedy.

This brings us to a discussion of the unnecessarily ticklish subject of Shakespeare's lack of originality. It cannot be said that Professor Matthews is at all convincing here. It is true, of course, that in taking plots from histories and novels and even other plays—and even in borrowing from the latter whole scenes—Shakespeare was but conforming to the custom of his theatre. But why depreciate invention because Shakespeare lacked it? To say that originality is to be found inside and not outside, is to close one's eyes to the fact that nowadays we refuse to discuss seriously plots which have been bodily transferred from elsewhere and merely bettered, as is to be expected, by second manipulation. Also, if originality of story is as hopeless as Professor Matthews in his brief for Shakespeare assumes, why do modern writers waste so much time and brains in what they falsely term invention? When one admits that Shakespeare is at his best only in improving a ready-made play, why dispose so lightly of the pattern which is thus vitally necessary to his genius? The non-delivery of Friar Laurence's letter in *Romeo and Juliet* is brought about by a mighty arm of coincidence, he concedes—but goes on to say that some other stroke of ill-fortune would have prevented its arrival, since what had to be had to be. The point seems to be, however, that no other stroke did prevent; and one wonders if anybody could be found who would care to speak in this fond tone of any contemporary work. Far safer is it to say, as the author says so well, that Shakespeare seemed to be perfectly satisfied with what ran off his pen since he thought it sufficient for the species of ephemeral journalism which plays were then considered. In abandoning the old sentimental criticism which neglected Shakespeare's stage and audience altogether and in a book which frankly announces a distinctly scientific policy, the author still casts a lingering look behind to the grateful precincts of a more glowing day.

The interesting chapter on Shakespeare's actors is the most novel contribution of the book. The company at its fullest strength numbered probably not over twenty-six; and its usual number was fifteen, many doubles being made. Fifteen to twenty new plays were produced a season, and even the old tried successes never had consecutive performances. We may be sure that Shakespeare, like Molière, rarely wrote any part for which there was not a fit performer in his company and that he suited his characters to his people. He himself seems to have played what are technically termed "old men," important but not prominent parts and calling for more intelligence than emotion. It is not improbable, Professor Matthews thinks, that he had physical limitations as an actor which condemned him to such parts; and notes that the sonnets seem to show that he had a dislike for the calling of actor. Burbage, he goes on to say, must have been a great tragedian because Shakespeare wrote *Othello, Lear,* and *Hamlet* for him. This may have been, of course, but it does not seem particularly probable. The fact proves only that he was the best tragedian in the company. For it is scarcely likely that even the practical Shakespeare would have deliberately written down to the abilities of his ac-

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tors. Even the critical estimation of the time does not help us, for the critics had small comparison. Alleyn greatly pleased the critics in his declamation of the part of Tamburlaine, but he jumped into it without any previous training whatever, and it is absurd to imagine that any untrained voice could be adequate from our point of view to speeches so extraordinarily exacting. Great actors have not, in theatrical history, by the mere fact of their existence called forth great plays; or great parts created great actors. When this same assumption is made for the boy heroines (of whom Cleopatra speaks with such contempt) it makes one gasp. Where are such boys in the world to-day? Physical demands aside, how many qualifications of grace, refinement, and flexibility must have united in order that they should have been even tolerable! The audiences probably accepted the boys merely because it had not occurred to them that they might have girls. It was a convention of their stage, like all their other conventions which would nowadays interfere with the illusion we demand; and one doubts if the stage which tolerated it could have had very high ideals of acting.

This fresh and lively treatment of an eternal subject is delightful. Bernard Shaw, too, will be delighted that the English race is one book the nearer to a rational treatment of their national idol.

Graham Berry.

V

Mary Johnston's "Hagar"*

Some thirteen years ago, Miss Johnston wrote a novel called *To Have and to Hold,* which many of us will remember. It was her second book, though with regard to popular attention practically her first; a book which to-day possibly she would wish us to forget, albeit of that surely there would be no need. For it was a good buxom, rosy, Colonial romance according to the fashion of the time: a trifle naïve here and there, somewhat formally amateurish in its quaintnesses of style, but no less an honest bit of workmanship, pleasantly imaginative. It told of a Virginia planter buying for a hundred pounds of tobacco a wife from among that cargo of maidens brought over to the bachelor colony for the purpose; and of how this off-hand and primitive union in the end hallowed itself adventurously into wholesomeness. A book written frankly for the story, neither searching very deeply into character nor preoccupied with teaching any particular lesson; but the odd thing is that only now, in connection with the author's latest effort, *To Have and to Hold* acquires suddenly a lesson to teach.

The first impression of *Hagar* is as a contrast to Miss Johnston's early work, and as the culmination of that trend apparent in *Cease Firing* and *The Long Roll:* a very serious novel of modern times, realistic in method and much preoccupied with propaganda, "a glowing argument for feminism." Hagar Ashendyne appears as the child of a hedonist father who disports himself at large in Europe, leaving her and a weakly rebellious mother to live upon his family in Virginia. The Ashendynes are an overbearing old family, starched stiff with tradition. The mother frets and pines, while the child reads *The Origin of Species* and otherwise evinces an uncomfortable intelligence. Both are considered shocking, and are repressed; and so soon as the pathos and irritation of this are established, the mother dies and Hagar goes to boarding-school. There she further disquiets her grandparents by an adolescent love affair with a teacher; and after a rapid recovery is sent to New York for the winter, where she reads and observes much of the modern social unrest, recognises at a Socialist meeting a former convict to whom she had in childhood given apple turnovers when he was attempting escape, and makes the beginnings of a literary career. Thence she is suddenly called abroad to her father, who has been crip-

*Hagar. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

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pled in a shipwreck and has lost in the same disaster his wealthy second wife. After travelling with him for several years, she reappears in London, by now a mature woman and a successful author. During a visit to Nassau she meets again Denny, the ex-convict, self-educated and developed, editor of a Socialist paper, and is on the point of falling in love with him; but he is already married, and she conquers the impulse in an hour's struggle. Her father dies, and Hagar, leaving his fortune to charity (for she has long been self-supporting), returns to New York, to throw herself into the feminist movement with Denny and his wife. There she finally disposes of a rather stupidly persistent lover (a friend of the family) who has annoyed her at intervals throughout the story, and at its close marries a civil engineer, who enters into it only in the last four chapters.

Thus baldly summarised, the story appears flat and inconsequential enough; and considered as mere narrative, it is so. It has no plot, in the sense of a coherent action carried up against opposition to a crisis: there is no knotting and unknotting; only a casual string of episodes, related only to the heroine and to the status of woman. But it is by this last that the book achieves unity. Miss Johnston has really no story to tell, unless it be of the inner growth and conviction of a feminist. She has a thesis to maintain, of which she never for an instant loses sight, and toward which she bends every effort of her art. The characters, loosely connected in action, are chosen with careful skill to set forth each a particular phase of the woman-problem: hardly a conceivable point of view, but is occupied by the appropriate type of person, voluble and distinct. Many of them indeed are in the book for no other purpose than to talk feminism. All the pleasant people are in its favour; all those opposed to it are disagreeable; and none of them change their minds. The events, again, though they fail to grow out of one another, invariably grow out of the subject. There is real narrative art in the opening chapters, in the quiet, deft emphasis upon the intolerable repression of Hagar and her mother until the reader forgets that the one is priggish and the other fretful, that their false position results not inherently from the subjection of woman but extraneously from a special arrangement of characters and circumstances; and feels only that burning irritation against propriety which the author intended him to feel. Thereafter for a space the story flounders, losing direction and vividness. And thenceforward to the end the narrative is buried by the propaganda, the action growing weaker and the argument steadily stronger and more impersonal. Of course, this is not the way to write a purpose-novel, or any novel for that matter; for the first essence of narrative is to express the theme in terms of human action: concretely as life, not abstractly as argument. But it cannot be called an inartistic (or ineffective) way of writing an essay on woman's rights in fictional form.

But perhaps the pleasantest thing of all is the inevitable persistence in this mature and ambitious book of Miss Johnston's native romance and original naiveté. She tries so honestly to be realistic; she is so unwilling to seem innocent; and she remains through all so beautifully ladylike. Mr. Laydon, the teacher of Belles-Lettres, reads Browning to the schoolgirl Hagar sitting by the fire. She feels something rich and delicate rising within her, he is shaken by the passion of his own reading. Their eyes meet for a moment, while their hearts beat violently. Next morning, Laydon meets her in the garden, crying: "Hagar, Hagar! That was Love came to us last night! I have not slept. I did not know there was such a force in the world." To which Hagar for the time being agrees. Now, we are expressly told that neither heretofore had personally noticed the other, and that Mr. Laydon was twenty-eight years of age. The question of Hagar's psychology we may leave to the ladies; but let them be assured that no man ever stood

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in trousers who did not since he was fifteen know more than that about himself. Certainly there is such a thing as love at first sight, but. . . . The effort after realism appears in the disruption of the affair a little later, as a mistake. Ten years ago, Miss Johnston would have made such an episode the beginning of a real love story. Another interesting trifle is that in a book usually quite modern in its discussion of improprieties, she still alludes with Victorian restraint to Hagar's "limbs." But the romantic spirit comes out most solidly in the talk of the persons. Under the least stress of thought or action, they speak to the situation, in good old-fashioned tirades; and character and colloquialism may go hang. "My own sharp inner struggle," says Hagar to Denny, "was for intellectual and spiritual freedom. I had to think away from concepts with which the atmosphere in which I was raised was saturated. I had to think away from creeds and dogmas and affirmations made for me by my ancestors. I had to think away from a sacrosanct Past and the virtue of Immobility. . . ." And Fay, who has just been accepted by Hagar in a sinking boat storm-dashed along the Breton coast, remarks: "It has sometimes seemed to me that After Death may prove to be just Life with something like fourth dimensional powers." *Do* people talk like that?

It would be fairer in some respects to approach this book not as fiction at all, but as argument: not as a tale, but as a tract; and upon that ground to agree or take issue with its propositions. *To Have and to Hold* is vastly inferior to it in thoughtfulness, in art and knowledge of characterisation, in descriptive vividness, in force and maturity of style. Yet with all its youth, it remains the better story, more creative and less intellectual. And it may even be questioned whether it is not unintentionally the wiser vision of the bondage and the freedom of womanhood. For in that mere romance of the brute bargain hallowing itself, of the false position coming true, may be read more, if you will, than ever was written into it. Freedom is not in the destruction of conditions but in the control of them; and that which men and women require of each other must be given at last not in the clamours of the market-place but in the harmony of home.

Brian Hooker.

VI

Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Coryston Family"*

It has been Mrs. Humphy Ward's chosen task to set before her readers, in each novel, some formative period of England's life, in its intimate influence on the hearts, minds, and fates of the people of that time. It might have been expected, therefore, that in some work of hers we should find, sooner or later, the echoes of the greatest political struggle England has seen since the days of Magna Charta, the famous Budget Fight of 1910. Here, as in the other work of this gifted writer, the human interest is intimately a part of the stirring background of political strife, is so powerfully conditioned by it, that in no other epoch could the fortunes of the Coryston family have fallen out as they did,—in no other epoch as in those stirring months when landlordocracy and democracy first stood facing each other like hostile armies straining in bonds. Lady Coryston is the banner-bearer of the land-owning nobility, fighting with all the strength of an unusual brain and will power to retain inherited privileges. As the opposing force we see the Chancellor Glenwilliam,—and even though he is described as "big and burly" the adjectives are but a thin disguise for that foremost and most-hated as well as most-adored man in England, David Lloyd-George. Lady Coryston is a wonderful figure. In a long line of splendid women portraits Mrs. Ward has never done anything so striking, so imposing as this. She reminds one of a life-size

*The Coryston Family. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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wooden statue by Stephan Sinding, called "The Oldest of her Clan," and indeed Mrs. Ward might have chosen a reproduction of this figure as frontispiece for her book. Just so completely apart from any human consideration, just so completely denuded of any life interest except Pride and Will is Lady Coryston. Hate is the keynote of her existence, hate focussing itself on the person of the Chancellor, who typifies the encroaching forces of the New Order. Her love for her children is more pride than love. They mean something to her solely because they are *her* children, are members of the Coryston Family and of the British land-owning nobility. One alone, Arthur, the second son, seems to awaken a spark of something like true mother-love in the heart of this woman. But he is destined to give her the crushing blow.

The elder son, successor to the title, but kept by his mother from the ownership of the estates, is a distinctly modern type. The high-born reformer, struggling hard to get at the understanding of things, but as all his life emotions and fads have been allowed to sway him, undeterred by hard facts, he succeeds merely in keeping himself and every one else in hot water. Mrs. Ward describes him delightfully in the words:

> He was one of those mercurial men who exist in order to keep the human tide in movement. Their opinions matter principally because without them the opinions of other men would not exist. Their function is to provoke.

But Coryston,—it is characteristic of the people described that no one ever calls him by his given name, we don't know what it is until the quiet little middle-class woman whom he marries insists on using it—Coryston is most engaging and is really more interesting than the daughter Marcia, who is unformed at first and then develops apparently into conventional repression; or than the other two sons. But the whole family stand completely as types of an institution, we feel in making their acquaintance just as we feel in other of Mrs. Ward's books,—we are oppressed by the quiet passive immovability of That which is England. At the last, however, the writer has turned aside from her usual sincere frankness. Having taken a living man, a man known throughout the civilised world to-day, to be one of the characters of an imaginary tale,—the tale of an epoch impressed by this man's personality and deeds,—then she should have carried it through bravely. But the touch in the very last chapter, the notice of the death of Chancellor Glenwilliam in the wreck of a private yacht, comes somehow with a shock. It is as if the author had wished to tell us, "this man is not whom you think he is," or else that she wished to show the epoch so powerfully described as but a passing phase, no more important than many that have passed before. And a writer so clear to see her time as is Mrs. Ward must know that it is much too early to prophesy thus. But it is a notable book, and like the others that can be called the best of Mrs. Ward's books, it is a notable contribution to the intimate history of an important decade.

Edith Talbot Guernsey.

VII

Stewart Edward White's "Gold"*

The birth of a great State, the opening up of the wonder-empire of the California Coast, is the theme of Mr. White's latest book. And he gives it to us as the first in a trilogy dealing with the Golden State, glimpses of its history from its earliest beginnings until the present day. There is a subtle charm, altogether enviable to others who may have tried to do the same thing and failed, in the way Mr. White hands his readers a great deal of solid, useful knowledge so that they swallow it down as if enjoying the most purely imaginative fiction. His hand has not lost its cunning here. In a style quaint and

*Gold. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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seemingly old-fashioned, until we realise that the narrator is a man of '49, writing in and of that time, he lets us follow the fortunes of a party of gold-seekers starting out from Baltimore.

The excitement of those months, when tales of gold lying about for any to gather who would, reached the Eastern States; the trials of what was then a long, perilous and slow journey by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and then—California, El Dorado of so many dreams!—are pictured with Mr. White's well-known skill. The narrator, Frank Munroe, a Vermont farmer boy, and his self-selected chum, Talbot Ward, find two further companions on the steamer, as oddly consorted as they themselves. The long, lank backwoodsman from the Middle West and the eager-eyed young scion of an old Southern family, complete a quartet so happily chosen by the author to typify the sorts and conditions of men who went to the Goldfields, and so humanly depicted, that it is only in thinking over the book after laying it aside that we notice the symbolism of it. We become humanly interested in the adventures of the quartet, and of the others who join them in the flower-strewn wilderness of California valleys,—all these other types as well. The high-born Spaniard, then known as the "native Californian," the various miners who had been in those regions long enough to lose their home identity; the gamblers who did not mine gold, but mined the miners; and the sturdy backwoodsmen, father and five tall sons, who came out honestly to settle and till the soil, not to seize the gold and run away, as the others planned to do. Then come pictures of the slow-arriving emigrant teams that had survived the journey across the plains, and stories of the horrors of that journey that made it indeed a test of the survival of the fittest.

As far as the adventurous part of the story is concerned, the excitement of discovering a "lead"; the fights with Indians; the shootings, open and by stealth, in the gambling-hells of a frontier town, the test that such rough life puts on a man to show his real calibre,—all these things Mr. White does well. But so do others and, merely as such, they have been done many times before. What Mr. White has given us of novelty lies quite elsewhere. It is not merely a story of the rough life of the goldfields that he has written, it is the depicting of the birth of an empire. Gold, in his book, as in reality, means not only the so-called precious metal itself, but the Opportunity it spells, the opportunity given to every man to dig his livelihood from the earth without let or hindrance of any other man. This is the thing that led the pioneers through many a heart-breaking hour of journeying, Opportunty. Opportunity to dig gold, opportunity to settle and cultivate fertile land to be had for the taking; opportunity (to some far-sighted Easterners who knew the power of monopoly) to trade in men's necessities and make much gain thereby,—this was what the California of those early days spelled, and this it is as Mr. White has portrayed it for us. It is this which gives his book the epic quality and which makes us look forward eagerly to the volumes still to come.

J. Marchand.

VIII

Agnes and Egerton Castle's "The Golden Barrier"*

Most followers of the fiction of the day have pleasant recollections of *The Pride of Jennico, The Bath Comedy* and *The Incomparable Bellaires,* by Agnes and Egerton Castle, all of which enjoyed a second lease of popular life on the stage. Then, too, there was the strong but slightly unpleasant story of *The Secret Orchard,* and best of all, the endearing charm of *Young April* will remain after many other more pretentious books have gone their way to the dusty death of the top shelf. To the reader mindful of their previous work, *The Golden Barrier,* by the same authors, will come with a distinct shock

*The Golden Barrier. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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of disappointment. It is a book distinctly reminiscent, and not reminiscent of anything they have formerly given us, but of Ouida and "The Duchess" when not at their best. From the heroine down to the old family servant most of the characters—and there are many—are types exaggerated to the point of caricature. Their motives are mean, with few exceptions, and their manners are bad. How any young woman of wealth and position and presumably of culture could have borne with their society for an hour, passes comprehension. She wouldn't have. She would have ordered the ridiculous Butler to show them the door in one of the earlier chapters. And their dishonesty and self-seeking is made so childishly apparent, that it would have taken an even greater fool than the heroine not to have seen through them at once. There are one or two characters sufficiently human to stand out pleasantly from the rest, but it takes more than a little leaven, in matters artistic, to produce the needed effect.

The general theme of the story is that of a rich young woman left without any one to warn or advise her, who becomes a prey to a crowd of miserable sycophants, some of whom are her relatives. Her appetite for flattery and admiration is insatiable. She is the Lady Bountiful for all the unsuccessful, would-be artists and writers who make her house a "home for would-be geniuses," to paraphrase the remark of one of Mr. Barrie's characters. She is supposed to fall in love with the only disinterested man she knows. But in spite of the fact that he brings into her life the only real happiness and feeling of security she has ever known, in a fit of vulgar ill-temper, she taunts him with having married her for her money, although she really knows the genuineness and honesty of his affection, and then is astonished that he resents her attitude. He leaves her to work out her own destiny, and a sorry destiny it is. She falls back into the clutches of her former associates. It is only when they have nearly succeeded in ruining her that she comes to her senses and of her own will returns to her husband, to share his modest fortunes. The presumption is that they end better than they began, but no great feeling of interest in their fortunes is aroused.

Hobart Baker Ballin.

IX

Corra Harris's "In Search of a Husband"*

It is possible that the very title *In Search of a Husband* which Corra Harris has chosen should prepare one for a book of few illusions: a search of this description having, somehow, a faintly sordid even—to employ that obsolete word dear to our grandmothers—unmaidenly suggestion. To be sure, Diogenes searched for an honest man. His motives have never been questioned. But that was different. The heroine of this book, if we may accept her own reiterated declaration, is an adventuress. Not the picturesque, flamboyant type that one meets with on the stage, but an adventuress of position and respectability. In her own words: "I was one of those pretty virgin adventuresses who are, after all, the greatest adventuresses in this world, because, being good, they have no conscience about how they attain the ends they seek." This remark may be more profound than it seems. Certainly the implication that the ordinary adventuress is troubled with conscience will go far to re-establish her in the minds of many who have formerly condemned her, now that we picture her tossing on her sleepless pillow, the victim of remorse.

But on one point one can endorse the heroine's opinion of herself. It was an unusually sophisticated and curiously hard young girl that makes her début in the society of one of the Southern capitals at the opening of the story. Her one ambition in life is to make a rich match, her own family having been impoverished by the War. She is gifted with

*In Search of a Husband. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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beauty, which, later, is to make her famous all through the South. She has, apparently, both charm and wit of a sort which manifests itself rather tiresomely in epigrams. The fact that she unwillingly falls in love with a poor man does not alter her determination to marry only a rich one. But, somehow, she does not succeed. She sees the years passing and her younger rivals succeeding where she has failed. She practically retires from society and, if we are to take her word for it, devotes her time to making home uncomfortable for her disagreeable brother and her dissipated father. The latter's failing health sends them both north to Atlantic City. She has held her brother up for the money for an outfit, and makes one more desperate play for a rich New York man, a thorough man of the world, who makes it quite plain that, while he is desperately in love with her, his intentions are, to put it gently, not serious. Matrimony plays no part in his scheme of life. She is properly shocked and cuts short her father's cure to return home and marry the poor man, who has not been too faithful to his early love. One hardly feels that their final marriage is the culmination of a pretty romance. It offers more the spectacle of two people, past their first youth, who, having missed the Great Prize, have wisely decided to make the best of things. There is little charm about the story, which is told in the first person. There is much effort at "smart" talk, which becomes rather a strain for the reader after a time. Most of the epigrams, naturally, fall to the heroine,

Lewis Bland Rhodes.

X

Grant Richards's "Valentine"*

An agreeable sensation of having passed several pleasant hours with thoroughly likable people, such people as one would be glad to know, is the first impression that will come to the reader on finishing *Valentine,* by Grant Richards. And this is not, nor is it intended to be, the faint, faint praise that damns. So many books are filled with people whom, however interesting they may be as studies of the unusual and the morbid, one would bow out of the door with what politeness one might, if encountered in every-day life, that, to make the acquaintance of sane, wholesome, clever people whose conduct and ideals conform to the standards generally accepted by society at large, comes as a refreshing change. When it can be said in addition, that the book is well and brightly written throughout, with no dull moments, and that there is a good strong plot, which owes none of its interest to melodrama, nor to the overstretched arm of coincidence, it will be seen that Mr. Richards has, again, given us an uncommonly good story, a worthy successor to *Caviare,* although in no respects resembling it.

Valentine Barat is a very modern young Englishman, an Oxford man, whose way of life has not been such as to encourage ambition. He is employed in the office of his father, a noted London architect. In addition to his salary, his father makes him an allowance ample for his needs. He is not encouraged to do much work. His father, completely absorbed in his profession, and unusually unapproachable by habit of mind, takes a distinctly superficial view of his son's life. So long as he does not run into debt, or do anything contrary to the traditions of what a decently brought up person should, he may conduct his life and play at work as he sees fit. All of the son's efforts to convince the father that he would like the opportunity of taking his work more seriously, are unavailing. The elder man has an epoch-making project on hand and does not wish to take any one into his confidence. He needs no help from his son nor any one else. The father dies suddenly, just as he has completed his great work, the Palace of Empire, the pride of all England. It is then that his son, in going carefully over the plans, finds a

*Valentine. By Grant Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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fatal flaw in the calculations. How, in the face of enormous pecuniary loss to himself, and against his natural reluctance to destroy the edifice of his dead father's fame as an architect, he does what he conceives to be his duty, makes the drama of the story.

T. Bradlee Storer.

XI

Beulah Marie Dix's "Mother's Son"*

The Stranger within our Gates receives almost as much attention from the American novelist as he does from the American politician. But in spite of this, there are phases of the problem of the newly arrived alien which have been quite neglected, phases that may have no value for the statistician or the sociologist, but which offer rich store of material for the writer of fiction. Miss Dix has had the happy inspiration to turn to this field lying fallow, and has found there a theme for her latest novel, a theme as appealing as her treatment of it is sympathetic. It would seem almost a heresy to say that Germany, the country which sends us so many eager, capable workers and law-abiding citizens from every rank of society, sends us also the most utterly helpless and useless alien who comes to us, an alien who in his own country believed himself the Flower of the Nation. In small numbers they come, but still in numbers sufficient to deal with them as a class, . . . these ex-army officers, cashiered because of debts or some escapade, and then (as one of Miss Dix's characters puts it),

> When he had proved himself unfit for Germany, his people were bound to send him to America. They've been doing the like ever since there was an America to ship bad cases to. . . . The less a man is fitted to come here, the surer people are to send him.

Noble or bourgeois, but always men of social position, spoiled and petted, never having learned anything that is of any use to themselves or any one else, they come to a world that needs a man's whole strength to cope with. They come trammelled by tradition, by false notions that hang like dragnets about them, and they drift down more or less slowly into the depths to be lost utterly. Out of every ten, nine drop out of sight. The tenth may end as riding-master or head-waiter or, once in a while, his youth, strength, and breeding may be coupled with the cat's power of landing on his feet and he will make his way upward of himself alone. They furnish a human document, and, when one sees the good use Miss Dix has made of it, one wonders why our writers have neglected it so long.

Nothing could be more appealing than the story of the struggles of little Hugo Mehring, who was so pretty that no one took him seriously, who had been utterly spoiled by a foolish mother; whom even the friends trying to aid him called the "Stray Kitten," and who yet made his way upward in spite of everything, by dogged persistence and a sort of stubborn patience. Even the sympathetic little New England authoress, Betty Willard, who caught a glimpse of him once in his days of glory when gorgeous in his blue and white Hussar uniform, he clanked and jingled into her compartment in a German railway train, . . . and who finds him again with "the look in his eyes of a kitten that has been hunted over the ash-cans," even Betty does not take him seriously until she discovers that he is very much of a man, this little one-time Toy Soldier, and that he is the man she loves.

It was inevitable, now that the horror of it is passing into the dimness of distance, that the sinking of the *Titanic* should find its way into our fiction. Miss Dix utilises it for the climax of her story with great tact. She shows us those shuddering days only through Betty Willard's eyes, hoping against hope and the doubt of lists sent in that Hugo might be among the saved. And in a short page or two the hours of that

*Mother's Son. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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unforgettable Thursday evening when the *Carpathia* docked are well pictured. It may be questioned whether we yet dare awaken memories painful to so many, but it cannot be questioned that Miss Dix has done it considerately and delicately. From the novelty of its subject and the easy, natural, sympathetic manner of its telling, her book will deserve the success it is sure to have.

Grace Merchant.

XII

Gertrude Hall's "The Truth About Camilla"*

The writer introduces us to a fairly new setting here, as even Marion Crawford did not spend much time with the world of petty shopkeepers and their kin in his stories of modern Italy. Camilla, the heroine, is the daugher of a former steward at the castle of Count Mari, and the girl's mother was waiting-maid to the Countess. Rumour has it, and no one seems to deny, that Camilla has more claim to the Count's consideration and financial assistance toward her education than would be based solely on the pleading of an old village priest. But the priest's plea and the child's own aristocratic eyebrows win her her chance in life. It comes slowly, long years at school, continuing as student-teacher when her noble benefactor seemed to have forgotten her, then earning a pittance for giving language lessons, and cheated of her little earnings by an old harpy. Finally Fate, in the person of Mrs. Northmere, a distinguished American author, but a simple old New England woman with an aging feeble body and keen eyes that read the soul, comes into Camilla's life. The girl goes with her new-found friend for seven years of devoted attention as companion. It is rewarded by a legacy that means affluence and a marriage with a decidedly *ramponé* Russian Prince. Camilla glories in "society" as she understands it, but then, when past forty, love comes for the first time into her life and upsets the calculations of many years. It is long, lingering and somewhat wordy, this story of Camilla. The background is a large canvas thronged with so many figures that it is not always easy to follow them, and to recognise them again. But through it all the figure of the heroine stands out clear, a definite character, dreaming golden dreams, but opportunist enough to seize whatever bit of good came to her hand. Beautiful and attractive, with a beauty that developed late but held long, she fears love and holds her emotions in check for ambition's sake. This same calculating coolness gives her strength to control her awakened heart and deliberately part from the husband she loves, rather than await the end which must come when his passion paled and he recognised the difference in their ages. This is an element of novelty in the hackneyed theme of marital bliss or sorrow. We rather like Camilla, and are glad to know of good fortune that comes to her at the last. We like the pictures of Italian life of various kinds, which ring true, and show us types not seen by the tourist. Also we have a little glimpse of America and Americans seen through Italian eyes, which is of decided interest. Only, we would like to ask why, . . . conceded that a certain difference in the English of the dialogue helps to sustain the illusion of a foreign life and country, but why must so much of the descriptive narrative sound like a translation? It bothers a bit at times.

John Carey Merritt.

*The Truth About Camilla. By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Company.

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STRINDBERG IN AMERICA

BY J. MARCHAND

We have been having a great deal of Strindberg lately. To the impartial observer it would seem as though our national literary conscience—is there such a thing?—were troubling us, and we were hastening to make up for lost time. For it is some good twenty years since France and Germany discovered the undoubted, if repellent genius of the Swedish poet, and England came into line somewhat later.

Ten years ago, or possibly more, the present writer tried to arouse a little interest in Strindberg and his work, but the above-mentioned national literary conscience was fast asleep or saw no reason to exert itself in that direction. Now, volumes of Strindberg's writings are piling in on the reviewer's desk fast and furious. Four new ones have come to hand since drawing breath after the first lot. And in speaking of them it is just as well to pause and consider how much of a passing fad this awakened interest is, how much within the bounds of possibility it is that there should ever be a lasting audience here for the writings of so erratic, so contradictory, and yet so powerful a literary temperament as is August Strindberg.

Of the volumes now under consideration one is a third book of plays in the translation of Edwin Bjorkman, containing *Swanwhite, Simoon, Debit and Credit, Advent, The Thunderstorm, After the Fire.* None of these plays measures up to the sustained power of *Countess Julia, Creditors* or *Pariah. Debit and Credit* and *The Thunderstorm* are the nearest in strength, style and subject. That is, they deal with the actualities of modern life and deal with them in the pitiless iconoclastic manner which is Strindberg at his best—and at his most repulsive, if you will. The cruelty of *Simoon* seems to have no justification because of the aloofness of the subject, and *Swanwhite* and *Advent* are, like so much of Strindberg's work, frankly disappointing. He has decorated a simple fairy-tale with so much extraneous matter in *Swanwhite* that its gentle directness and naïve symbolism is quite lost; to be honest it becomes puerile. And in *Advent,* we seem to see, as in so much of his later work, the satyr's grin through the priest's cowl, which is the expression of one of the qualities that make Strindberg unique—his ability to make the reader thoroughly disgusted and angry, and yet to compel a grudging admission of a something that is beyond the ordinary. Mr. Bjorkman has tried faithfully to keep to the rhythm and swing of the original. This is a dangerous thing to do, and while he should be praised for a fair measure of success it cannot be denied that the obscurity of some passages in the original has grown a little more obscure through his Englishing of them.

Companion volumes, *Zones of the Spirit* and *The Son of a Servant,* in an English version by Claud Field, M.A., come from the press of Putnam's Sons. And latest of all comes *The Red Room,* translated by Ellie Schleussner. This book, the latest to be presented to American readers, is one of Strindberg's earlier works, written long before the Catholicised neurasthenia of his later years set in. It is frankly outspoken, full of youthful daring, of ribald criticism of

*Plays. By August Strindberg. Third Series. Translated by Edwin Bjorkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Red Room. By August Strindberg. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Zones of the Spirit: A Book of Thoughts. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Son of a Servant. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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everything and everybody that he sees about him in his native land, and it is the very last book that could ever expect to win favour in any country but the writer's own. It deals mainly with Bohemia, and Bohemia is the most localised of all local phases of national life. This seems like a heresy at first hearing. Bohemia, the land of the free artist soul, alike everywhere, as it dwells in a cloud-land above the sordid cares of existence! —humph—not always. There are many Bohemias just like the one in the *Red Room,* where the free artist soul spends its time reviling the institutions of his native land, not trying to better them as he might, but enjoying himself in epigrammatic criticism amid clouds of smoke in dingy cafés. This is the Bohemia of the *Red Room,* and while it gives all sorts of cynic glimpses of Swedish bureaucratic life, what it describes is so intensely local that it cannot possibly seem even humanly interesting elsewhere. And yet through it all walk some human beings pictured with all Strindberg's pitiless power, very much alive amid surroundings that make them what they are. But somehow,—this is where Strindberg disappoints us again, his people are, after all, not alive enough to make us want to know their surroundings better. When one sees a book like the *Red Room* given a capable and dignified English setting, the wonder grows that the *Hemso Folks* or *Skerry Tales,* those delightful and most un-Strindbergian peasant stories, are not given to us instead. These would be sure of some sort of interest, for they portray natural simple people in beautiful natural surroundings. They have the brutal outspokenness of all Northern literature, of course, but the naïve brutality of the peasant is preferable to the cynic brutality of the city Bohemian, at least when Strindberg portrays it.

It is very hard to judge *The Son of a Servant.* It seems such an unnecessary self-castigation, so much the expression of the imaginings of unhappy morbid childhood, that we either put it away gently or openly reject it. For childhood that is not happy is a very unhappy thing indeed. And there is no suffering like that the sense of injustice imposes on a child's mind. And yet in this book we feel that this particular child was so often unhappy when he need not have been,—and that he knew it. There is something wholesome, however, about a book which will generally be termed unwholesome by those who take the pains to read it at all. That is a certain wholesome iconoclastic attitude with regard to the sacredness and beauty of the home and the family. It is all very well to revere a basic institution without which society could not exist, in the present form at least. But when the reverence becomes an unthinking phrasing it is just as well for us to hear of some of the things a home and family can become, when the members of it do not understand that consideration and patience are necessary virtues there as well as in the larger world outside the home. What Strindberg says of the family partakes of his attitude toward many things, but there may be much truth in it.

> Sacred Family! Thou art supposed to be the home of the virtues, where innocent children are tortured into their first falsehood, where wills are broken by tyranny, and self-respect killed by narrow egoism. Family! Thou art the home of all social evil, a charitable institution for comfortable women, an anchorage for house-fathers, and a hell for children.

It is August Strindberg's misfortune that not what he says, but the manner of his saying, counts against him. He may utter what in any one else we would acknowledge as wisdom born of instinct and nurtured by keen observation. But as he says it, it sounds like the ravings of a dyspeptic. He cannot escape it. In all the wonderful strength of some of the pictures, types, characters, he has created, there is always that nagging, quarrelsome personal note, that choosing of the unpleasant thing to say, as if in fear that the saying of the pleasant thing would reveal a weakness—that is Strindberg. How different from the iron strength of Ibsen, who said the unpleas-

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ant thing as a physician cuts into the wound to heal. It is the fatal weakness in the genius of August Strindberg. And it is the one which will forever prevent a lasting liking for his work among Anglo-Saxon readers. It is not choice of subject nor, in superficial technicalities, style of treatment that will stand between him and permanent success here—or possibly anywhere for the matter of that. It is this certain something false, the fearing to be himself either in brutality or softness, it is the manner that gives praise or invective in his mouth always the touch of personal hatred or prejudice. Where he has let himself go and painted the picture without reserve, he has done wonderful things, cruel and unpleasant as they seem. *Creditors, Countess Julia, Pariah, The Father* belong in that class. But where he has descended to personal grumbling and nagging, and at the last has thrown himself into the arms of a churchianity which demands of a man that he no longer think for himself, then he becomes the Strindberg who is hatable, not the Strindberg we must admire even if we do not like him. But in almost any mood the soul, the man, his angle of vision have something so repellent for every phase of our mental attitude here, that it may be doubted if his admirers, trying honestly to introduce an undoubted genius to American readers, will succeed even in making him a fashionable fad. A greater truer liking seems out of the question. And yet no student of modern literature can afford to overlook or neglect August Strindberg's work.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF BOOKS

BY MARGARET C. ANDERSON

JUVENILE LITERATURE FOR 1913—IN TWO PARTS—PART II

IT is significant, probably, that without a single exception the juveniles of the season which have been given elaborate holiday editions are not new books but reprints of classic old ones. No one has written a new *Peter Pan* or a *Jungle Book* or a *Treasure Island* or a *Little Women*. No one ever will, in all probability. But it is quite conceivable that something worthy of ranking with these immortals should blossom in the child's garden soon. Perhaps it is already planted and won't bloom until another season; and when one gets to thinking of such a possibility life becomes fearfully exciting. Imagine some one—perhaps Galsworthy—creating a new kind of Peter Pan, or discovering an unused theme in the Blue Bird field; imagine Jack London with a sort of Robinson Crusoe idea in his head. What if Coningsby Dawson should have it up his sleeve to invent a new "Alice"; or Ethel Sidgwick, who is proved in *Succession* that she knows everything there is to know about a boy with a dream in his soul, turn her talent to that sort of girl and give us a new Rebecca. It is too enchanting a prospect to be calm about; it makes for a terrible suspense.

But since this is not the season for it, and since all seeming disappointments have a way of turning out to be interesting for one reason or another, there is a very obvious reason for being thankful about this year's reprints: simply that, as in the case of a wonderful song, one wants to hear it sung by as many beautiful singers as possible. To many of us this is a greater joy than that of discovery.

THE GARDEN'S CHERRY BLOSSOMS

The new edition of Kipling's *Jungle Book* (New York: The Century Company) proves the last statement. Not so

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much in point of elaborateness as in the perfection of its simplicity lies the secret of this book's beauty. To begin with, the cover is wonderfully appropriate. Three lovely tones of green suggest depth on depth of cool greenness in the heart of the jungle; through the lacy foliage gleams a suggestion of gold—which is, of course, the sun rays shining through; and between the great trees flit Mowgli and Gray Brother, gliding swiftly to some important assemblage on the Council Rock—or hot on the hunt with "feet in the jungle that leave no mark." Inside, the end papers are a green mass of entwined trees and vines and jungle flowers, and each page has a green border of the same design running completely around it. Best of all are Maurice and Edward Detmold's full-page illustrations in colour. One is convinced that no one else should have been asked to illustrate Kipling, for these pictures are incomparable—supberb—done with consummate art. (There is no danger of being superlative: if one could only invent some Kiplingesque adjectives to meet this great need!) To one who keeps alive by reading the *Jungle Book* at least twice a year, this is the literary event of the season; and think of the happiness of the child who discovers in this setting the Seal Lullaby:

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkle so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
Where billow meets billow there soft be thy pillow;
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

To lull one's self to sleep on this is surely one of the divine adventures of childhood. And to have the following in mind when one plays in the woods:

As the dawn was breaking the Samhur belled
Once, twice, and again!
And a wolf stole back—and a wolf stole back
To carry the word to the waiting *Pack;*
And we sought and we found and we bayed on his track
Once, twice, and again!

In *The Children's Blue Bird* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company) Georgette Leblanc (Madame Maurice Maeterlinck) has retold her husband's lovely fairy play in simple prose for children too young to appreciate it in play form. It begins very properly "Once upon a time, a woodcutter and his wife lived in their cottage on the edge of a large and ancient forest;" and Madame Maeterlinck proves herself very much of an artist all through the telling. A book of this kind leaves one resourceless when it comes to adequate description. It is bound in a beautiful tone of blue and the cover has a picture of Tyltyl and Mytyl entering the Land of Memory—an exquisite conception in colour by Herbert Paus, who has furnished all the illustrations. It seems ridiculously indiscriminate to say, as in the case of this and the Kipling and the three or four others in this group, that the illustrations are so superlatively satisfying that one cannot imagine them being done any better. But it is true; they seem to be perfection. The imagination responsible for these conceptions of the Cat and the Dog, Sugar, Light, Water, Father Time, and above all, Night—who is a quivering thing with great beating wings—defies analysis. Almost no one will be unresponsive to its poetry. When Mr. Paus makes a picture for a line like this:—"A wonderful garden lay before him, a dream-garden filled with flowers that shone like stars"—he shows a great pillared hall, deep with gloom, and through an open door suggests rather than portrays the enchantment of the garden. This is art. That a book of this type should sell for $2.50 is one of the modern miracles.

Next comes another play that has been

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even more inaccessible to children in the original—*The Story of Chanticleer,* adapted from the French of Edmond Rostand, by Florence Yates Hann (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company). It is a simply charming thing; almost every page is decorated with the most artistic sketches in colour of the Cock who believed so intensely in his dream and of his interesting barnyard friends. J. A. Shepherd is the artist, and he combines a splendid skill in massing colours with a propensity for drawing that reveals all the shades of Rostand's satire. If one feels any disappointment at all it is in some of the conceptions of Chanticleer himself: for any one who has been moved by the jaunty majesty and sweeping rhythm of Maude Adams, as the Cock, when she walked out on the garden wall, is bound to feel a little lack even in Mr. Shepherd's splendid frontispiece. In two or three instances Chanticleer is even made *short-legged;* and that *cannot* be forgiven! But this is hair-splitting; and we must hasten to pay tribute to Miss Hann's beautiful interpretation. Take, for instance, these renderings: "His cry is like a golden needle threading together the edges of the sky and the valley;" "The woods lay enchanted, the moonlight trembled, a star bent down to listen, and the spider, swallowing her thread, mounted toward the Nightingale;" . . . "and like a flash of blue lightning a Jay flew laughing by;" "When a flower is insulted, the sun also is concerned;" and from the famous Hymn to the Sun: "O glory to you in the meadows, and in the vines; in the grass, in the eyes of lizards, and on the wings of swans! You put roses in the air. . . ." The child who owns this book will be blessed.

It has become fearfully hackneyed to talk about Arthur Rackham's wonderful imaginative qualities and his genius in illustrating for children. But the latest reflection of this attitude is anything but hackneyed, for it has found expression in a new *Mother Goose* (New York: The Century Company)—a beautiful octavo for which Mr. Rackham has supplied thirteen wonderful illustrations in colour and an infinitude of black-and-white sketches. For any one to whom *Mother Goose* has been less rich than other lore this will come as a revelation; and it is an added pleasure to discover that Mr. Rackham has made the selection of rhymes himself, choosing those that he loved best in his own nursery days. Of the coloured plates, the "Bye, Baby Bunting," "Hey, diddle diddle," "Jack and Jill," "Little Miss Muffett," "Jack Sprat," "There Was an Old Woman Lived under a Hill," and "The Man in the Wilderness" are the most distinctive. This is probably the season's most elaborate juvenile gift book.

Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is a recent classic—an utterly unique and exquisite thing whose publishers ought to be given a vote of thanks for bringing out in a new edition. How we can thank them for this particular edition with its myriad beauties is a little obscure, but we can begin at least by saying that the cover is a poem. Against a background of yellowish sky and water hang the long delicate green branches of a weeping willow; and behind them are massed trees and their reflections in deep blue. Up among the green leaves appears the title: "The Wind in the Willows." Who else ever thought of such a title anyhow?—unless one might be made of Stevenson's remark about "the shivering of the reeds" and the myth that should be founded thereon. The end papers in lovely tints of brown show the Mole and the Rat, the Badger and the Otter at luncheon; and the full plates in colour by Paul Bransom have a sort of slushy green about them that suits the "Duck's Ditty:"

All along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet a-quiver,
Yellow bills out of sight,
Busy in the river!

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Slushy green undergrowth,
Where the roach swim—
Here we keep our larder,
Cool and full and dim.

High in the blue above
Swifts whirl and call—
We are down a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

But all this poetry is keeping us from a book that many people are going to consider more handsome than the Rackham *Mother Goose*. It is a wonderful new edition of *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* (New York: Henry Holt and Company) with over a hundred illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. Personally—well, it is foolish to make comparisons, but this *is* a transcendently lovely thing. There is one plate in colour in the story of "The Little Mermaid" that is more adorable than anything Mr. Rackham has achieved; and besides the other fourteen in colour the black-and-white ones are simply stunning. The volume may be a little large for a child to handle with ease, but it is a perfect treasure-house of delights.

In *The Treasure Book of Children's Verse* (New York: George H. Doran and Company) Mabel and Lilian Quiller-Couch have compiled the best poetry of childhood and M. Etheldreda Gray has furnished some twenty full-page colour plates, making the volume a very substantial, decorative and, we feel, permanent contribution to juvenile literature. The poems are classified under the following heads: Fairies and Fancies; Birds and Flowers, Beasts and Insects; Stories in Verse; Romance and Heroism; Good Behaviour; Fun and Frolic; Bedtime; For Sundays and Quiet Days. This will give an idea of its wide range.

Blossoms from a Japanese Garden: A Book of Child-Verses, by Mary Fenollosa (illustrated in colour by Japanese artists. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company), is a gem! The verses will give a child an idea of Japanese childhood that is enchanting, for they tell stories of the flowers, the cherry picnic, the gardens contained in a dish, the clay modelling of queer little animals, and so forth; but the pictures will serve an even larger purpose—that of initiating the young reader into the delicate profundities of Japanese art. The one illustrating "Mist Elves" is a good example—and just listen to part of the poem:

In our garden flowers gleam
Cherries pink, and red, and white;
Soft as pleasures in a dream
Ere waking fades the frail delight.
Like blurs of purple ink, that fall
And soak in tissued mist, are seen
The iris blossoms, straight and tall,
Above their sea of misty green.

This book will make a ravishing gift.

PLAYS AND ACTING

Two interesting books for stimulating the dramatic instinct are Augusta Stevenson's *Plays for the Home* (illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company) and Stella G. S. Perry's *When Mother Lets Us Act* (illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company). The first presents little one-act plays based upon favourite tales from Grimm, Æsop, and the Arabian Nights which may be acted with very few accessories in the way of stagesettings or costumes. The second gives directions for pantomimes, charades, pageants, plays, and so forth, in a manner that is certain to entertain.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Children's Book of Christmas Stories, edited by Asa Don Dickinson and Ada M. Skinner (with frontispiece in colour. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company), is a valuable collection of tales from Dickens, Hans Andersen, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Susan Coolidge, Elizabeth Harrison, François Coppée, Katherine Pyle, Robert H. Schauffler, and others. The editors have designated on the contents page those suitable for younger or older readers. In *Story-Telling Poems,* Selected and Arranged for Story-Telling and Reading Aloud and for the Children's Own Reading (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), Frances Jenkins Olcott has compiled nar-

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rative poetry that best lends itself to story-telling purposes. Miss Olcott's long identification with the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh, where she was head of the children's department, has qualified her remarkably for such work as this. *The Man in the Crow's Nest:* and Other Talks to Children, by Frank T. Bayley (decorated. Boston: The Pilgrim Press), contains simple little sermons on a wide variety of subjects—everything from baseball to the Bible.

FOUR REALLY DISTINCTIVE STORIES

Zona Gale's *When I Was a Little Girl* (illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company) is not strictly a story, but since it quite defies classification and must be labelled "distinctive," so that no one will dare to miss it, it may as well go here. There is something about it that makes one think instantly of Mrs. Meynell's "Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age." This book might be called a letter from a woman to her own childhood, for the woman who writes here is the "shadowing mother" of a little girlhood dream. "There used to be a little girl who does not come here any more," says Miss Gale in her preface. "She is not dead, for when certain things happen she stirs slightly where she is, perhaps deep within the air. When the sun falls in a particular way, when graham griddle cakes are baking, when the sky laughs sudden blue after a storm, or the town clock points in its clearest you-will-be-late way at nine in the morning, when the moonlight is on the midnight and nothing moves—then, somewhere beyond sealed doors, the little girl says something, and it is plain that she is here all the time." Miss Gale is characteristically extravagant with her capital letters, but she is worth reading.

Is not *The Voyage of the Hoppergrass* a captivating title? It is the invention of Edmund Lester Pearson—the man who wrote a charming story last year called "The Believing Years"—for a new tale that is probably more nearly in the *Treasure Island* class than anything written since then. That is to say while it is not exactly the same kind of story, it is in the same field and is done with almost an equal measure of art. It is a real story for boys; and even Chesterton, who has said that Stevenson is the only man who has accomplished that feat, would agree. Thomas Fogarty has supplied just the right kind of line drawings (New York: The Macmillan Company).

Annie Fellows Johnston has not written any children's books since the fascinating *Little Colonel's* "conclusion" made all the children in the country mourn. But her new story, *Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman* (illustrated by Reginald B. Birch. New York: The Century Company), is one of the best she has ever done. Two cunning little tots who rebel at the idea of a stepmother seize the opportunity to indulge their love for travelling by running off on a Pullman coach. It is their very first experience in a diner or a berth, and they have a heavenly time; but the climax of excitement comes with the advent of a red-coated, holly-trimmed girl who corrects their opinions of step-mothers and —well, never mind, but it is something too good to be true. Delightfully written, this will make an ideal Christmas gift.

Deering at Princeton: A Story of College Life, by Latta Griswold (illustrated by E. C. Caswell), is more nearly on the *Stover at Yale* scale than any of the season's books for boys. Last year Deering finished prep. school and this year he goes up to Princeton to fight his fight with the eating clubs, excel in athletics, and fall in love. Mr. Griswold's plan is quite similar to Mr. Johnson's; but while he hasn't gone in so extensively for the social issue (his book really won't compare in this way) he has done a number of things so well that his work is outstanding.

FAIRY TALES

Mr. L. Frank Baum, having announced the conclusion of his fairy tales in the wonderful country of Oz, was immediately besieged by letters from young people all over the country. This was

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a terrible calamity for them because they had grown to love the Princess Dorothy so much; but it was a real predicament for Mr. Baum because he had already told his readers that the Ozma of Oz had issued an edict making that country invisible in the future and cutting off all its communication with the outside world. How could he relate any further adventures that were happening there, when he couldn't get in to find out about them? Then one day a resourceful little girl wrote him suggesting that he establish a wireless telegraph connection with Dorothy—and presto! that very thing has been done in *The Patchwork Girl of Oz* (illustrated in colour and black-and-white. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company). Many of the old characters appear in the new story—even the fascinating Scare Crow Man!—and there are a lot of new ones. It is all very exciting and as inventive as though it were not the seventh volume in a series. Any writer who begins a book with the following sentence proves incontestably her right to the creation of fairy tales: "Deep in the wood the white oak stood tall and motionless." Such is Bertha Currier Porter's *Wonder-Oak* (illustrated. New York: Eaton and Mains). And then it goes on: "Its rough trunk was covered with glittering ice that sparkled faintly in the starlight. . . . Nothing moved in the wood. The stars twinkled brightly, high up in the dark sky. But far in the heart of the oak—how different! For the great white oak was hollow, and in this hollow was the castle of the Fairy King and Queen!" Give *Wonder-Oak* to any child who loves fairy tales and he will be happy. Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright has written a little animal fantasy with the alluring title *The Dream Fox Story Book* (illustrated by Oliver Herford. New York: The Macmillan Company). It tells of little Billy Button who is sent to bed shamefully early by his unfeeling parents and suddenly diverted at midnight by the appearance of a talkative fox. The good old-fashioned fairy-tale atmosphere is here, and Mrs. Wright has written with her usual charm of detail.

Pinocchio under the Sea, translated from the Italian by Carolyn Della-Chiesa and edited by John W. Davis (illustrated and decorated in colour and black-and-white by Florence Rutledge Abel Wilde. New York: The Macmillan Company), shows the famous Italian marionette on a voyage beneath the great ocean. It is a capital little book—a classic.

NOVELTIES

In *Little Wars* (illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company) Mr. H. G. Wells has invented "a game for boys from twelve years of age to one hundred and fifty, and for that more intelligent sort of girls who like boys' games and books. Mr. Wells is so quotable—so intensely clever in the invention of these floor games of his—that one's temptation is to say "Oh, don't try to read *about* this book; go and buy it and realise that you have something of genius in your possession." *"Little Wars* is the game of kings—for players in an inferior social position," says Mr. Wells; and he gives full instructions for a toy war game that leave one gasping with its possibilities. If ever the bromide about "Why didn't we have such books when I was young?" is justified, here is the proper place for it. Think of what we might have done in our nurseries if only Mr. Wells had written these things earlier! Let us hope the coming generation will profit by them. Since *Great War,* in the author's opinion, is not only the most expensive game in the world, but "a game out of all proportion," he believes that his *Little Warfare* will not only demonstrate that fact, but prove a glorious substitute. Of course this book will be unintelligible to the average child; but parents ought not to be allowed to go without it. *The Railroad Book: Bob and Betty's Summer on the Railroad,* by E. Boyd Smith (with full pages in colour and numerous black-and-white sketches by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), is very interesting and very unusual. For

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one who loves to travel it is just like taking a real trip to see Bob and Betty sitting in the diner or clamouring into their berths. This will make a fascinating gift for Christmas stocking purposes—though it is much too big to be put into one. In *Yourself and Your House Wonderful,* by H. A. Guerber (illustrated in colour and black-and-white. Philadelphia: The Uplift Publishing Company) such important matters as hygiene and sex are dealt with in a series of charming stories. Of all the books we have ever examined in this field this one seems to be the most likely to accomplish its purpose—that of implanting in children a sense of the value of their bodies. The stories have been written imaginatively—almost like fairy tales—and are sure to make a big impression. They may be classified as having a permanent value and as supplying parents and teachers with the best posble material. *The Jingle-Jungle Book,* by Oliver Herford (illustrated. New York: The Century Company), will be enjoyed by the boy or girl who has reached the age of appreciating limericks. The author's name is a synonym for cleverness in this direction, and these are especially good ones. *Behind the Garden Wall,* by Robert Wallace (illustrated. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company), is a collection of verses about garden flowers and insects very interestingly conceived.

FOR YOUNGER READERS

The Irish Twins, by Lucy Fitch Perkins (illustrated by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), is perfectly inimitable, as are all of Miss Perkins's books. The illustrations are fully as charming as those for the Dutch and Japanese Twins, but there's even more humour in these new ones, as befits the nationality. *The Well-Bred Dolls,* by Caroline S. Allen (illustrated in colour by F. Liley Young. Boston: The Pilgrim Press), is a most entertaining little story—or rather group of stories—about dolls with well-defined personalities. There's one known as The Doll Who Liked Sunday, and others as The Domestic Doll, The Energetic Doll, The Ill-Tempered Doll, and so on—even to one with a predilection for poetry. Josephine Scribner Gates's *Little Girl Blue Plays "I Spy"* (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company) is a tiny little book with a doll heroine who is as cunning and mischievous as possible. It will make a delightful gift for some girl. *The Little Master,* by Laura E. Richards (illustrated. Boston: Dana Estes and Company), is a Scotch story laid in an ancient castle, linked up with the legends and ballads of the country, and forming an excellent complement to a child's course in Scottish history. *The Capers of Benjy and Barbie,* by Agnes McClelland Daulton (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), tells of a little village boy and girl who go to New York and have the merriest possible time. It is written very simply for quite young children. *The Outdoor Chums,* by Alice Turner Curtis (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), is for children from seven to eleven and contains an adventure in almost every chapter. The setting is the Maine woods and most of the excitement centres about some Indians, a canoe, and a peril at sea. There is nothing too hair-raising to be salubrious for a young child. Two precious little books, both in pictures and text, are C. E. Kilbourne's *Baby Elephant and the Zoo Man* and *Baby Lion and the Bump-Head Animal* (illustrated in colour by Hattie Longstreet. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company). They are full of the jungle's fascination, but are written "in words of one syllable" for the benefit of the child who wants to decipher them for himself; and they are so small that they can be carried around in one's pocket.

ANIMAL STORIES

Outstanding among the season's books about animals is Ernest Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals at Home* (illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). Just a glance at it re-

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vives the thrill of several years ago, when Mr. Seton was writing enchanting biographies of grizzly bears and other tales with memorable titles like *The Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag*. In his preface the author says that in all his thirty years of trailing through the Rocky Mountain regions he has found no place more rewarding than Yellowstone Park. Owing to its protective laws the wild things there, unlike any place else at present in the northwest, "have resumed their traditional Garden-of-Eden attitude toward man," making the place a paradise for the naturalist. His new book offers the most intimate and unforgettable sketches of coyotes, prairie-dogs, fox, martens, beavers, ottoes, deer, buffalo, antelope, the "well-meaning skunk," badgers, squirrels, rabbits, bears, the "misunderstood" Canada lynx, and "the shyest thing in the woods"—the mountain lion. Mrs. Seton has had a big share in the work, having accompanied her husband on nearly all the expeditions and contributed many of the illustrations. There is an amazing assortment of photographs, a valuable appendix, and woodcraft information "by the peck." This ought to be one of the most delightful books a young person could imagine as a Christmas gift. Another attractive volume in this field is Lucious Crocker Pardee's *Folk of the Woods,* with lavish full-page illustrations in colour by Charles Livingston Bull (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). It consists of stories about woodfolk told by a wise old forest tree; and they are all reliable "because no tree was ever known to tell anything but the strictest truth." We do not remember that anything of just this kind has been published before; but certainly it has the feel of the forest in it, and its illustrations are more than satisfying. *The Cheer Chirpers,* by Joshua F. Crowell (illustrated. Boston: The Pilgrim Press), is unique and has all the charm of a drowsy summer afternoon or a whisper-filled spring twilight. Its people are the smallest of the wood creatures—crickets, grasshoppers, bees, birds, ants, flies, beavers, and so forth. There is one cunning chapter called "Wee and Bee," which tells about two diminutive beavers and their mother; and though it is written as prose nearly every line of it rhymes—as do many portions of the book. The crickets are probably the most fascinating, but Mr. Crowell has such an extraordinary gift of visualisation that any small animal he writes about is a joy.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUNDS

A splendid new series designed to tell children "what they might have been" if their forebears had stayed in Europe instead of migrating to this country is the one called *The Little Schoolmate Series,* edited by Florence Converse and published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. Katherine Lee Bates has written *In Sunny Spain* for it, putting her exhaustive knowledge of things Spanish at the disposal of the fortunate children who will see these volumes. Mme. Julia D. Dragoumis takes up the case of the Greek child in *Under Greek Skies,* writing with that skill and finish which made her Greek articles in the *Atlantic* notable. Miss Converse prefaces each volume with a simple account of the part played in the United States history by these races. The series ought to prove very suggestive and stimulate deep interest in the history and the poetry of these foreigners. *Wonderful Escapes by Americans,* edited by William Stone Booth (illustrated in colour and black-and-white. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), has an alluring title which the contents fully justify, being composed of well-edited narratives of various thrilling episodes in American history. We have been rich in history, though to many young readers we suffer severely in comparison with the wealth of older and foreign nations. This volume should do a great deal to correct that impression. An excellent *Boys' Life of General Sheridan* is that by Warren Lee Goss (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company). Mr. Goss, who has also written of Grant

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for boys and girls, seems to be an able historian and has here given a resumé of all the campaigns with which Sheridan was identified, as well as a detailed account of his life from early boyhood.

GIRLS' STORIES OF ALL SORTS

Happy Acres, by Edna Turpin (illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company), is sure to captivate girls of ten or eleven years. It continues the story of last year's heroine in *Honey Sweet* and opens on a note of thrilling suspense with Anne's Virginia cousins discussing the prospect of a visit from her. The fact that Anne has lived in Washington, "where the President stays," and gone to a school in Paris, "where the people talk French every day," fills her country cousins with awe and some misgiving—to say nothing of Anne's own dismay; but the good times that result are profitable to all of them and make most pleasant reading. The book is unusually well bound and illustrated, so that it ought to to be one of the holiday favourites. For a slightly older audience Mary F. Leonard's *Christmas Tree House* (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company) ought to be equally successful. Its author knows how to create an unforgettable atmosphere, her title being the name of a wonderful old Southern mansion where her young people have such extraordinarily interesting times. If the reviewer were quite young she would read this book entirely through—perhaps she had better confess to having done it anyhow. Well illustrated and bound. *Annie Laurie and Azalea,* by Elia W. Peattie (illustrated. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company), has a decided plot interest, built around an unlucky man's theft of the heroine's fortune and a pursuit of him that leads the characters through the mountains. The villain turns out to be not so villainous, after all, and the Rev. Dr. Summers proves to be a minister of decided charm. *Nancy Lee's Spring Term,* by that interesting writer who insists upon the pen-name of "Margaret Warde" (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), is a boarding-school story with subtleties of characterisation uncommon in juveniles. Miss "Warde" is the author of the extravagantly popular "Betty Wales" books, and this new volume is the second one in a new series about a girl nicknamed "Miss I-Forgot." May the series increase as rapidly as the former one did, for its girl characters are charming! *Country Cousins,* by Ellen Douglas Deland (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), shows the wholesome effect of the country upon a snobbish girl just out of a New York boarding-school. One of the big scenes is an accident in the mill, and there are other dramatic happenings. *A Senior Co-Ed,* by Alice Louise Lee (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), is the fourth volume of a series which takes a girl through Huntingdon College. There is lots of excitement in the senior year—for one thing a fire! In *The Girl from Arizona,* by Nina Rhoades (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), Marjorie Graham is taken from an Arizona ranch to a New York apartment hotel and boarding-school, where she rebels against various artificialities and teaches her new friends some lessons in simplicity. *The Ranch Girls at Boarding-School,* by Margaret Vandercook (illustrated. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company), is the third volume in the series and discloses the four Wyoming girls in a New York school. The interest centres, of course, in contrasting the Eastern and Western points of view. Another story with a back-to-nature motive is Ella Matthews Bangs's *At the House on the Ground* (illustrated. Boston: The Pilgrim Press). It tells of two poor city girls who have an old-fashioned summer with a country uncle and of how they transform him into a "possible" person. The Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia have several other girls' stories on their list. For readers from nine to sixteen are the following: *Jane Stuart, Twin,* by Grace M. Remick; *Faith Palmer at Fordyce*

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Hall, by Lazelle Thayer Woolley; and *Letty's Treasure,* by Helen Sherman Griffith. *Polly Prentiss Goes-a-Visiting,* by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, and *The Little Runaways and Mother,* by Alice Turner Curtis, are designed for girls from eight to twelve; and *Marjorie on Beacon Hill,* by Alice Turner Curtis, *A Little Maid of Province Town,* by the same author, and *A Regular Tomboy,* by Mary E. Mumford, will be suitable for readers from seven to eleven. They are all enjoyable though not in any way distinctive, and all are illustrated.

BOY'S ADVENTURE OUT-OF-DOORS

The boy who is looking for a good Indian story may be safely referred to *The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin,* by James Willard Schultz (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). As is well known, Mr. Schultz has spent a good many years among the Indians, having even married an Indian woman; he therefore knows the redman thoroughly and has the gift of making him convincing on paper. *Camping on the Great Lakes,* by Raymond S. Spears (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers), is as alluring as its title promises. A boy who's been mollycoddled all his life by his parents and bullied by his schoolmates is finally allowed to spend a summer of exploration, following the old trails of Indians and French adventurers in the Great Lakes region. It solves his problem and makes a man of him—and incidentally teaches his parents a big lesson. Another book brimming over with Indian adventure is Edwin L. Sabin's *On the Plains with Custer* (illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company). The hero is a boy bugler under Custer in the Indian campaigns of 1866 and 1876, and of course is in the thick of all the fighting. Suitable for boys from twelve years upward. *The Luck of Laramie Ranch,* by John Harbottle (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), has Indians in it, too, but is concerned chiefly with the life of a great cattle ranch on which two boys work with fervour to support their family and educate themselves. It is replete with the plainsman's knowledge of cattle and horses, and full of stirring action. *The Man with the Iron Hand,* by John Carl Parish (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), is different from the regulation juvenile adventure story in that it gives the history of the invasion of the Mississippi Valley from the point of view of the Indian. It is the first of a series projected by Dr. B. F. Shambaugh, superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa, the object of which is to reproduce the history of the period with absolute accuracy; and it makes an ideal combination of information and entertainment. *The Young Trappers,* by Hugh Pendexter (illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company), is sub-titled *The Quest of the Giant Moose,* is the fourth volume in the well-established Camp and Trail Series, and is superlatively rich in the kind of adventure to be found in Maine's great forests and lumber camps. *Camping on Western Trails,* by Elmer Russell Gregor (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers), has as creditable an assortment of mountain lions, steer, bears, wolves, wild horses, buffalo, cowboys, and prospectors as any book of the season. There are thrills on every page, and a lot of Rocky Mountain knowledge.

VARIOUS OTHER BOOKS FOR BOYS

Clarence B. Kelland's *Mark Tidd* (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers) offers a novelty in heroes: a fat boy! This is shockingly unorthodox, but, like many other variations from the standardised, it proves worth while. Mark is great fun, but he's brave and resourceful besides; and the three country boys who share his escapades are tremendously lifelike. The book makes one think of the inimitable *Diary of a Real Boy,* for it is told by one of the boy characters who has a big propensity for slang and humour. Walter Camp's name gives weight to any football story. His new one, *Danny Fists* (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), is contagiously exciting and takes up charm-

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ing Danny Phipps's career at Manor Hall, where he is preparing for Yale. This is a most acceptable gift for a boy of fourteen or thereabouts. *The Land of Mystery,* by Cleveland Moffett (illustrated. New York: The Century Company), is an innovation in adventure stories, being laid in the region of Cairo and based upon an actual trip made by Mr. Moffett and his wife. Though the plot is imaginative, it is built around the very probable disappearance of an American missionary and his wife who have served many years in Turkey. Their son Harold searches for them through a maze of dangers and hairbreadth escapes. Designed for a slightly older audience than the college story group. *Messmates: Midshipman "Pewee" Clinton's First Cruise,* by William O. Stevens (illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company), has a hero who became popular last year at naval school and who now becomes involved in a series of laughable and exciting experiences on his first European cruise. It is a rattling good yarn. Two other books that will appeal to the boy interested in naval and army doings are Lieutenant Commander Yates Stirling, Jr.'s *A United States Midshipman in the South Seas* and Captain C. E. Kilbourne's *An Army Boy in the Philippines.* Both are brought out by the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia, illustrated, designed for boys from thirteen to seventeen. *The Airship Boys as Detectives,* by H. L. Sayler (illustrated. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company), is a dashing tale of secret service in cloudland. Such thrills were certainly never the happy lot of any real boy, but it is all very engrossing. There are two new books for the boy agriculturist: *Joe the Book Farmer,* by Garrard Harris (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers); and *The Young Farmer,* by George B. Hill (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company). The first tells very entertainingly and informingly of a youth's success with corn raising—a success due to his steadfast efforts to get an agricultural education despite the discouragements of his conservative father; the second shows a sturdy boy's success with an abandoned farm, in the intervals of which he finds time for some sport with baseball and ice-boating. *The Rambler Club's Motor Car* and *The Rambler Club's Ball Nine,* by W. Crispin Sheppard (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), are very ably described by their titles, since the series is so well known, and are designed for boys from ten to thirteen. In *Bert Wilson, Wireless Operator* and *Bert Wilson, Marathon Winner* (both illustrated. New York: Sully and Kleinteich), J. W. Duffield leads the same hero through various perils at sea and as a victor in the Olympic games.

BOY SCOUTS AND CAMP FIRE GIRLS

The Boy Scouts on Swift River, by Thornton W. Burgess (illustrated: Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), describes a canoe trip during which three boys apply the woodcraft knowledge taught them by Mr. Thornton in a previous volume of the series. Thoroughly reliable and essentially readable, this is one of the best things in its field. *The Camp Fire Girls at Sunrise Hill* and *The Camp Fire Girls amid the Snows,* by Margaret Vandercook (illustrated. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company), are less attractively published, but make delightful and inexpensive books for girls interested in the glorious outdoor life lived at Sunrise Camp. It is remarkable that they should be sold for only thirty-five cents apiece. *The Boy Patrol around the Council Fire* and *The Boy Patrol on Guard,* by Edward S. Ellis (illustrated. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company), are two very good things for boy scouts, being written by a man who believes intensely in the efficiency of the outdoors for growing boys.

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending October 1st:

1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. One Way Out. Carleton.
3. Twenty Years at Hull House. Addams.
4. Essentials of Biology. Hunter.
5. The South Pole. Amundsen.
6. Motion Picture Handbook. Richardson.
7. Shorthand. Pitman.

For the week ending October 8th:

1. The Plays of Bernard Shaw.
2. The Plays of John Galsworthy.
3. Woman's Share in Primitive Culture. Mason.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck.
5. The Masked War. Burns.
6. John Barleycorn. London.
7. Congressional Government. Wilson.
8. Romance of the French Chateaux. Champney.

For the week ending October 15th:

1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. The Plays of Bernard Shaw.
3. Western Europe. Robinson.
4. South America. Bryce.
5. Making the Farm Pay. Bowsfield.
6. Food Adulteration. Wiley.
7. Human Mechanism. Hough.
8. Germany and the Germans. Collier.

For the week ending October 22d:

1. Jewels of the Madonna. Ferrari.
2. Critical Period of American History. Fiske.
3. The Plays of Bernard Shaw.
4. Attainment of Efficiency. Latson.
5. Development of the Drama. Matthews.
6. Essentials of Biology. Hunter.

For the week ending October 29th:

1. Cæsar and Cleopatra. Shaw.
2. Congressional Government. Wilson.
3. Religion of a Plain Man. Benson.
4. South America. Bryce.
5. John Barleycorn. London.
6. The Panama Gateway. Bishop.
7. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November:

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The House of Happiness. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Browning's Complete Poetical Works. Camberwell Edition. (Crowell.) $9.00.
2. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Mother West Wind Series. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Joan Thursday. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Ellen Key. Hamilton. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The House in Good Taste. Wolfe. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Old Age—Its Prevention and Cure. Bennett. (Physical Culture Publishing Co.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan Co.) $1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
3. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
4. The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Beyond the Old Frontier. Grinnell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Mother West Wind's Neighbors. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Honorable Mr. Tawnish. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Taste of Apples. Lee. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
2. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Minimum Wage and Syndicalism. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. 'Fraid Cat. Bridgman. (Jacobs.) 50 cents.
3. Every Child Series. (Doubleday, Page.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Training for Efficiency. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.25.
2. New Alinement of Life. Trine. (Dodge.) $1.25.
3. What Can Literature Do for Me? Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Camp-Fire Girls at Hillside. Sanderson. (Reilly and Britton.) 75 cents.
2. The Scout-Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Mother Goose. Cory. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00
3. The Anarchist Ideal. Wenley. (Badger.) $1.25.
4. Europe Since 1815. Hazen. (Holt.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. Nancy Lee's Spring Term. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Boy Sailors of 1812. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.

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DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Master's Degree. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.00.
5. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Out of the North. Sutherland. (Fitzgerald.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. My Lady of the Chimney Corner. Irvine. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Moving Pictures. Talbot. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Voices of To-morrow. Björkman. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Story Garden. Lindsay. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Fiction

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Do Something! Be Something! Kaufman. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Playboy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) $1.00.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Webster's New International Dictionary. (Merriam.) $12.00.

Juveniles

1. The Adventures of Reddy Fox. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
2. The Adventures of Johnny Chuck. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. John Barleycorn. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Western Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Preface to Politics. Lippman. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) $2.50.

Juveniles

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. American Ideals of Character and Life. Mabie. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Nancy Lee's Spring Term. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) $1.30.
2. Boys and Girls. Foley. (Dutton.) $1.35.
3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. The New American Drama. Burton. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Winston.) $1.20.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Alfred Noyes's Complete Poems (2 vols.). (Stokes.) $3.00.
2. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Works of Francis Thompson (3 vols.). (Scribner.) $5.50.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Fitzgerald.)
4. A New Book of Cookery. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $1.60.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

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NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. Sale. (Lippincott.) $5.00.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Children of the Wild. Roberts. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. Putnam Hall Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Head Coach. Paine. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 75 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

Fiction

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Lady and the Pirate. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Fruits of the Tree. Bryan. (Revell.) 35 cents.
3. The Sermon. Burrell. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Birds. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Quest of the Fish Dog's Skin. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Goop Directory. Burgess. (Stokes.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Juveniles

1. The Half-Miler. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.
2. The Handy Boy. Hall. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.60.
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. After All. Cholmondeley. (Appleton.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
2. India. Loti. (Duffield.) $2.50.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Fair Conspirator. Williams. (Scribner.) $3.75.

Juveniles

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Fiction

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. His Great Adventure. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. African Camp Fires. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. The Quest of the Best. Hyde. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Camp Brave Pine. Comstock. (Crowell.) $1.25.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Chatterbox, 1913. (Estes.) $1.25.
2. Animal Children. Kirkwood. (Volland.) $1.00.
3. This Year's Book for Boys. Strang. (Doran.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.35.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Memoirs of an American Prima Donna. Kellogg. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. Poems (2 vols.). Noyes. (Macmillan.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) $1.30.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

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NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.60.

JUVENILES

1. Pony Rider Series. Patchin. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Out of the Dark. Keller. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Social Environment and Moral Progress. Wallace. (Moffat, Yard.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Silver Island of the Chippewa. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) $1.40.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Strike Three. Heyliger. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. San Francisco One Hundred Years Ago. Garnett. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. The Fall of Ug. Steele. (Howell.) $1.00.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. European Cities at Work. Howe. (Scribner.) $1.75.

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3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Animal Children. Kirkwood. (Volland.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The City of Purple Dreams. Craig. (Browne and Howell.) $1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. Stop Thief. Jenks. (Fly.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Lost Line Limericks. Woodward. (Platt and Peck.) 50 cents.
2. The Life of Washington. Wilson. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Sharpshooter. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo. Arthur. (Century Co.) 90 cents.
3. The House with the Silver Door. Tappan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. The Southland of North America. Putnam. (Putnam.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tippity Flippitts. Davidson. (Little, Brown.) 60 cents.
2. Old Mother West Wind Series. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. Tell It Again Stories. Emerson and Dillingham. (Grim.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	295
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35	275
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	252
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35	104
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	80
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	77

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